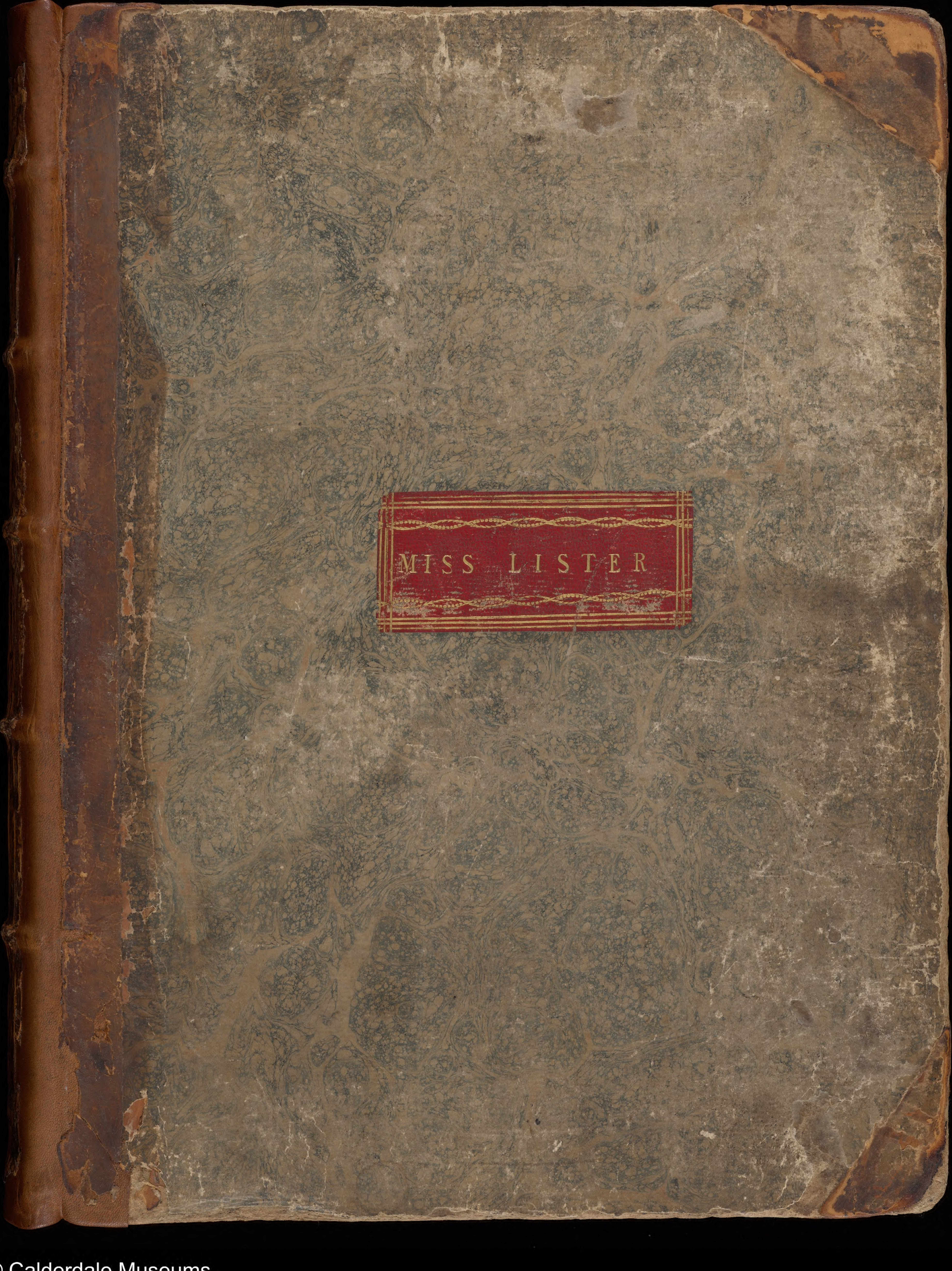


MISS LISTER

1971.342/b

E or f

B or E
♭ C or F

A Sister

March 7th 1807

No. 3

A favorite OVERTURE,
for the
PIANO FORTE,
in which is Introduced the favorite Air, of
Hope Told a Flattering Tale,
Dedicated to the
EARL OF SHREWSBURY,
Composed by
Mr. LATOUR.

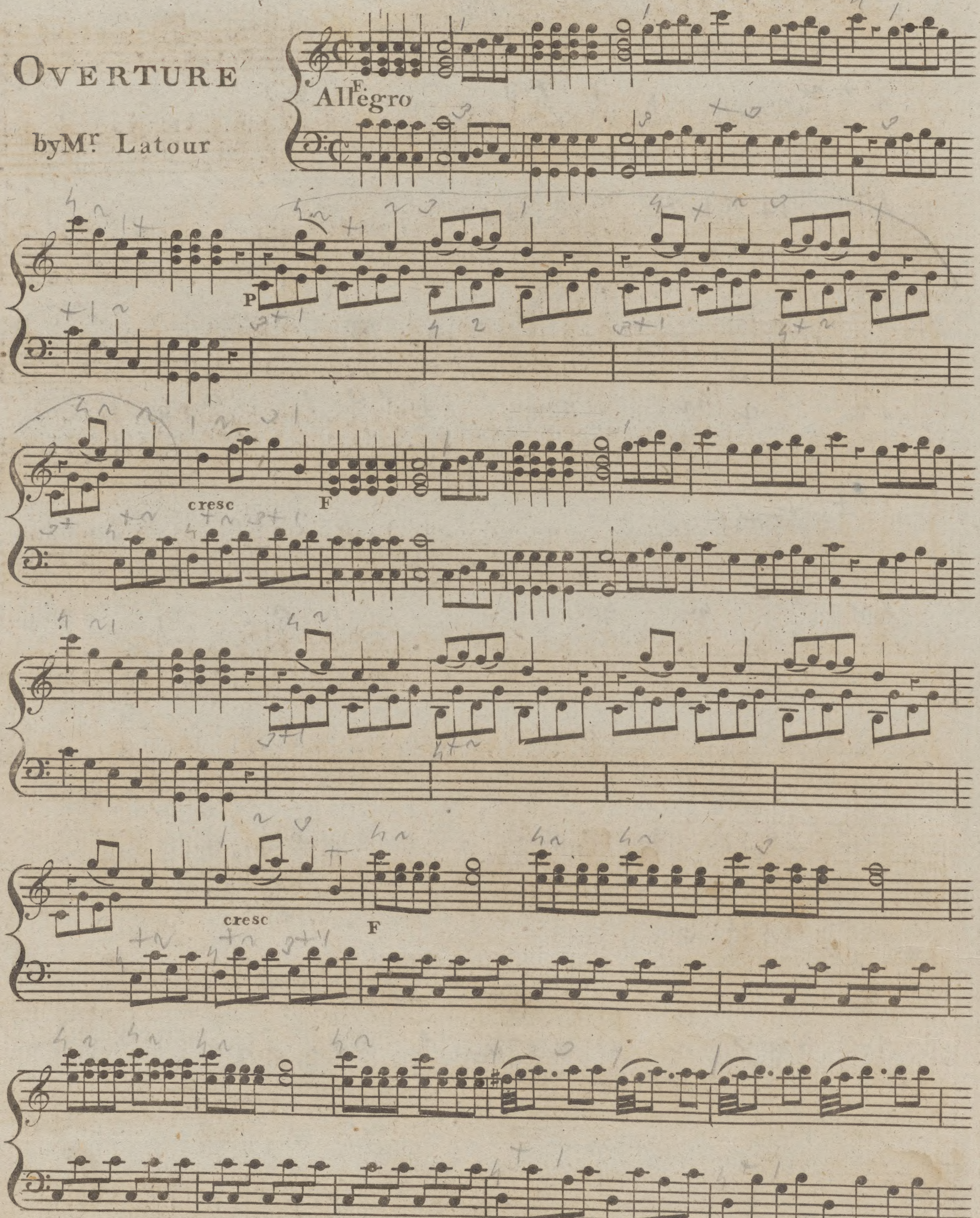
Pr. 2s.

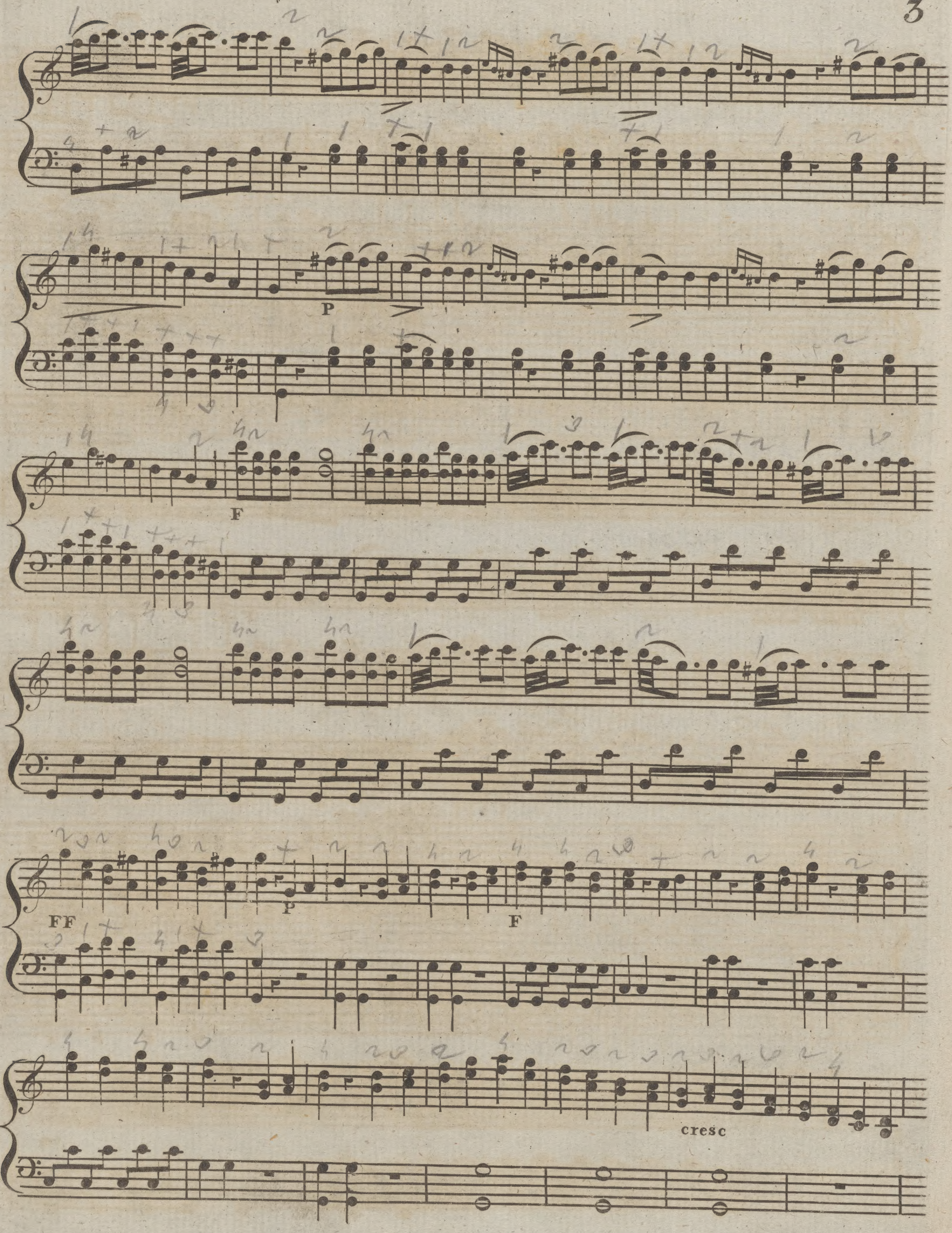
Entered at Stationers Hall

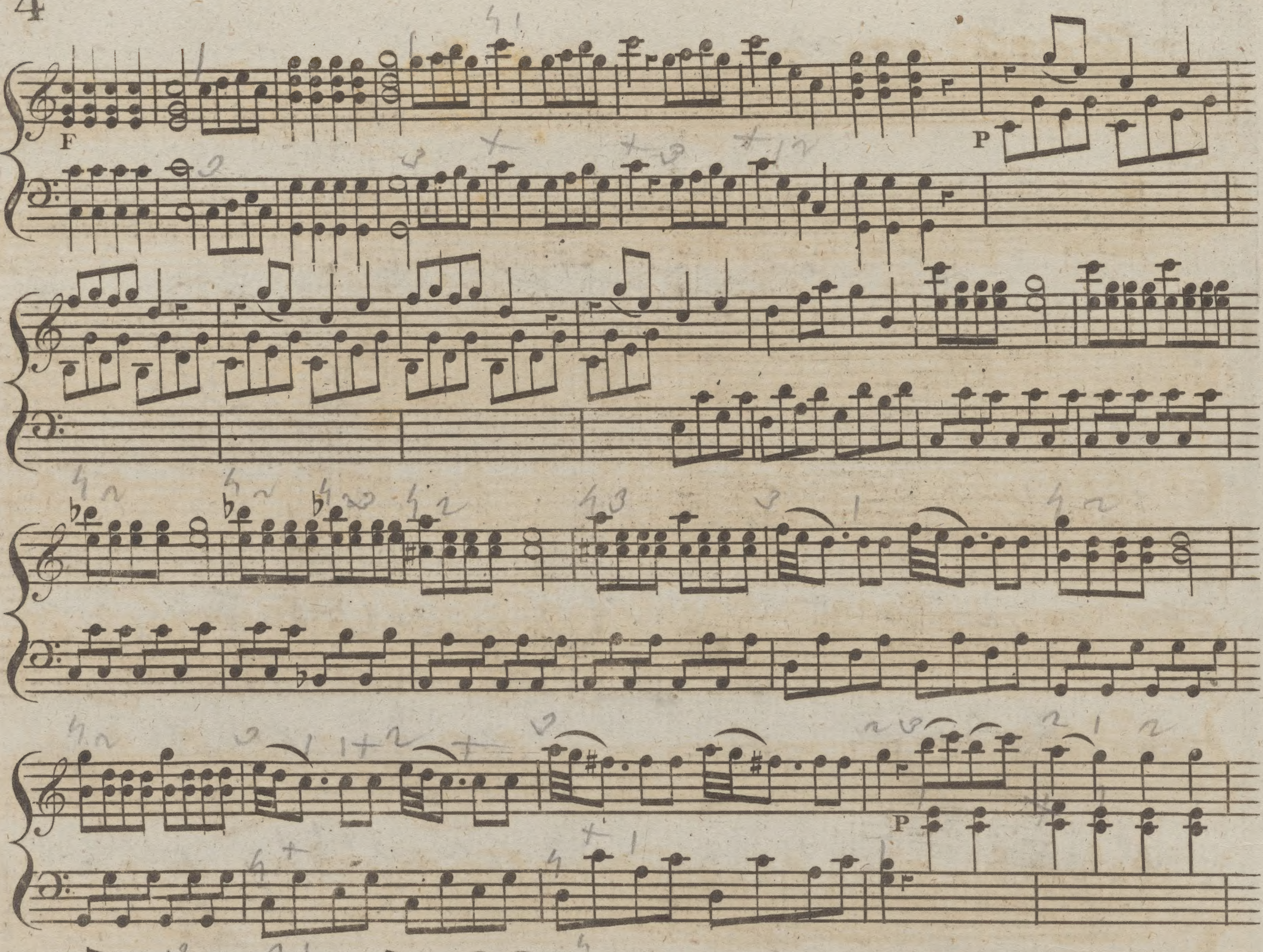
London. Printed & Sold at Bland & Weller's, Music Warehouse, 23 Oxford Street.

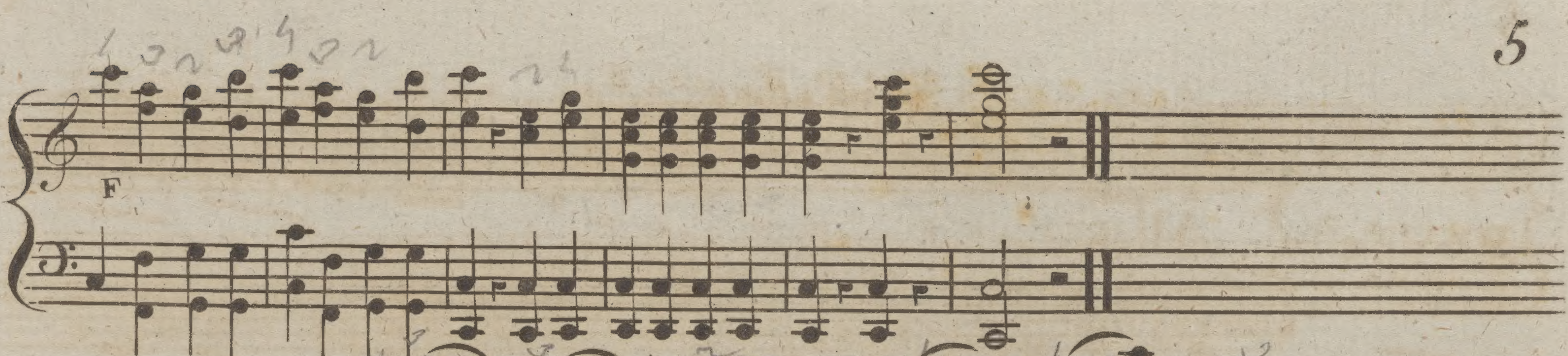
OVERTURE

by Mr. Latour

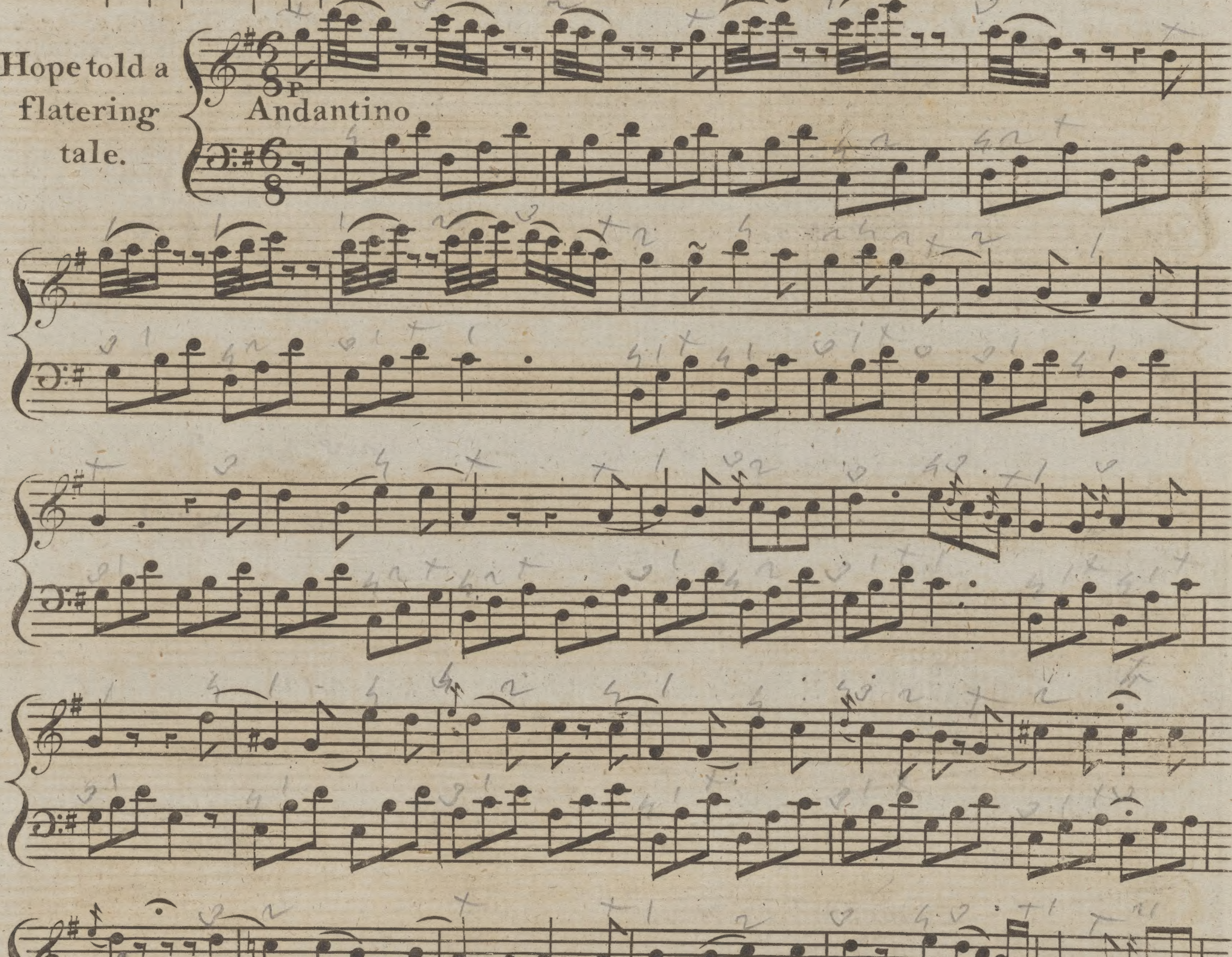



P
F
FF
P
F
cresc

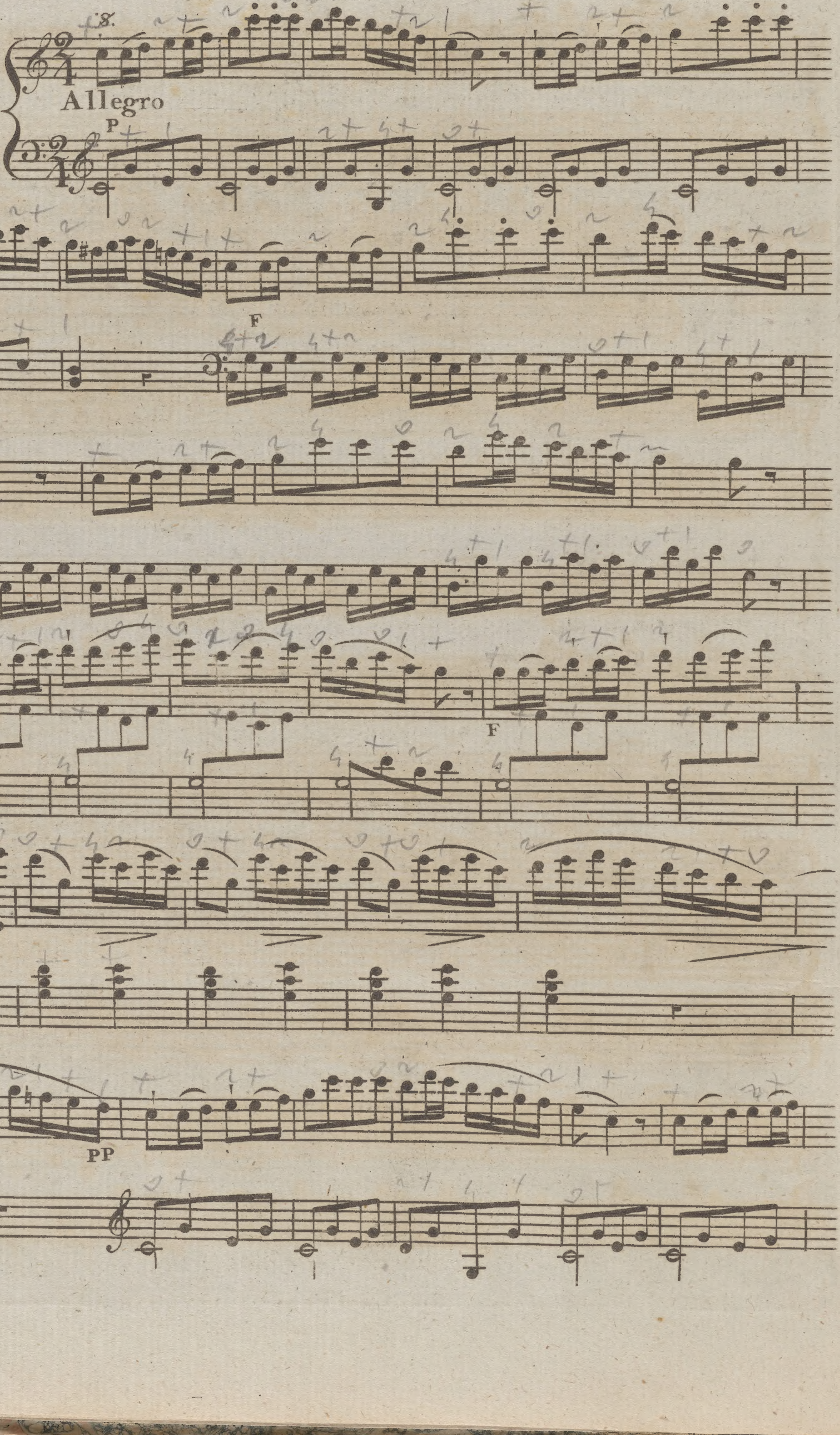

F
P
P
P
F

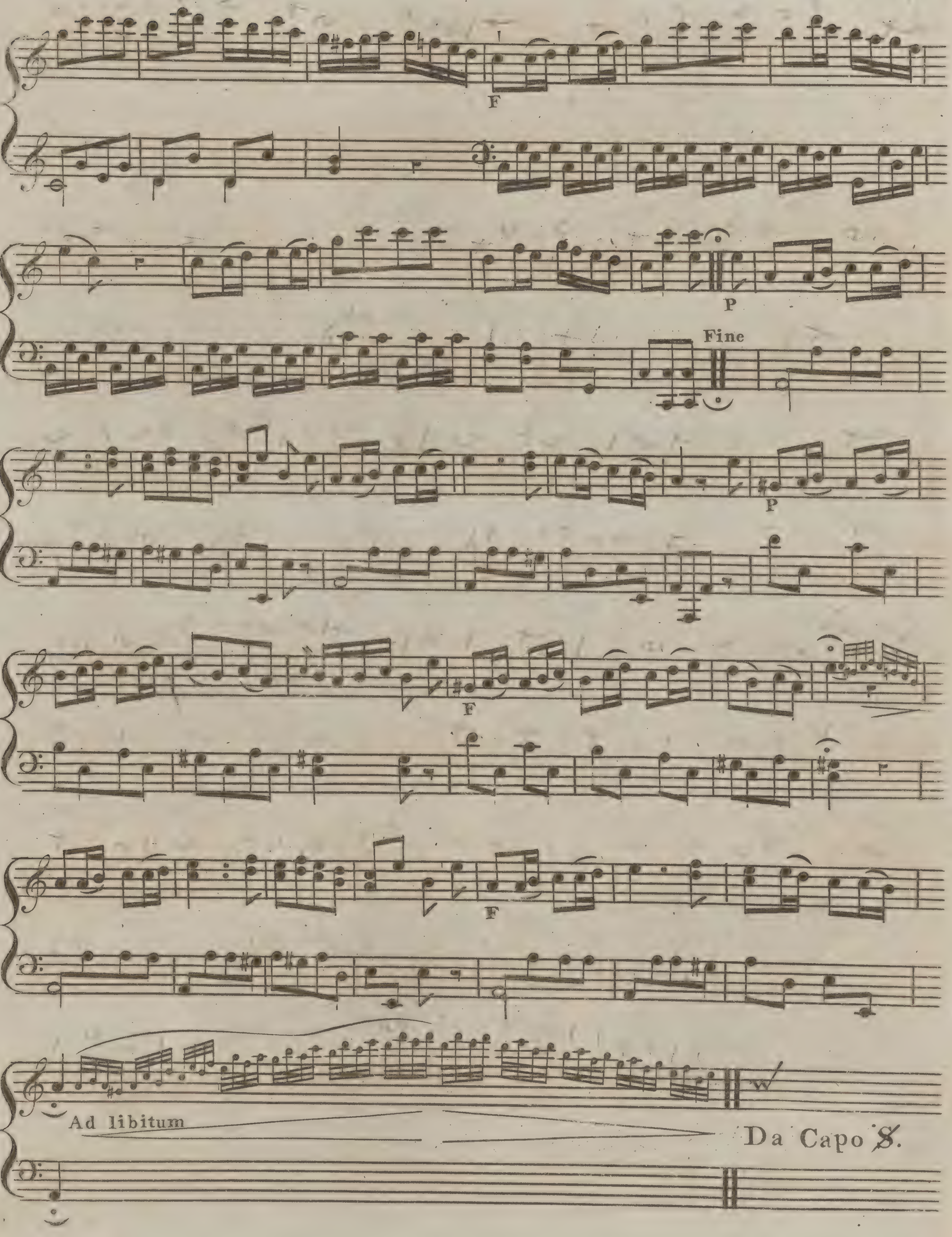


Hope told a flatering tale.



RONDO




F
P
Fine
P
F
F
Ad libitum
Da Capo 𝄋.

THREE
GRAND SONATAS
FOR THE
Piano Forte
with an accompaniment for a
VIOLIN
Composed and respectfully Dedicated to
Mrs. John Hunter
By
RICHARD CONINGWORTH

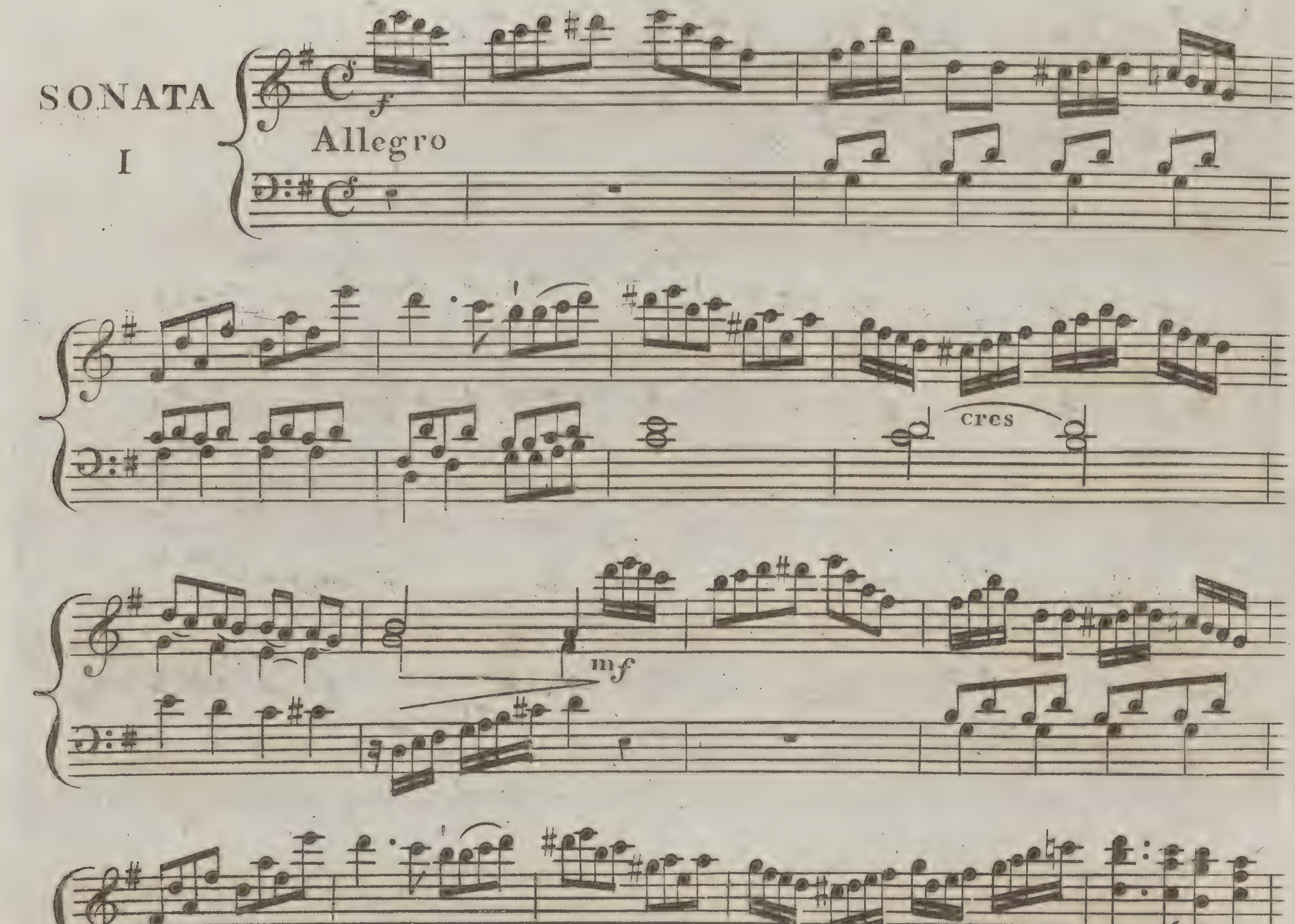
RC

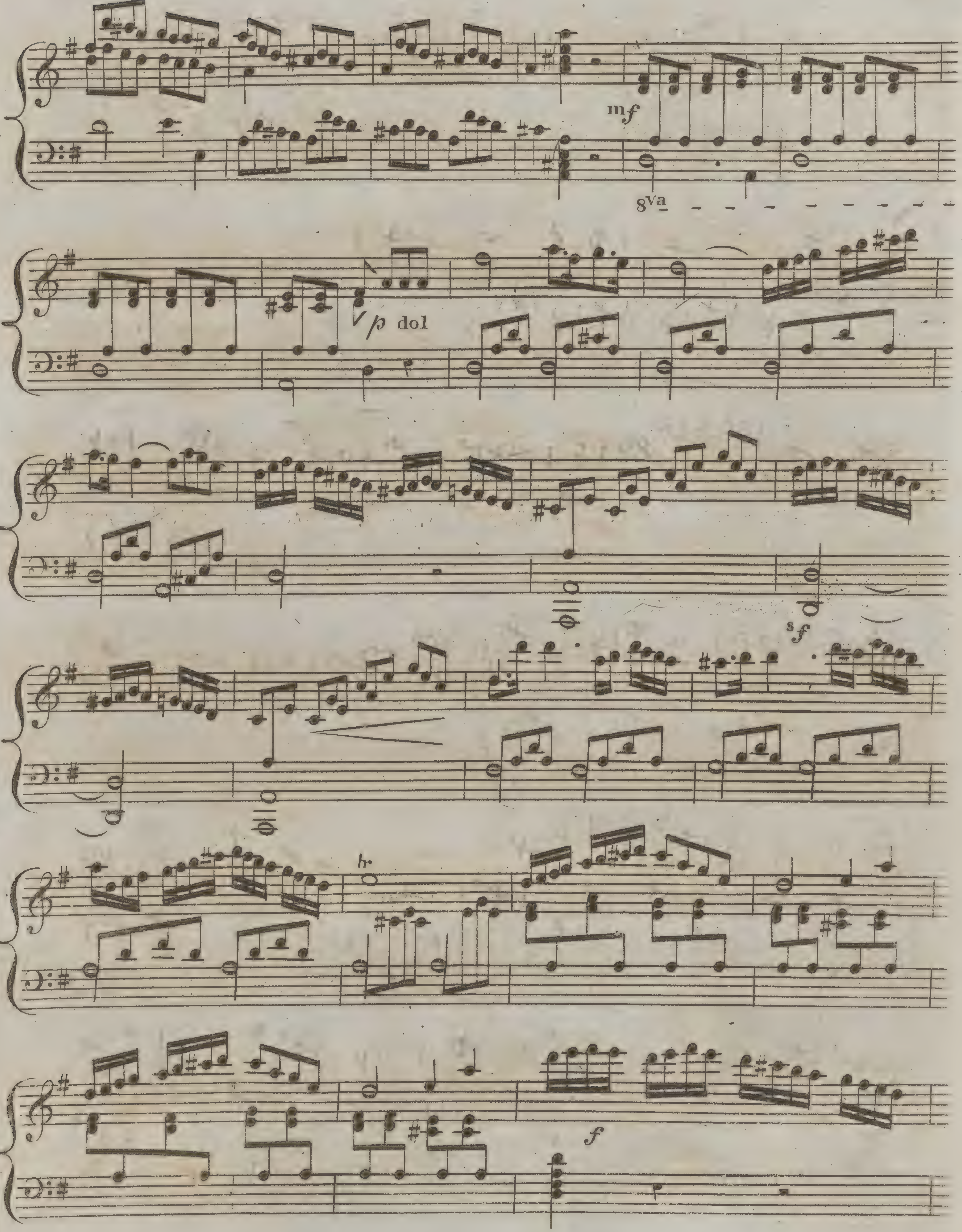
Op. 3 Pr. [illegible]

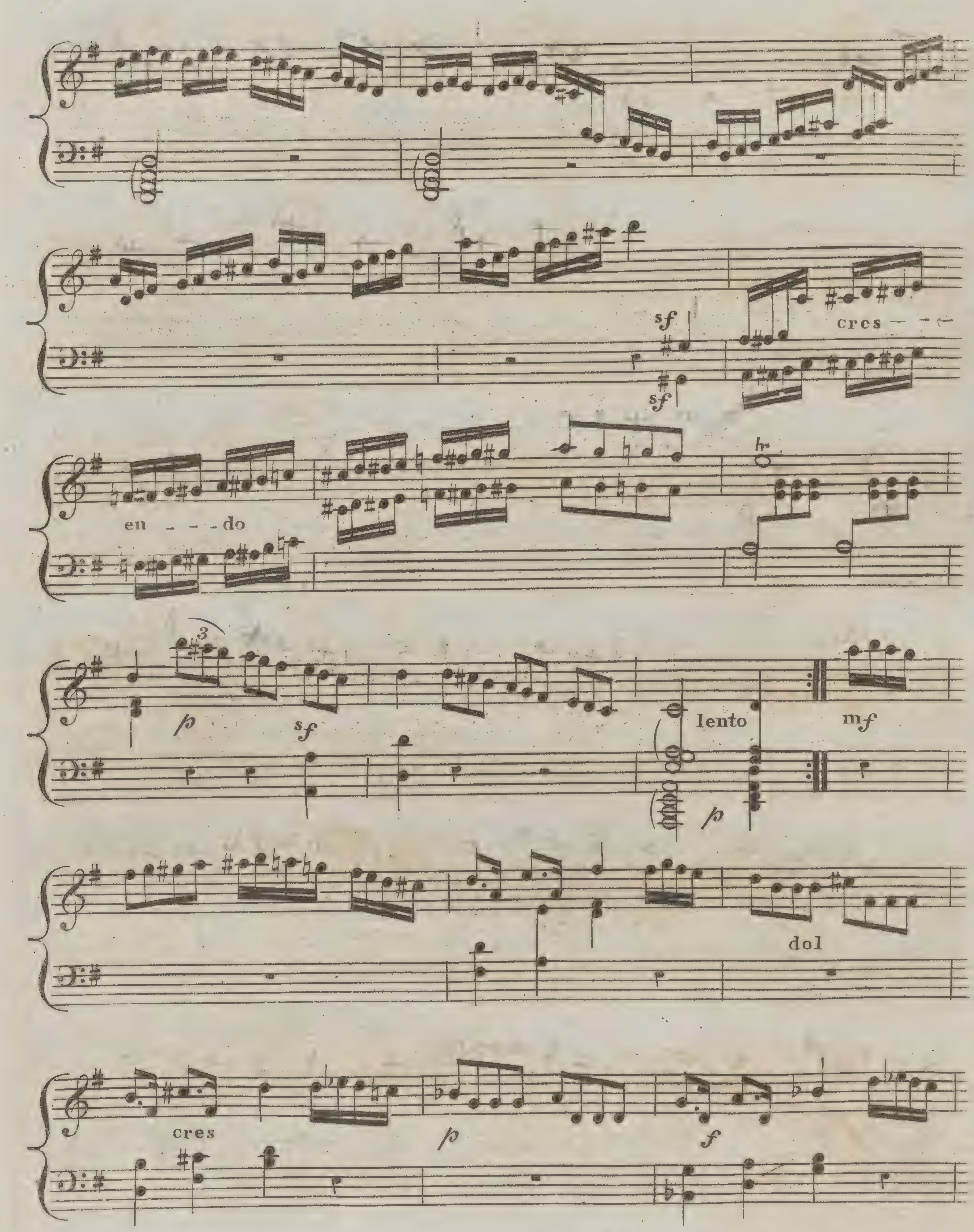
London Printed by Goulding and Co. No. 45 Pall Mall
where may be had all the Works of the above Composer
In this Sett are introduced ſome favourite Airs.

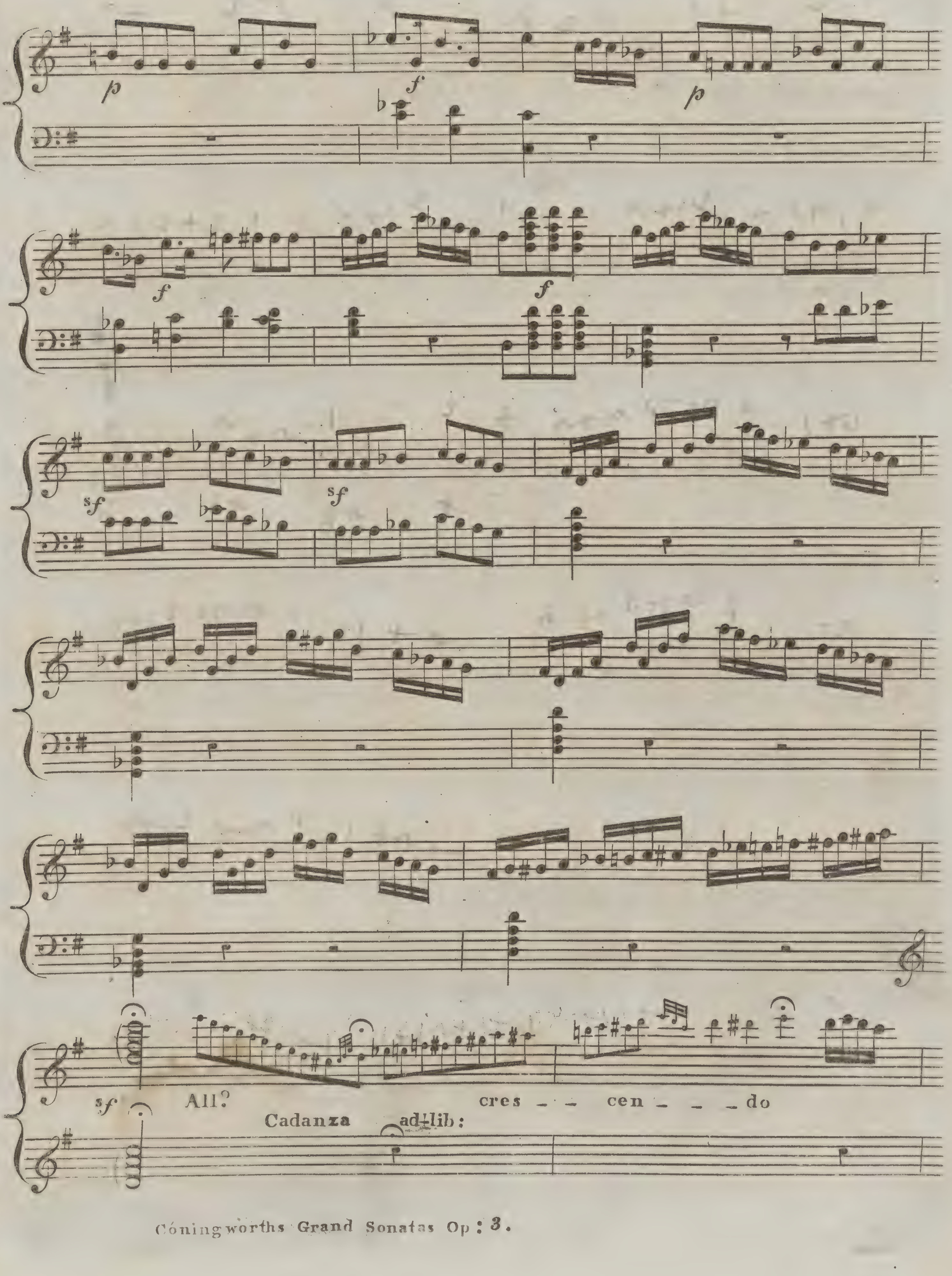
[illegible]

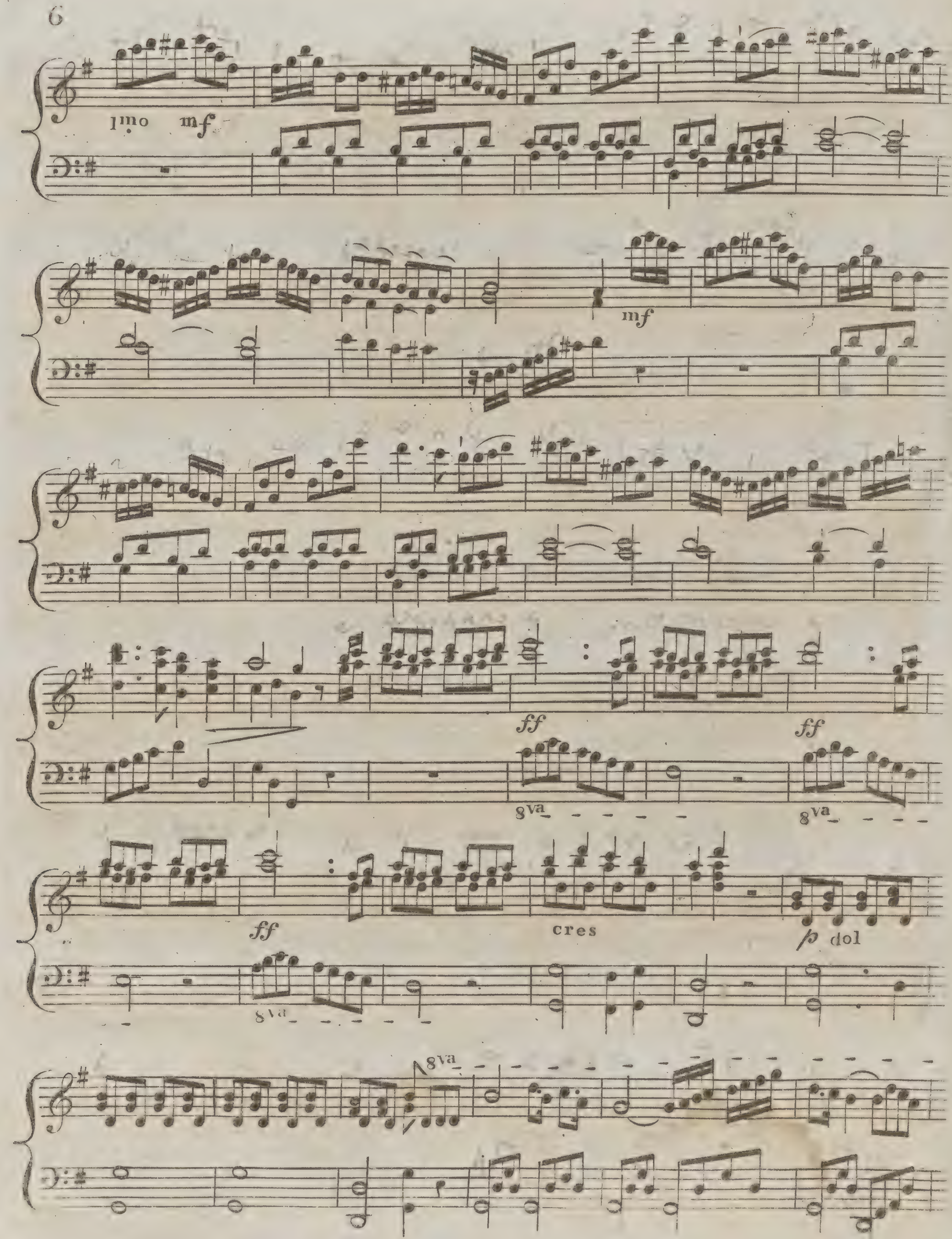
SONATA
I

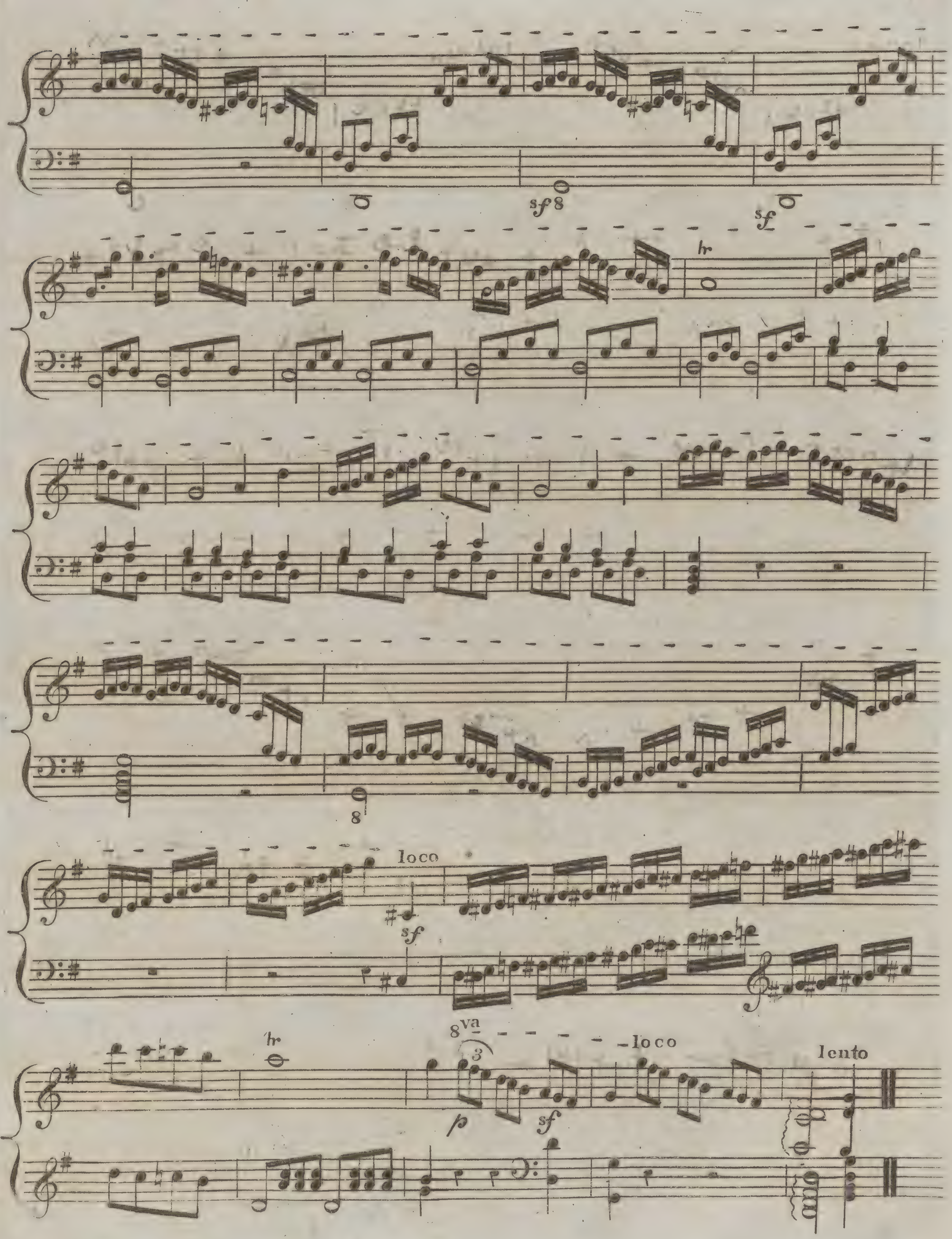



mf
8va
p dol
sf
f


sf
sf
cres
en - - - do
3
p
sf
lento
mf
p
dol
cres
p
f

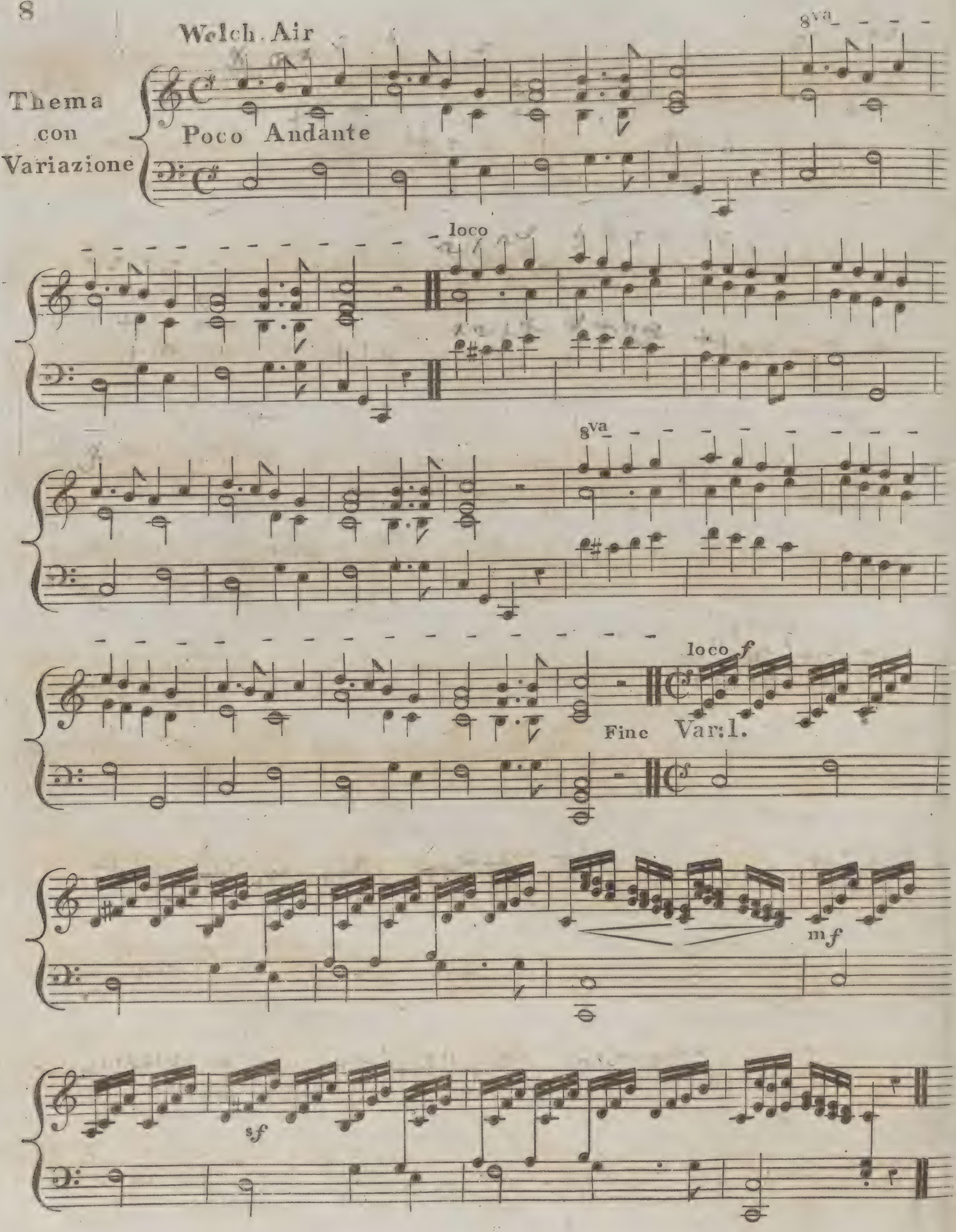

p
f
p
f
f
sf
sf
sf
All?
Cadanza
ad lib:
cres - - cen - - - do

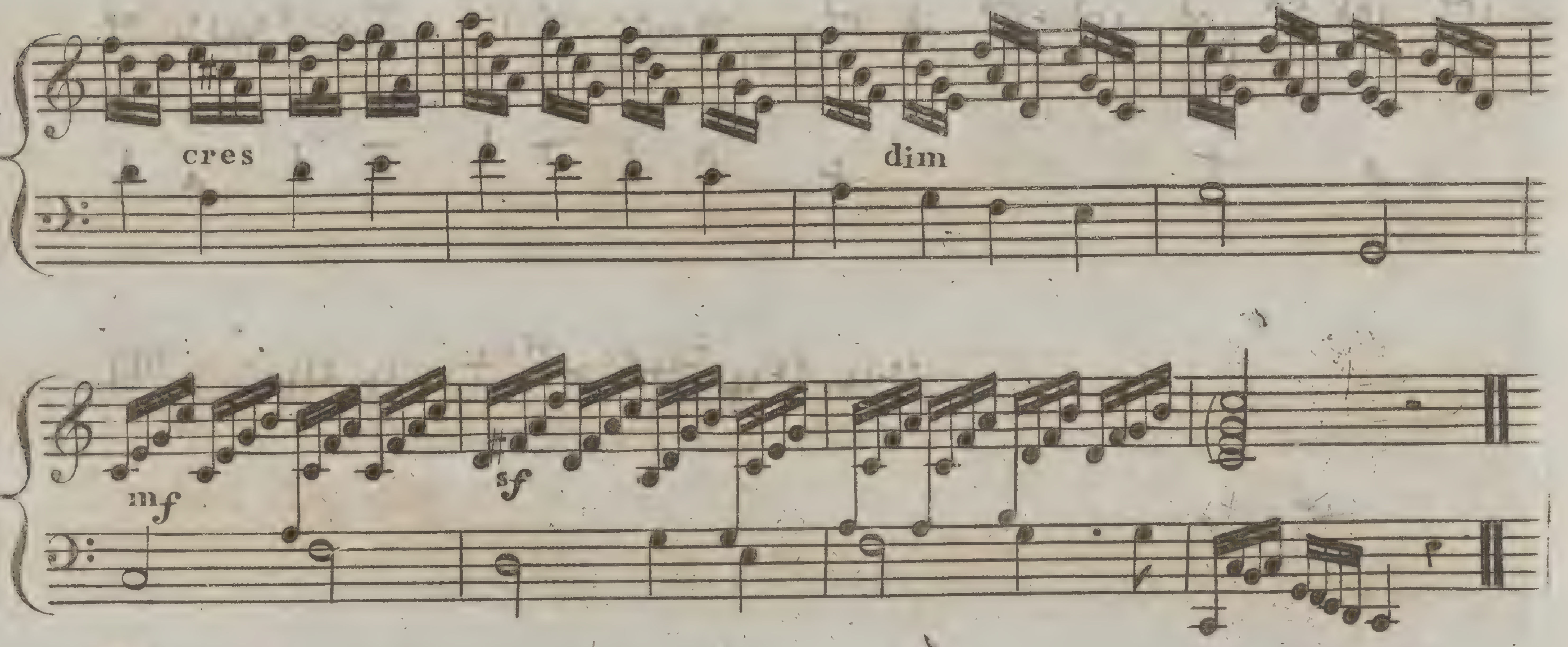

1mo
mf
mf
ff
8va
ff
8va
ff
8va
cres
p dol
8va


sf 8
sf
tr
8
loco
sf
tr
8va
3
loco
p
sf
lento

Welch Air

Thema con Variazione





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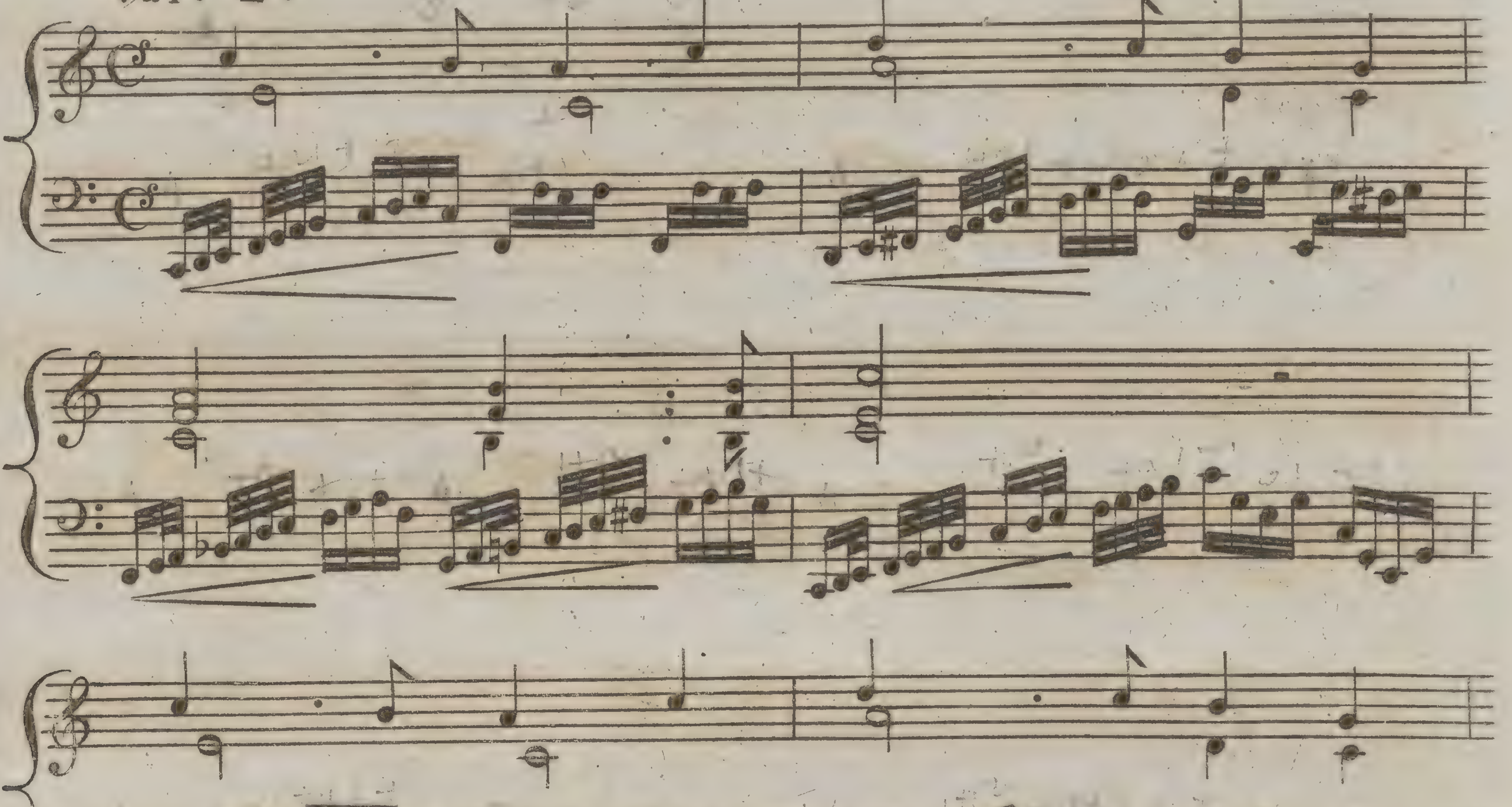
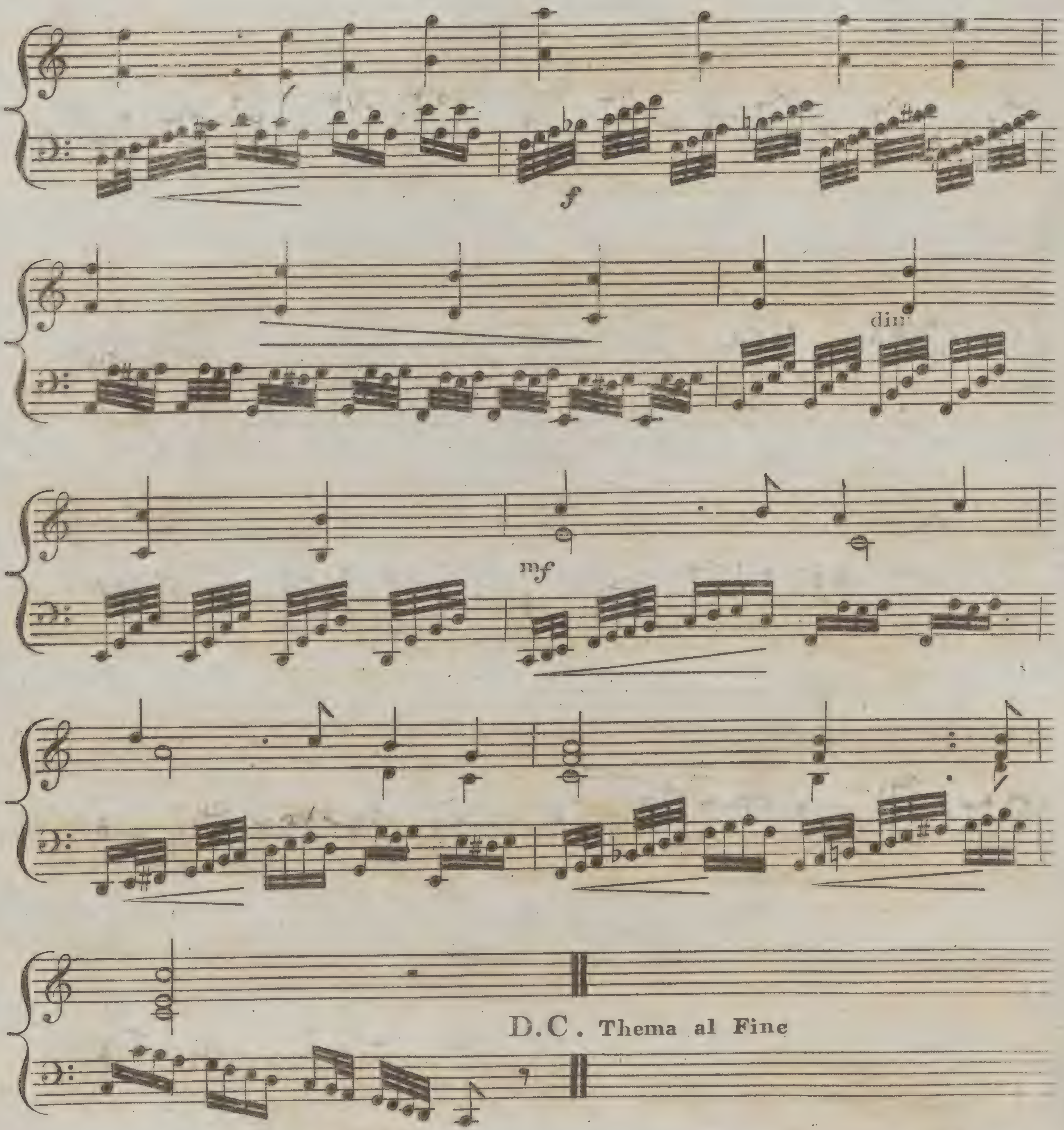
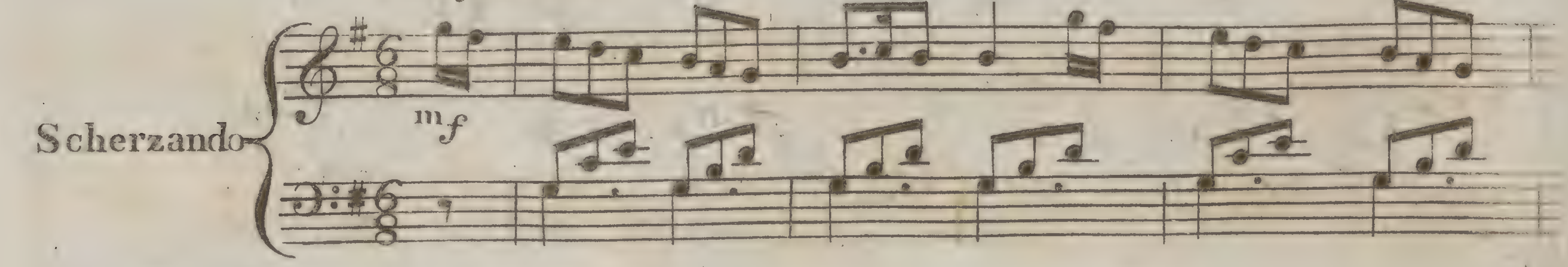
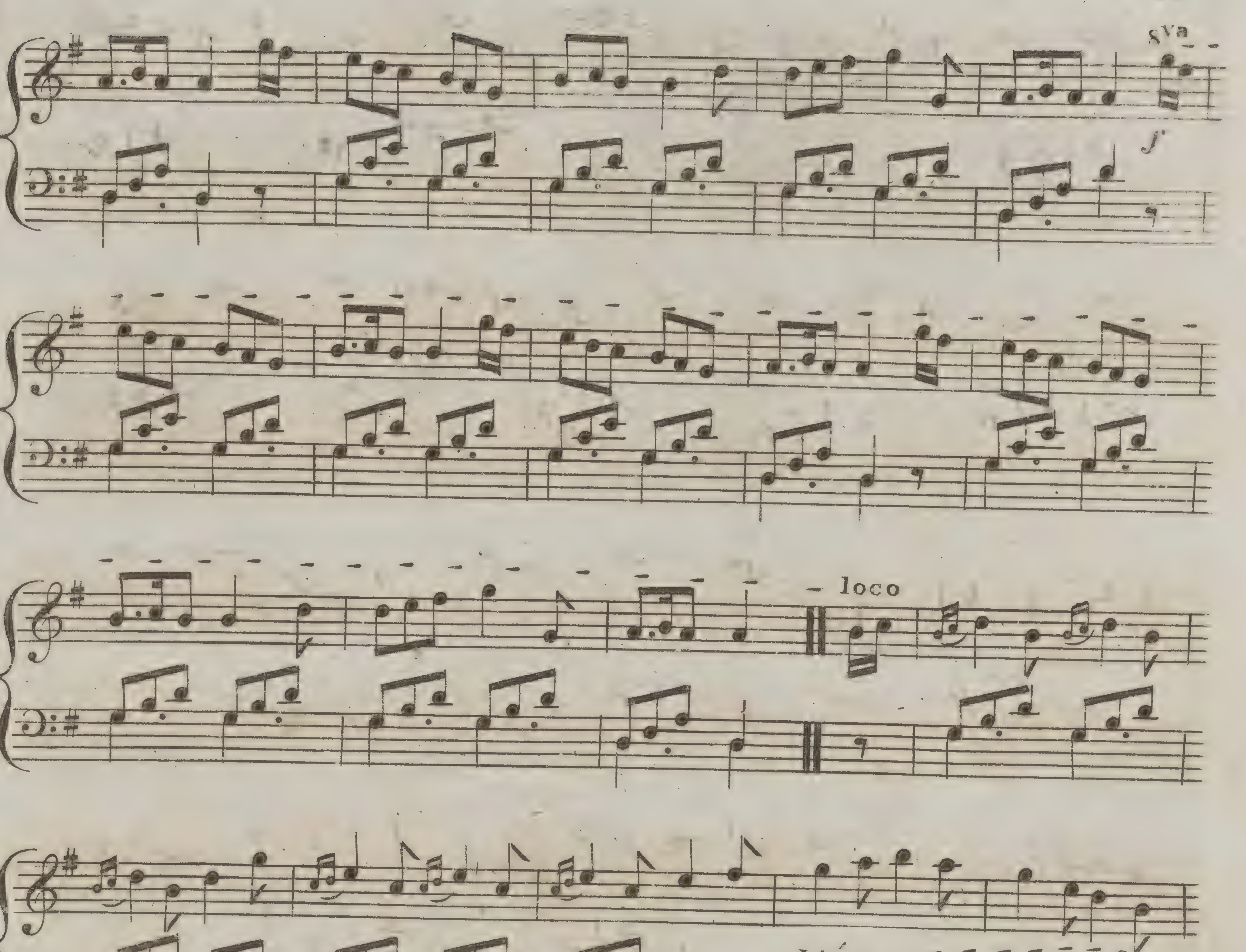
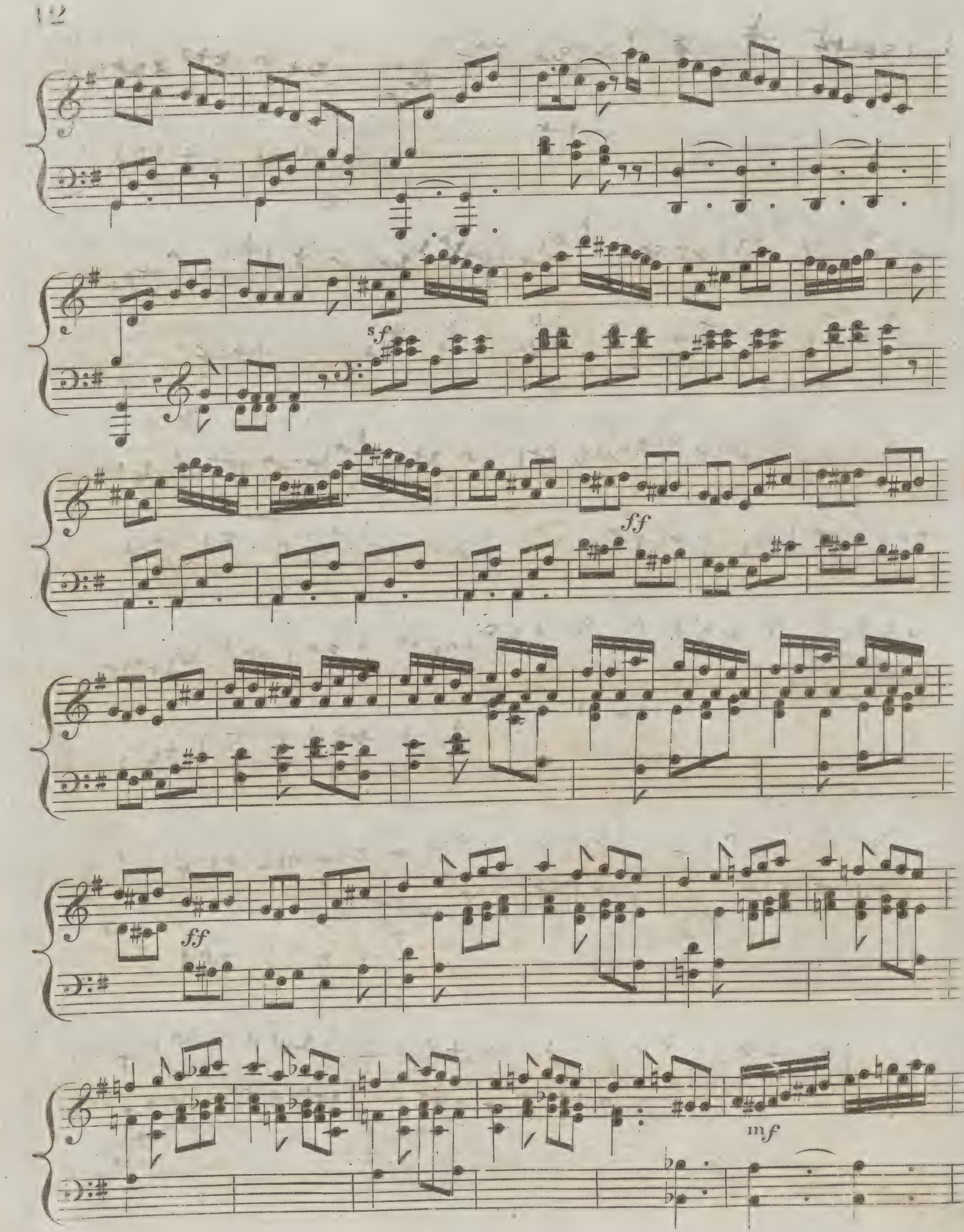


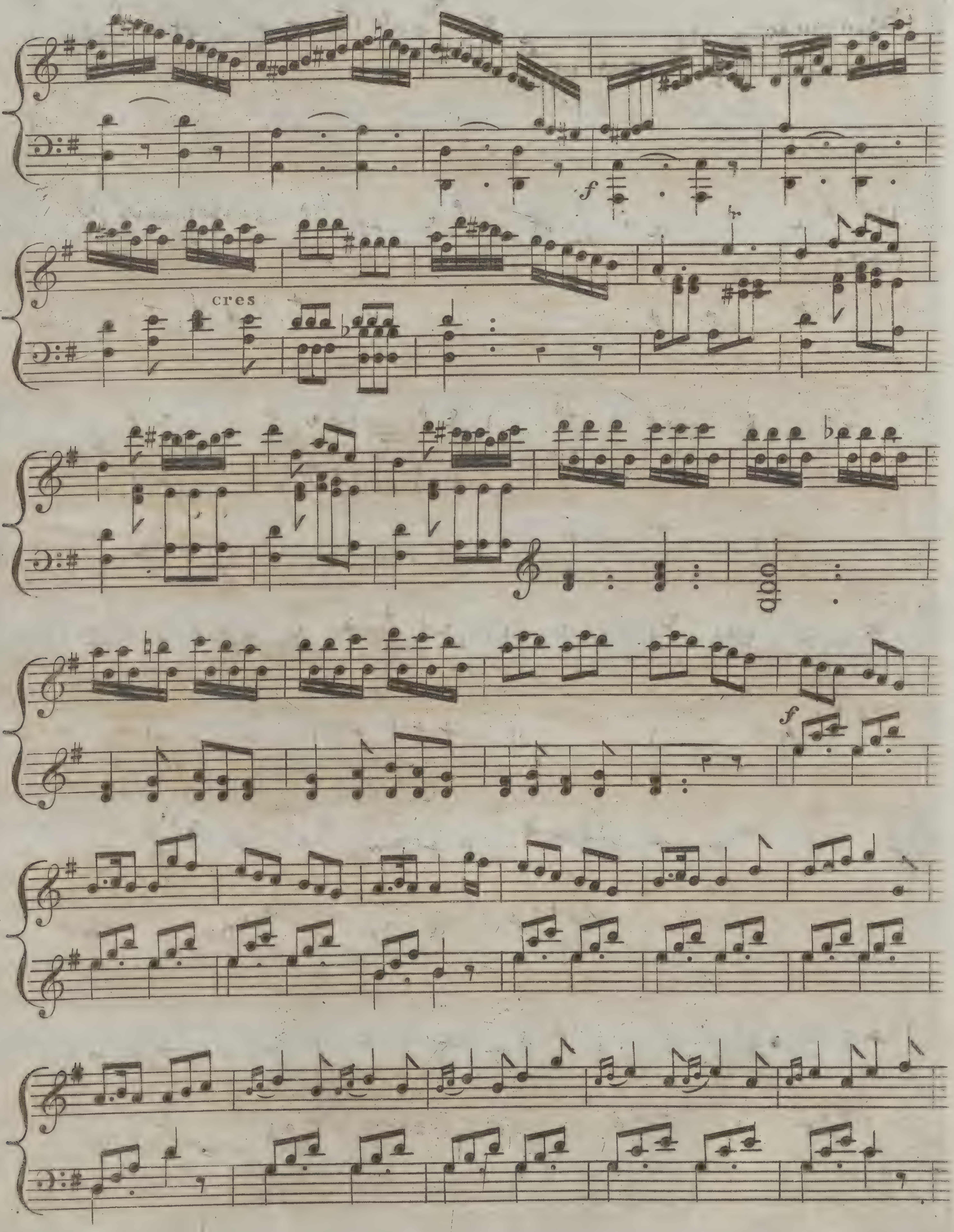


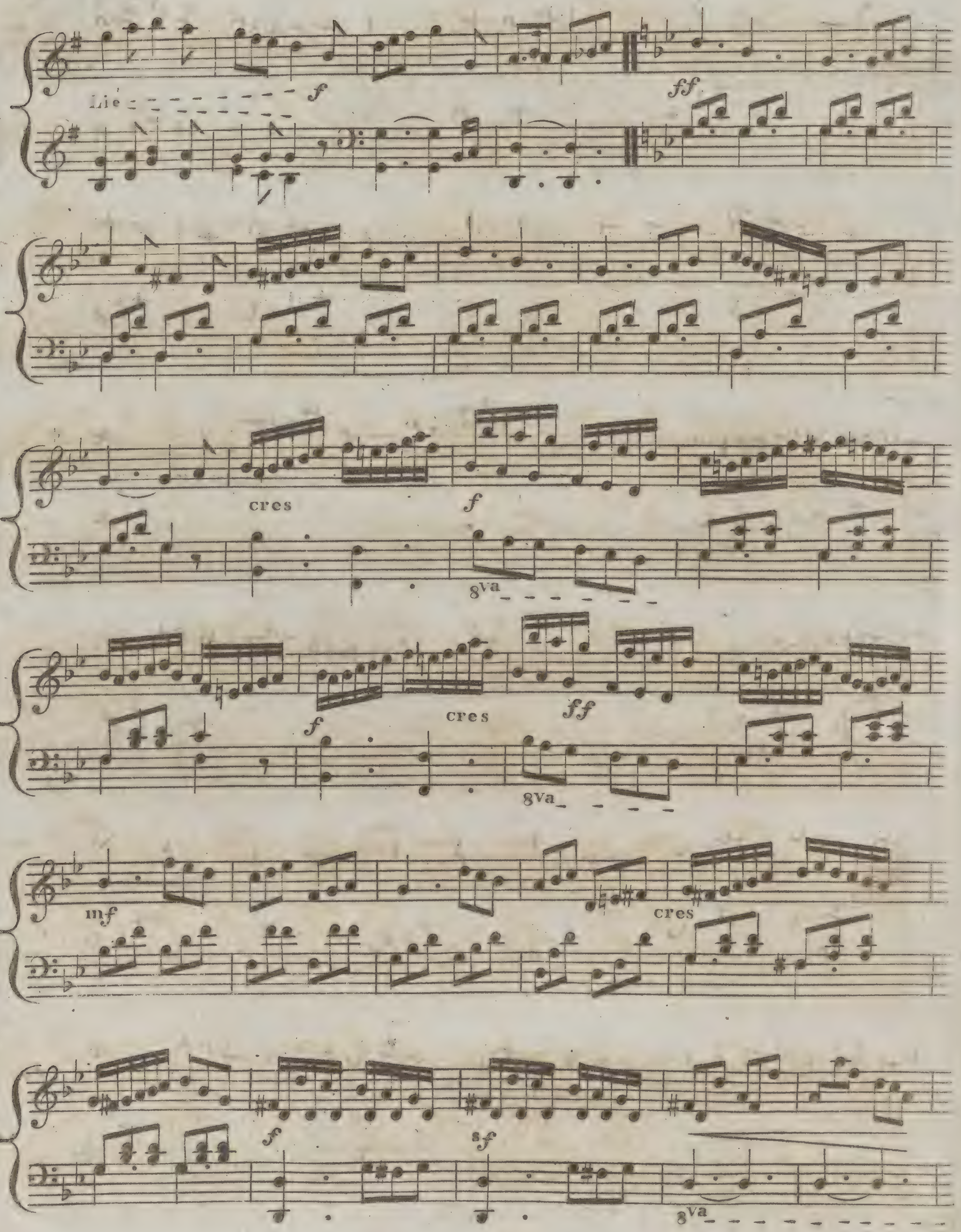
Cary Owen

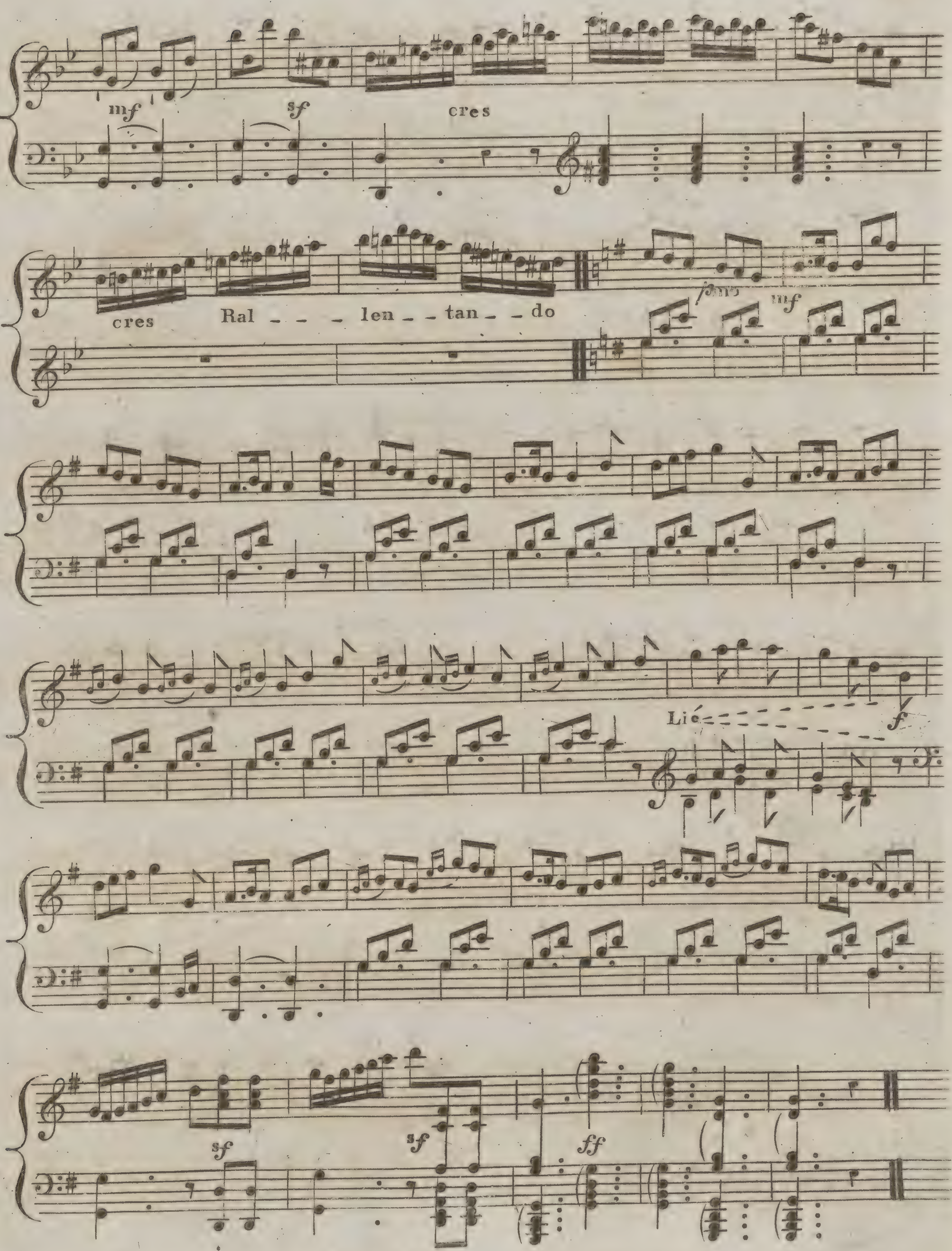



8va
f
loco
Lie
f
8va
Lie
f
loco


sf
ff
ff
mf

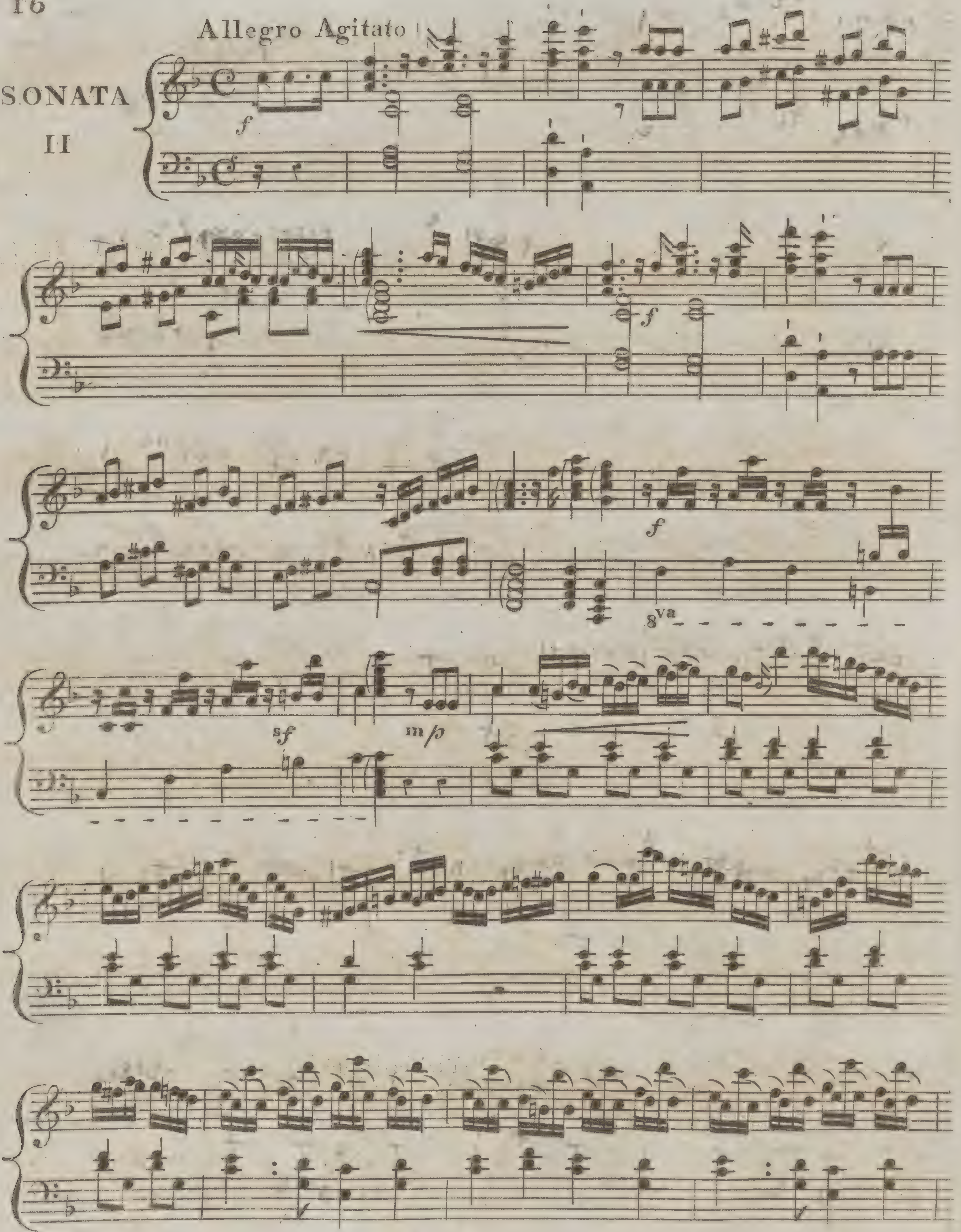

f
cres
tr
f

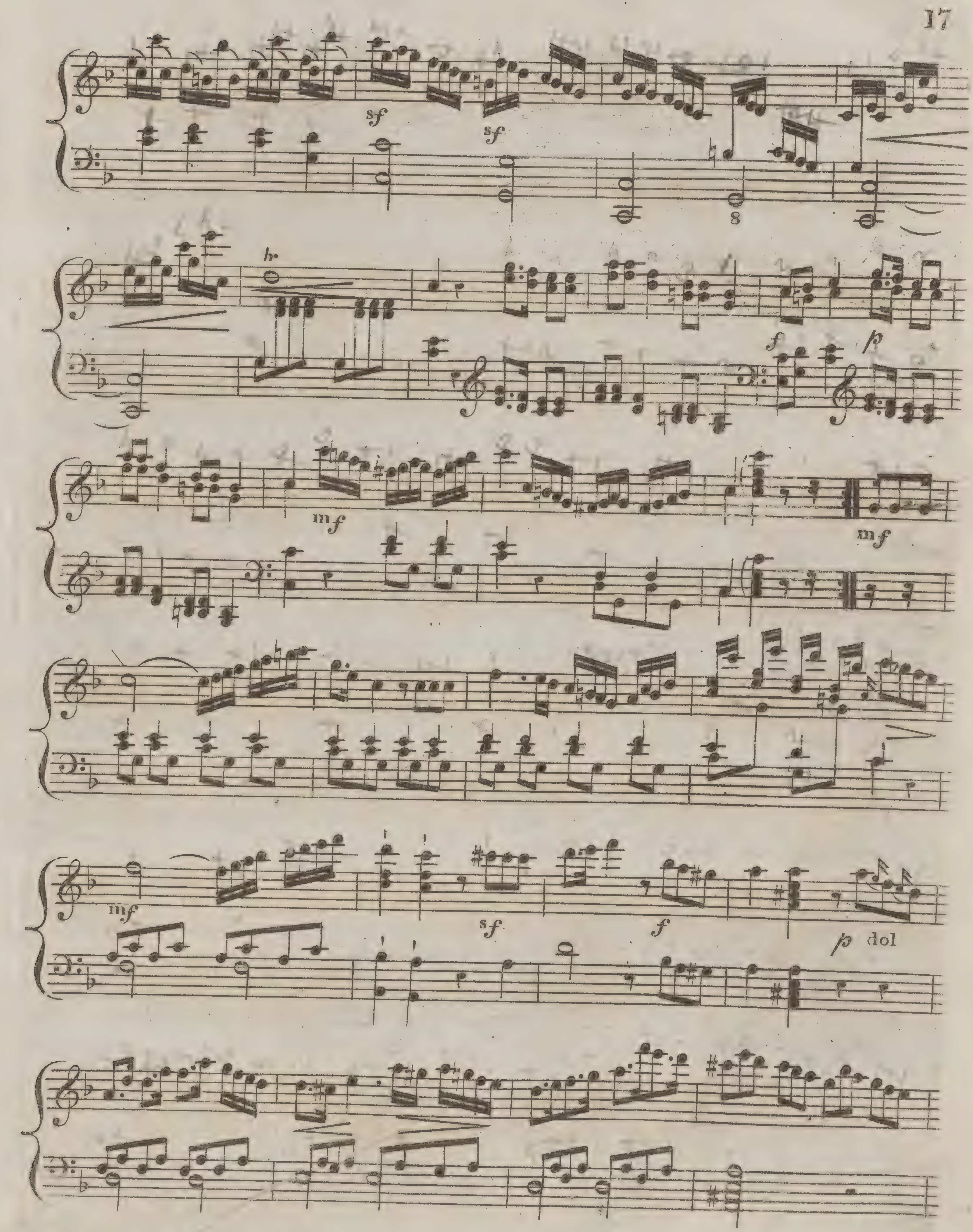

Lie
f
ff
cres
f
8va
f
cres
ff
8va
mf
cres
f
sf
8va

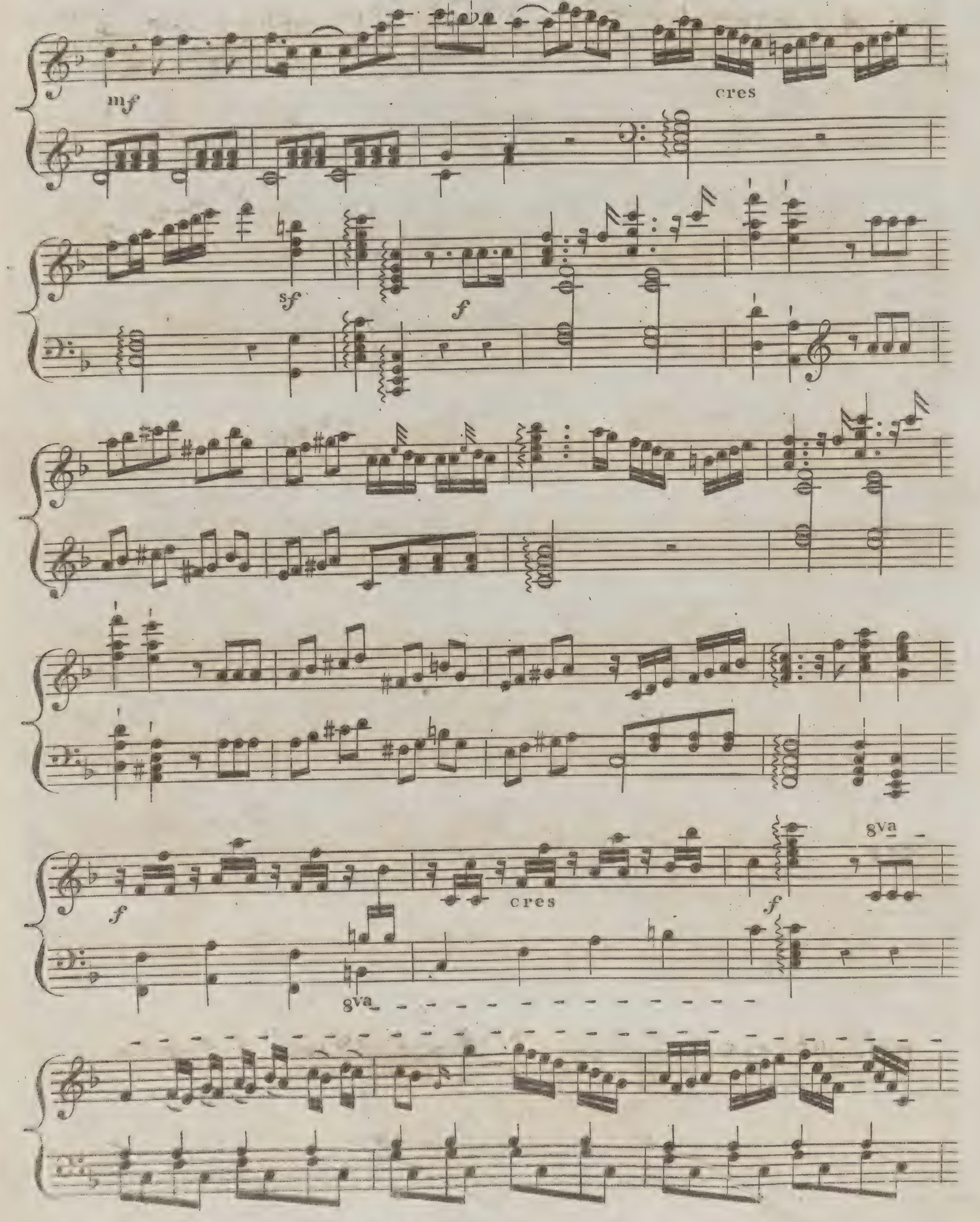

mf
sf
cres
cres
Ral - - - len - - tan - - do
fmo
mf
Lie
f
sf
sf
ff

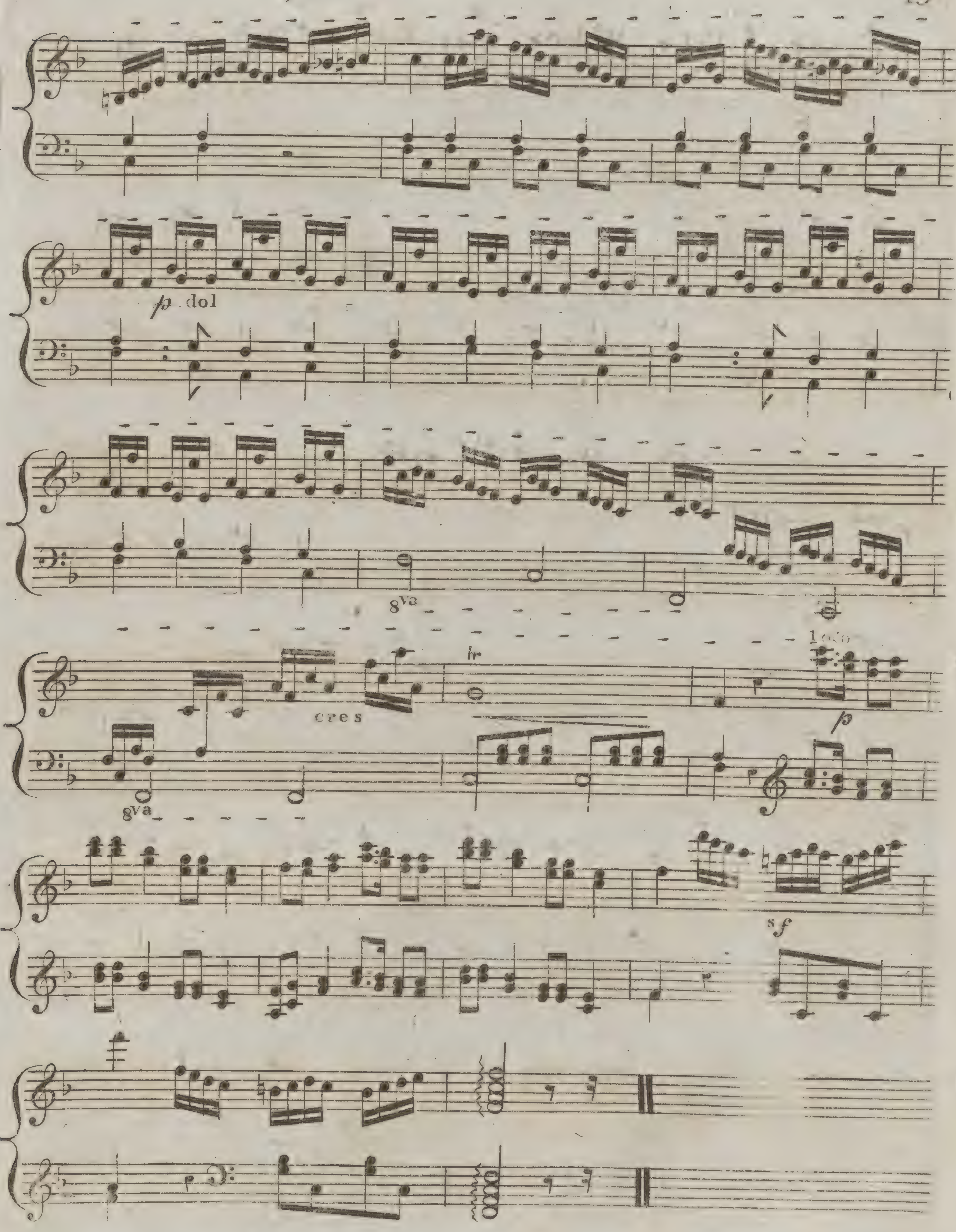
SONATA II

Allegro Agitato

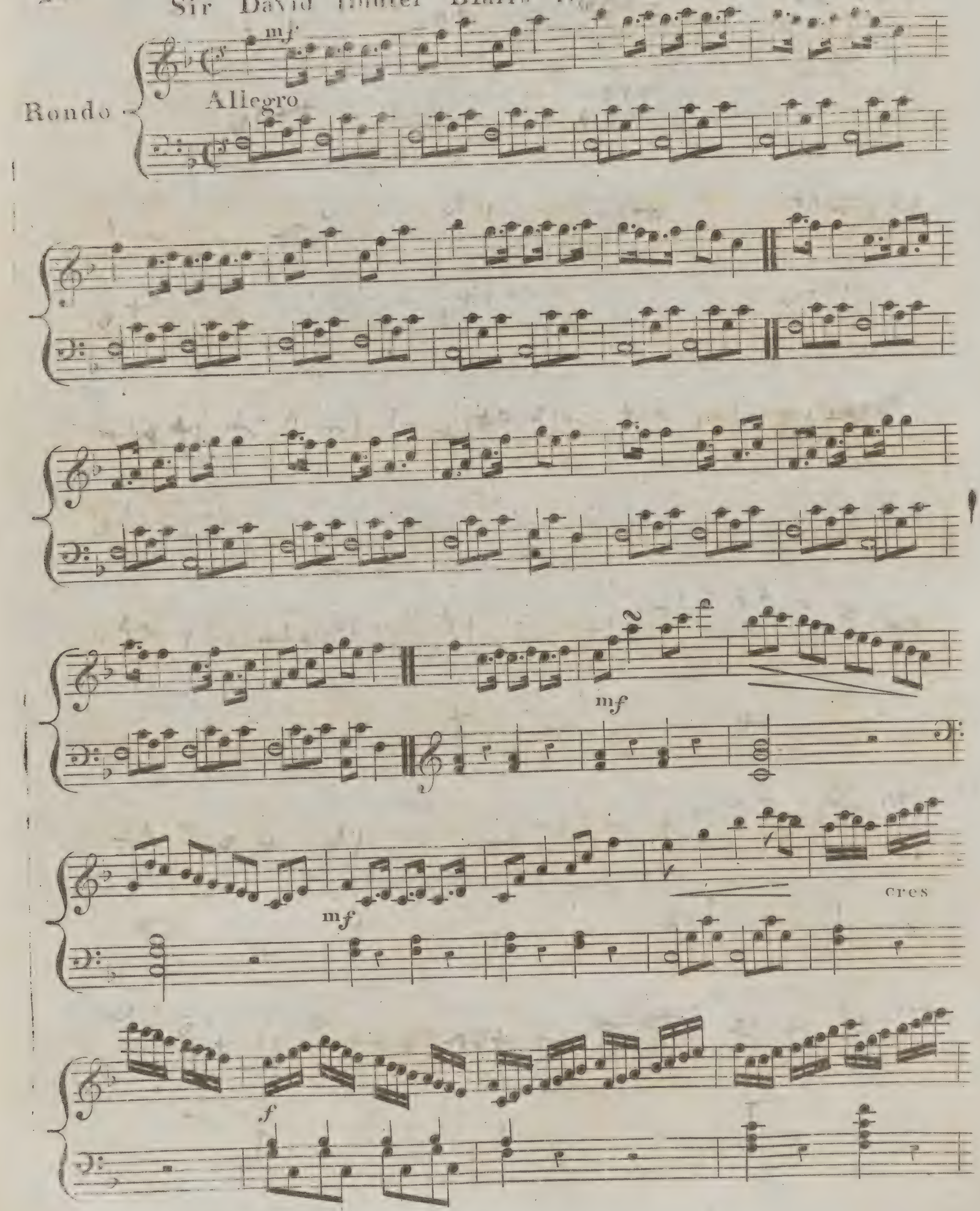


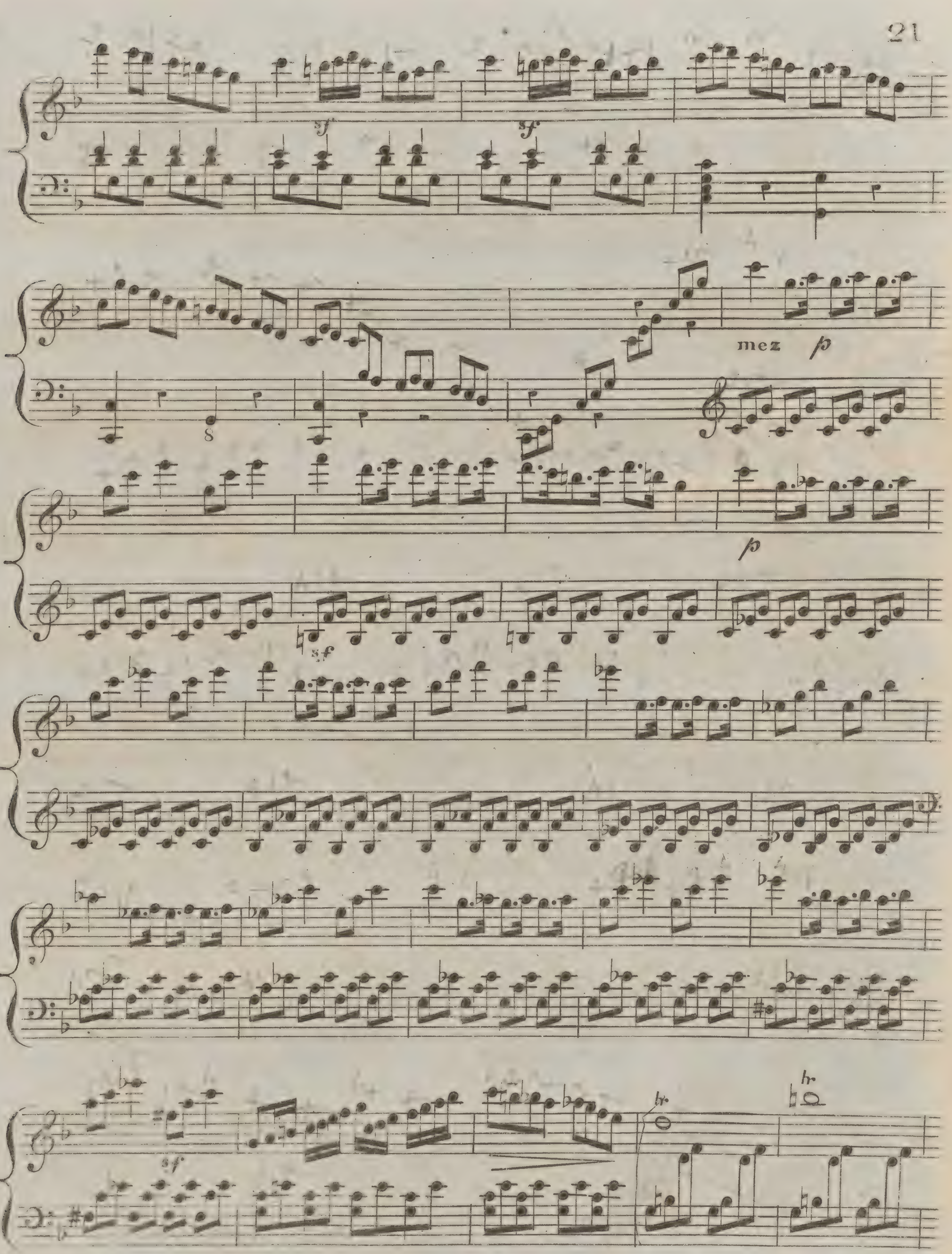

sf
sf
8
f
p
mf
mf
mf
sf
f
p dol

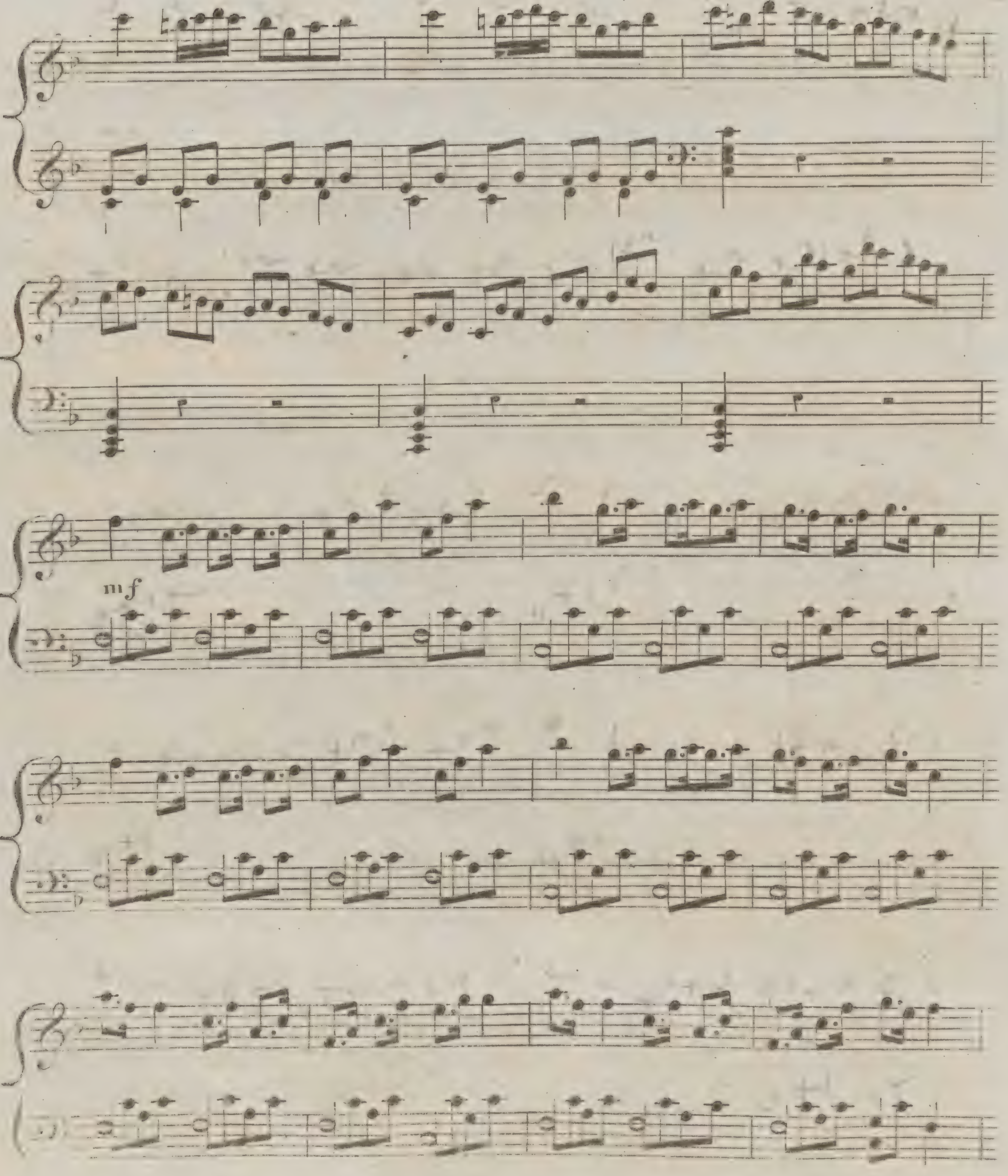

mf
cres
sf
f
f
cres
f
8va
8va

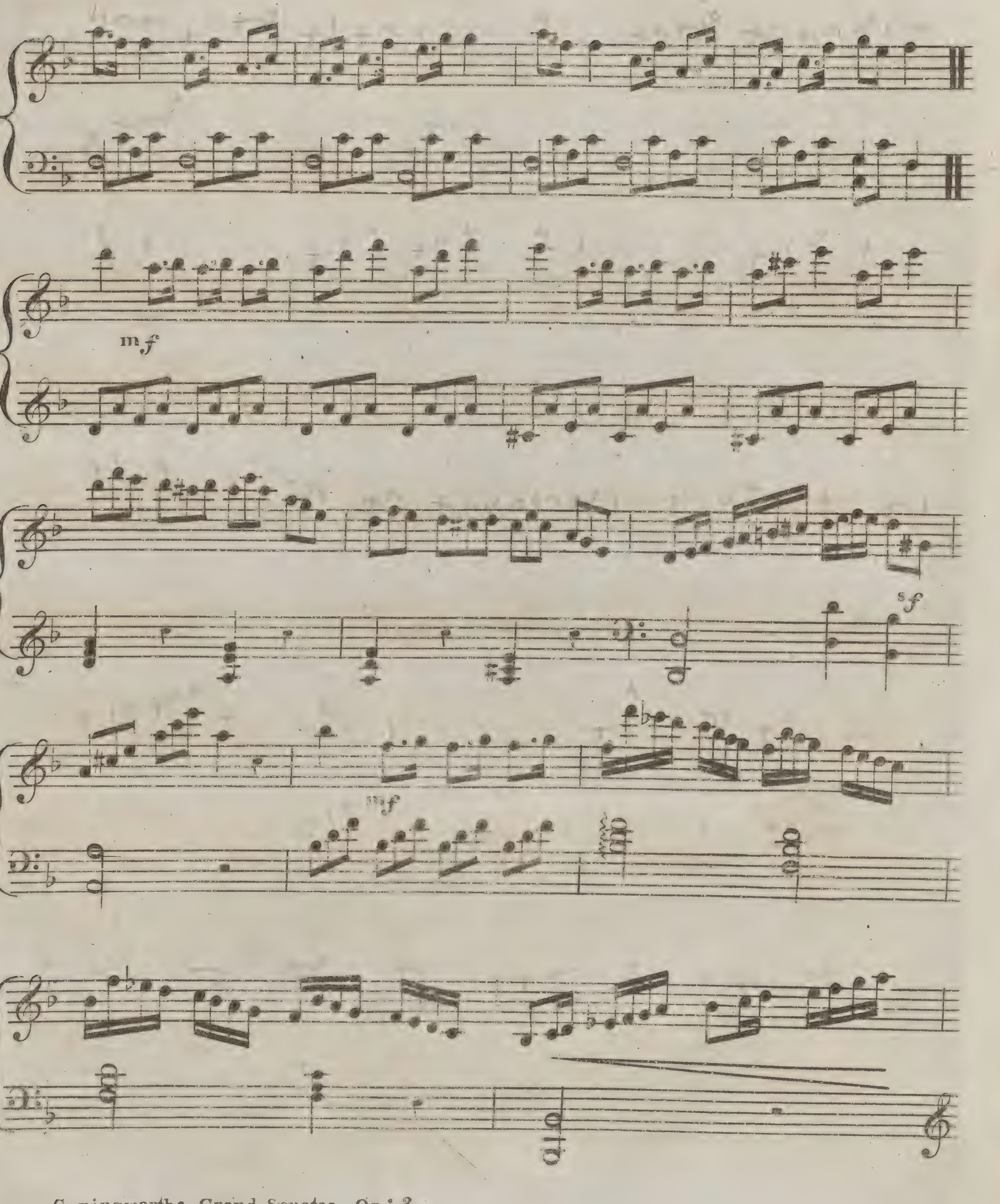

p dol
8va
loco
cres
tr
p
8va
sf

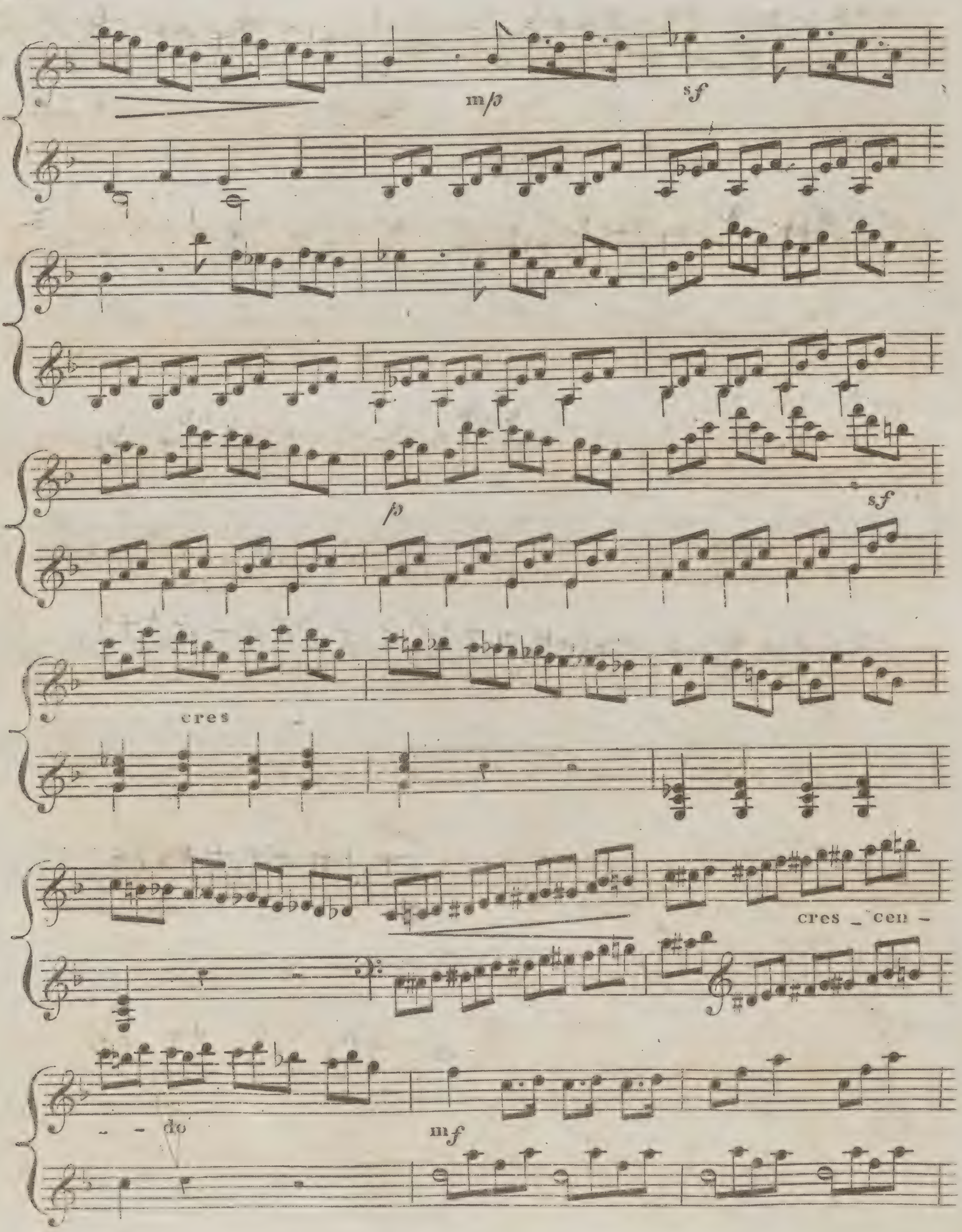
Sir David Hunter Blairs Reel

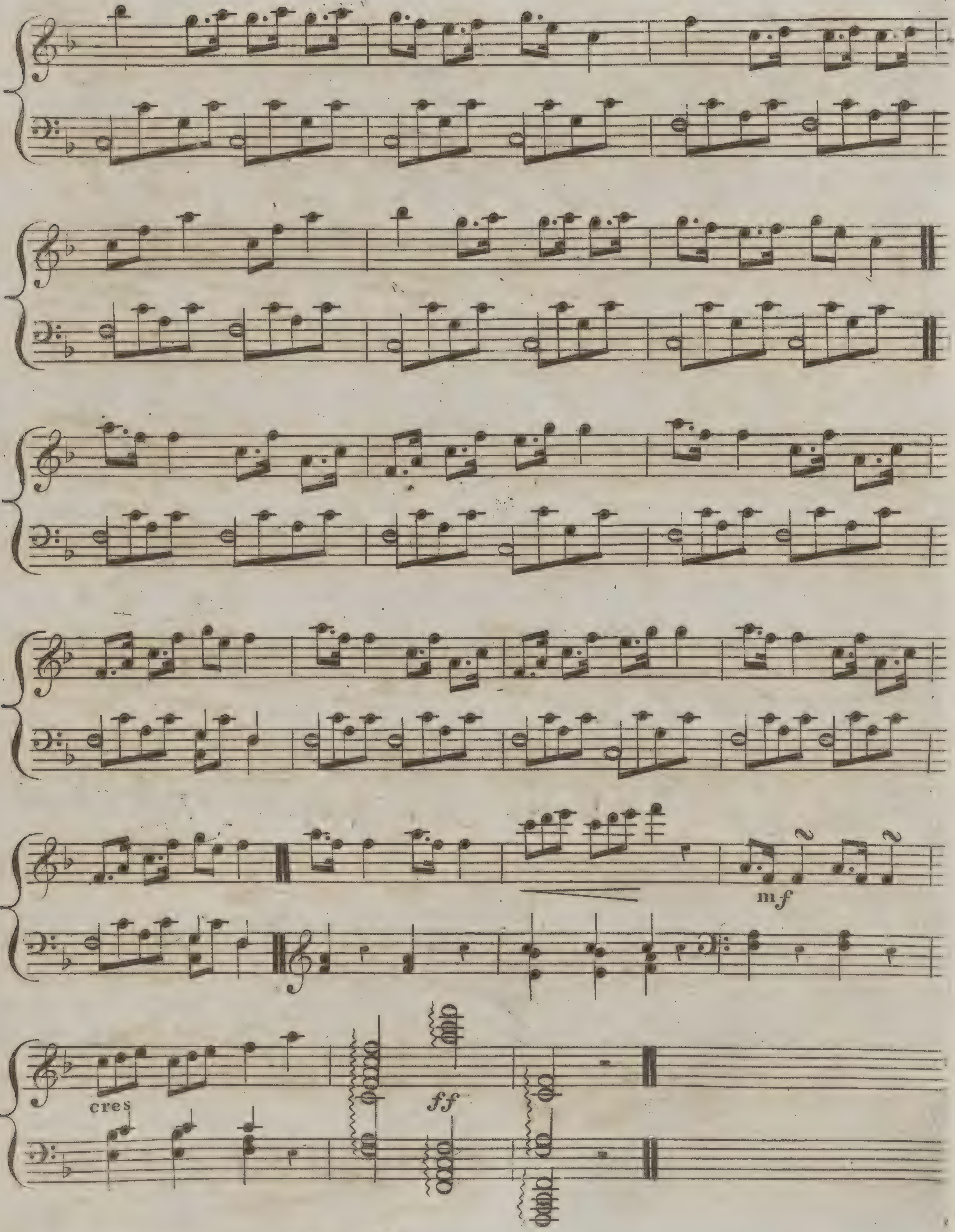



sf
sf
8
mez p
sf
p
sf
tr
tr


mf

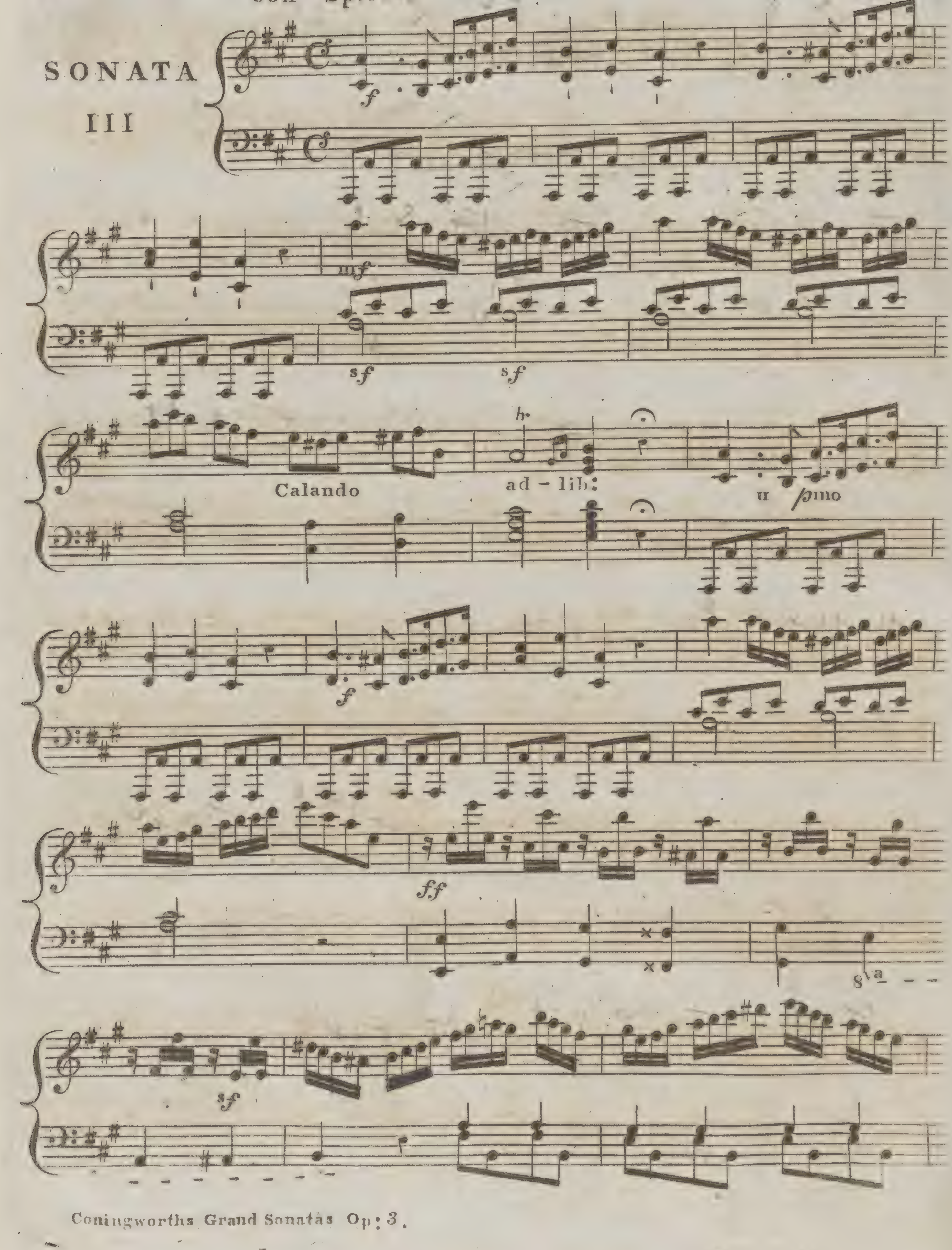

mf
sf
mf

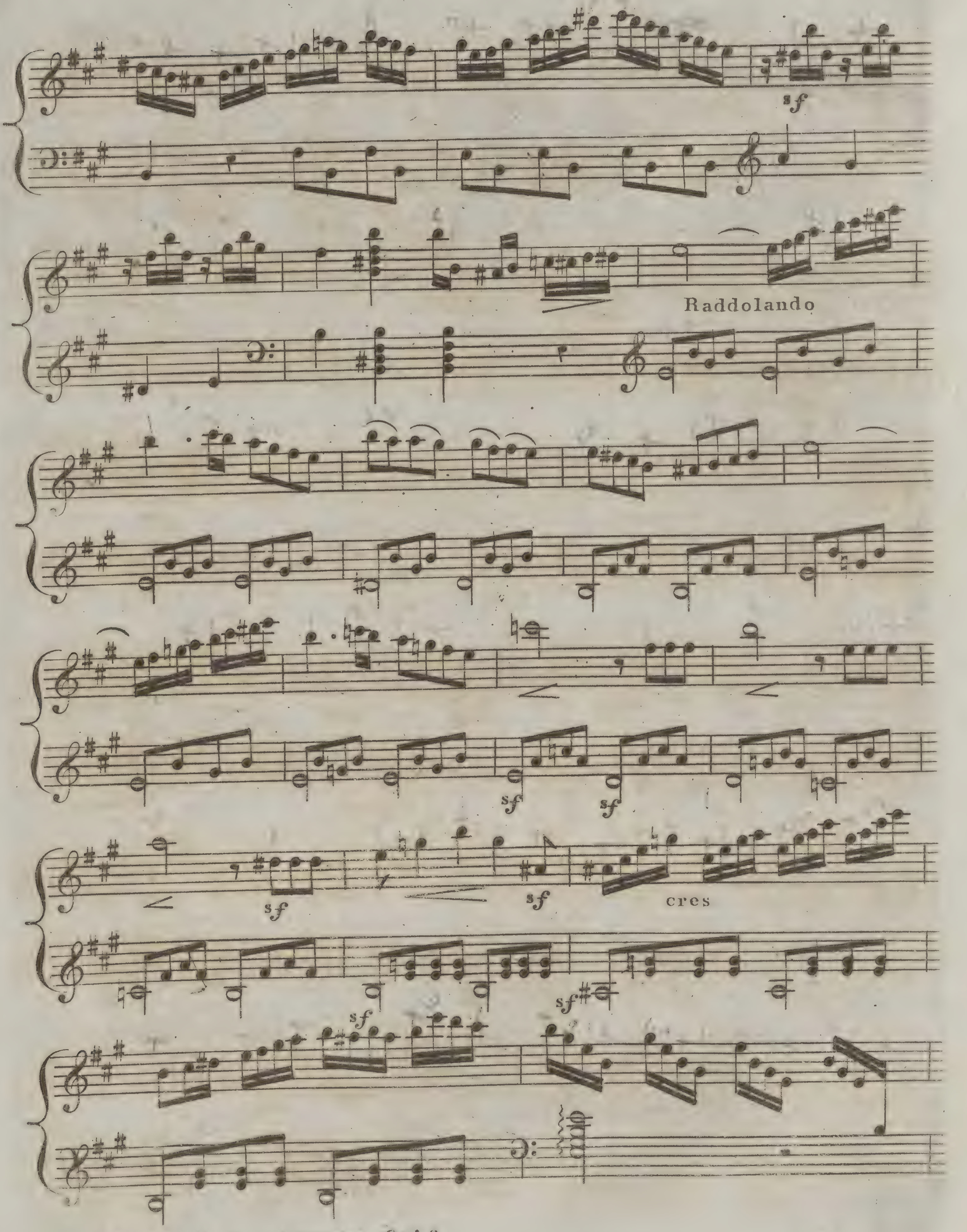

m/p
sf
p
sf
cres
cres _ cen -
- - do
mf

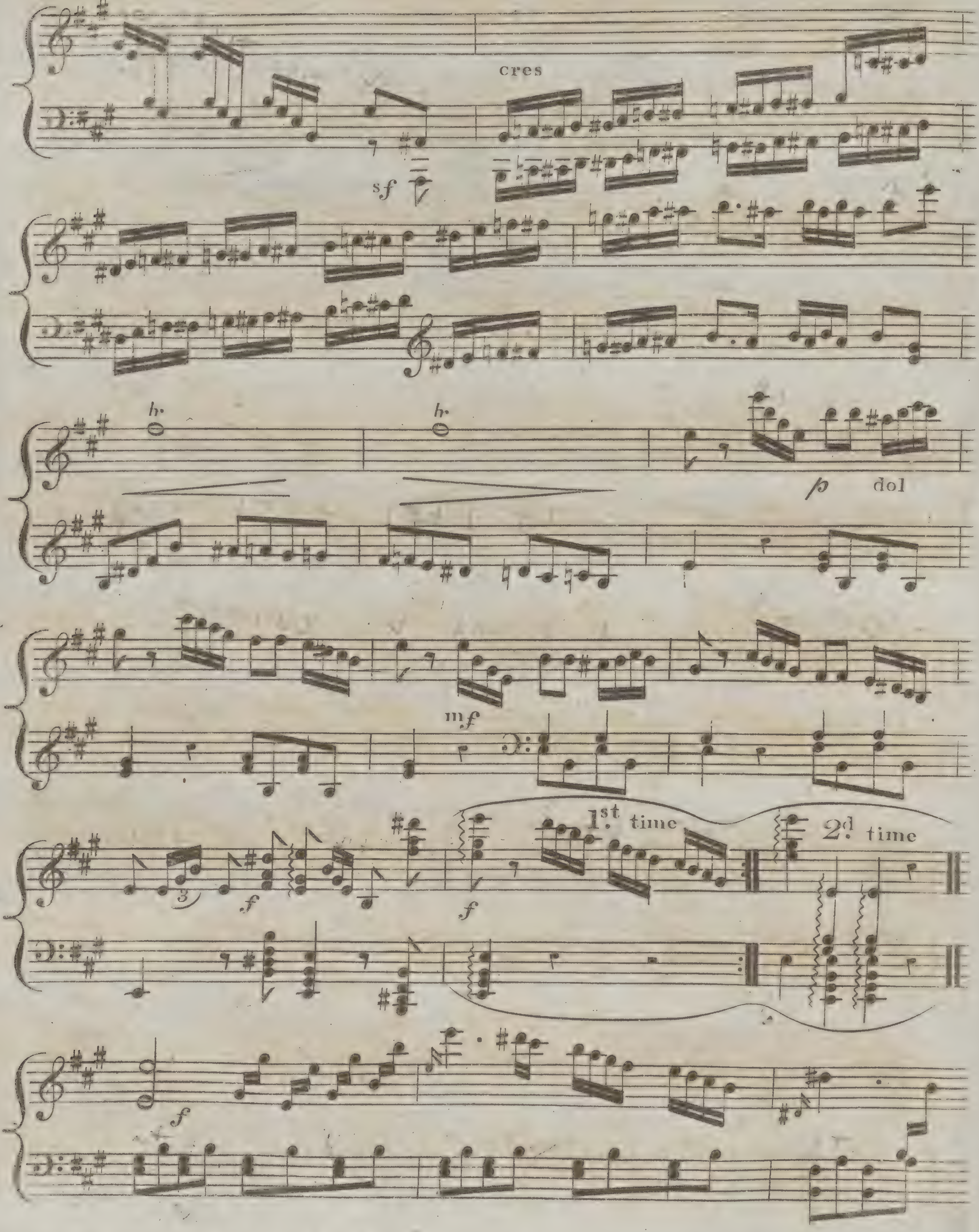

mf
cres
ff

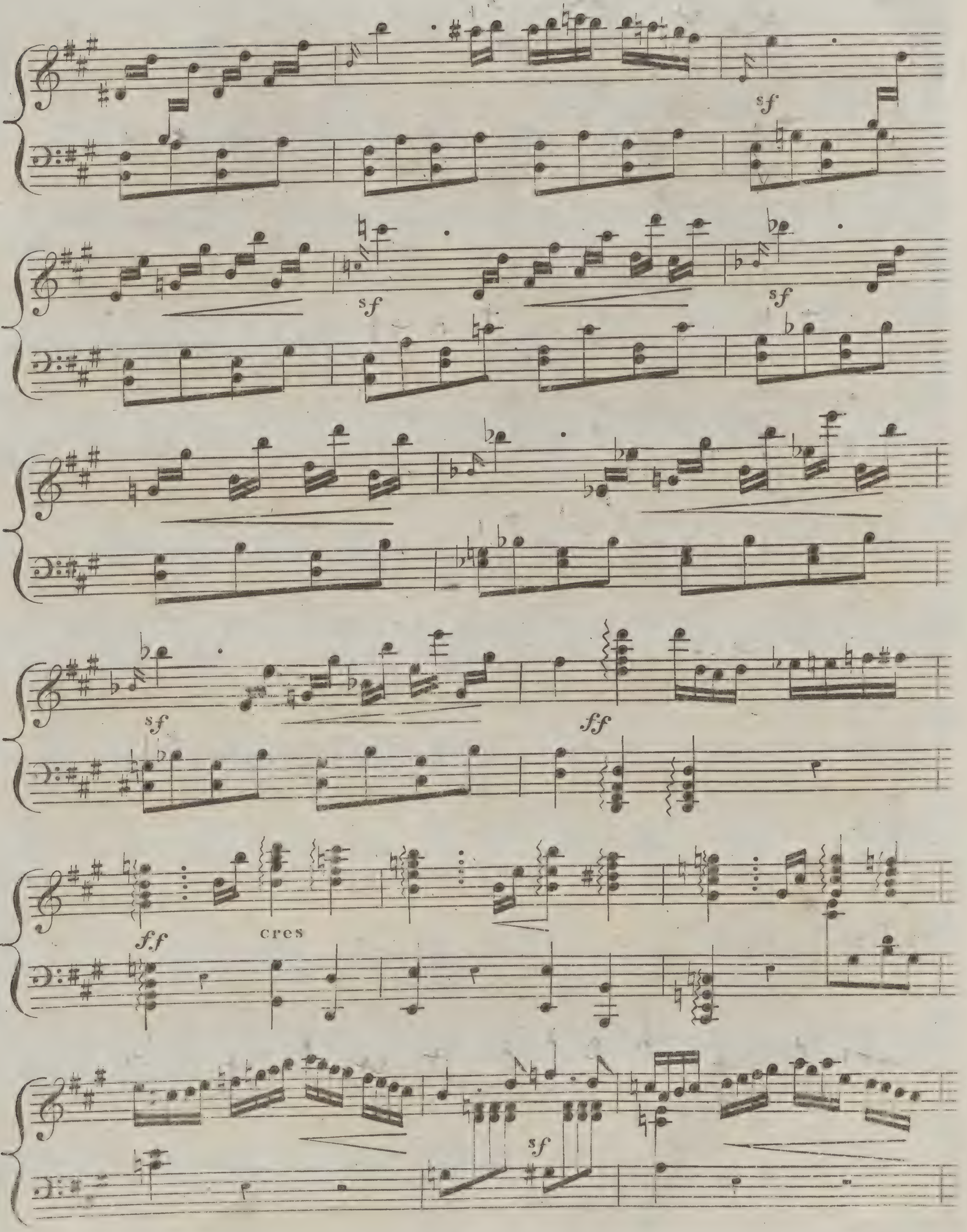
SONATA III

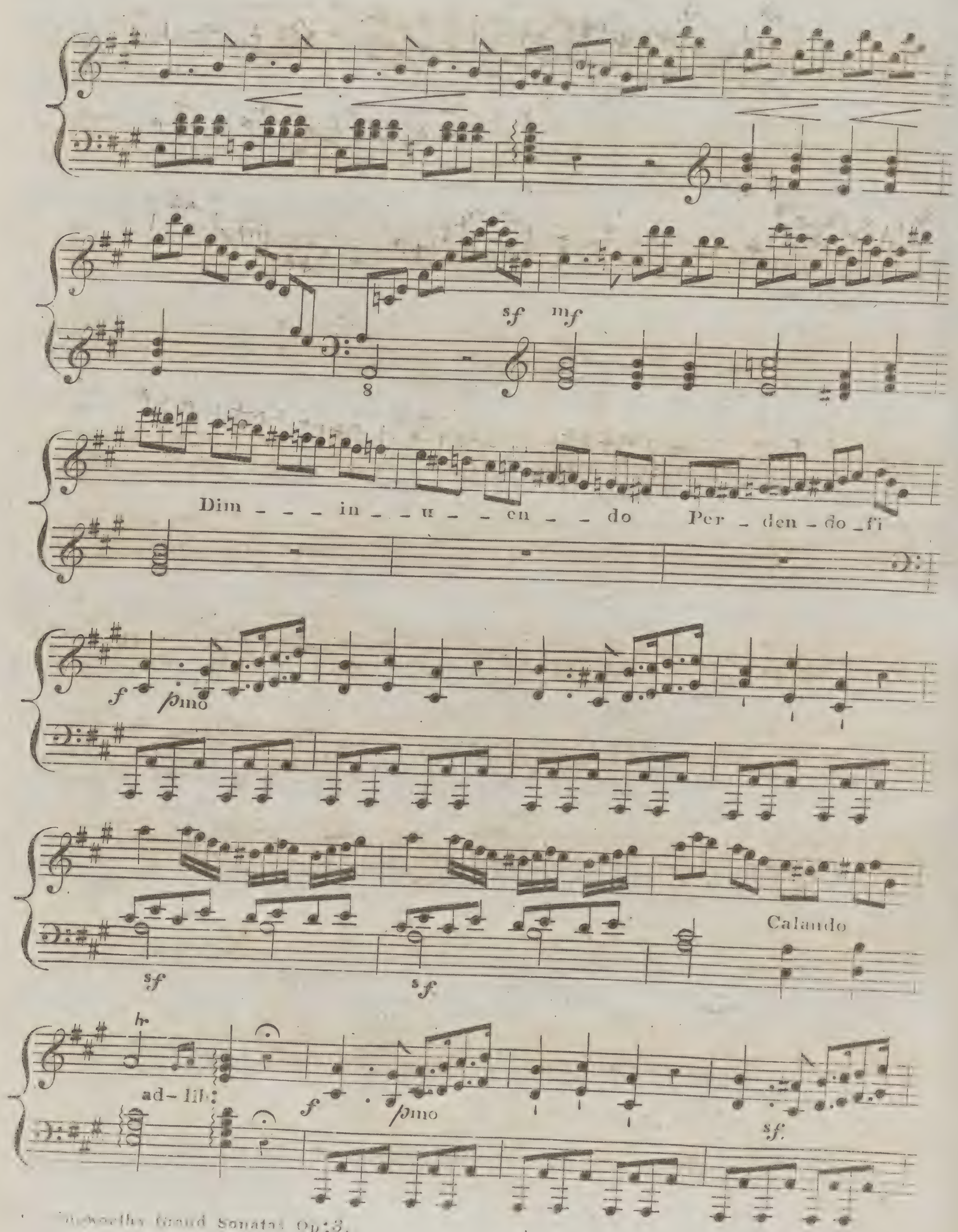
con Spirito




sf
Raddolando
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf
cres
sf


cres
sf
p
dol
mf
f
f
1st time
2d time
f
3


sf
sf
sf
sf
ff
ff
cres
sf


sf
mf
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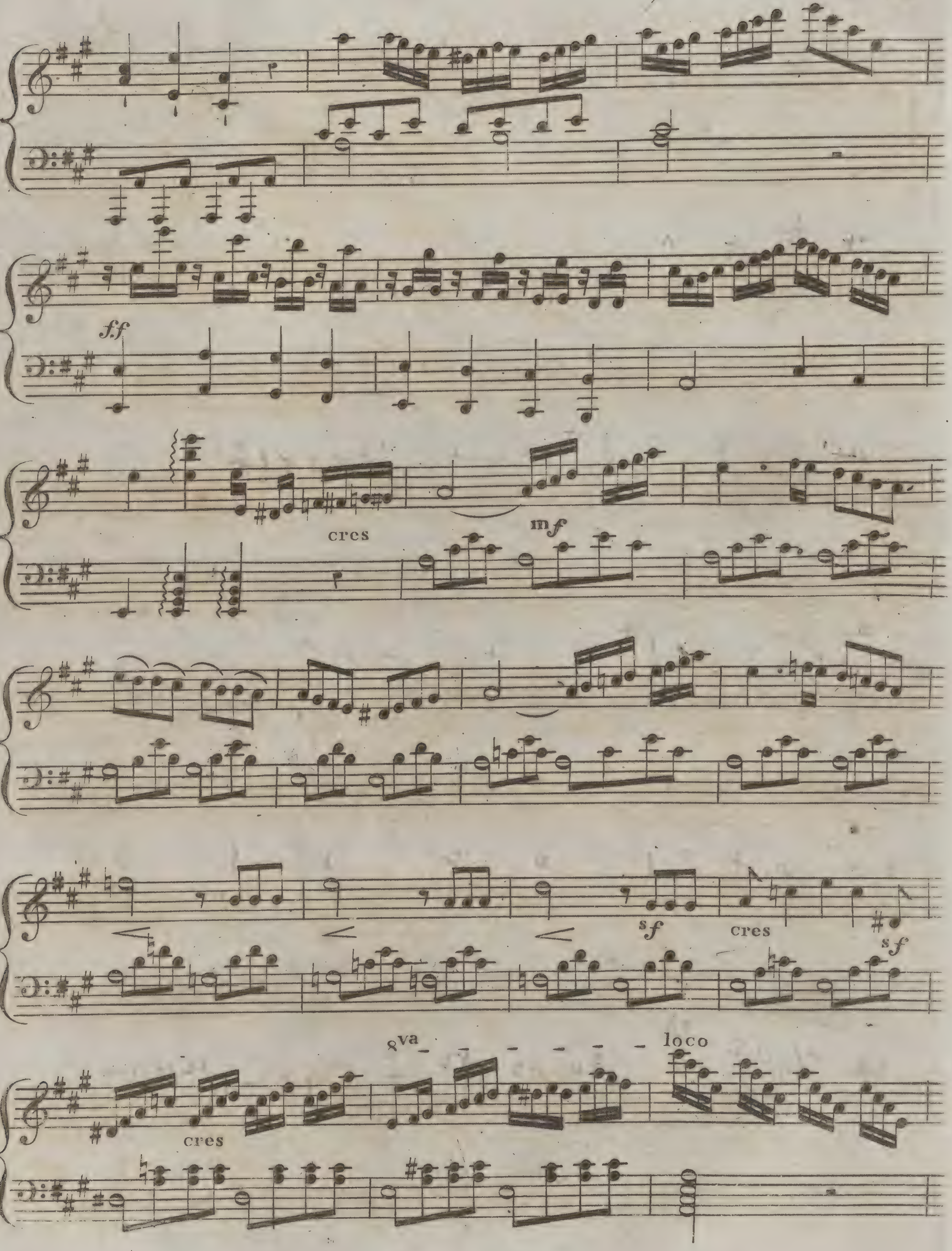
Per - den - do - fi
f
pmo
sf
sf
Calando
ad- lib:
f
pmo
sf.


ff
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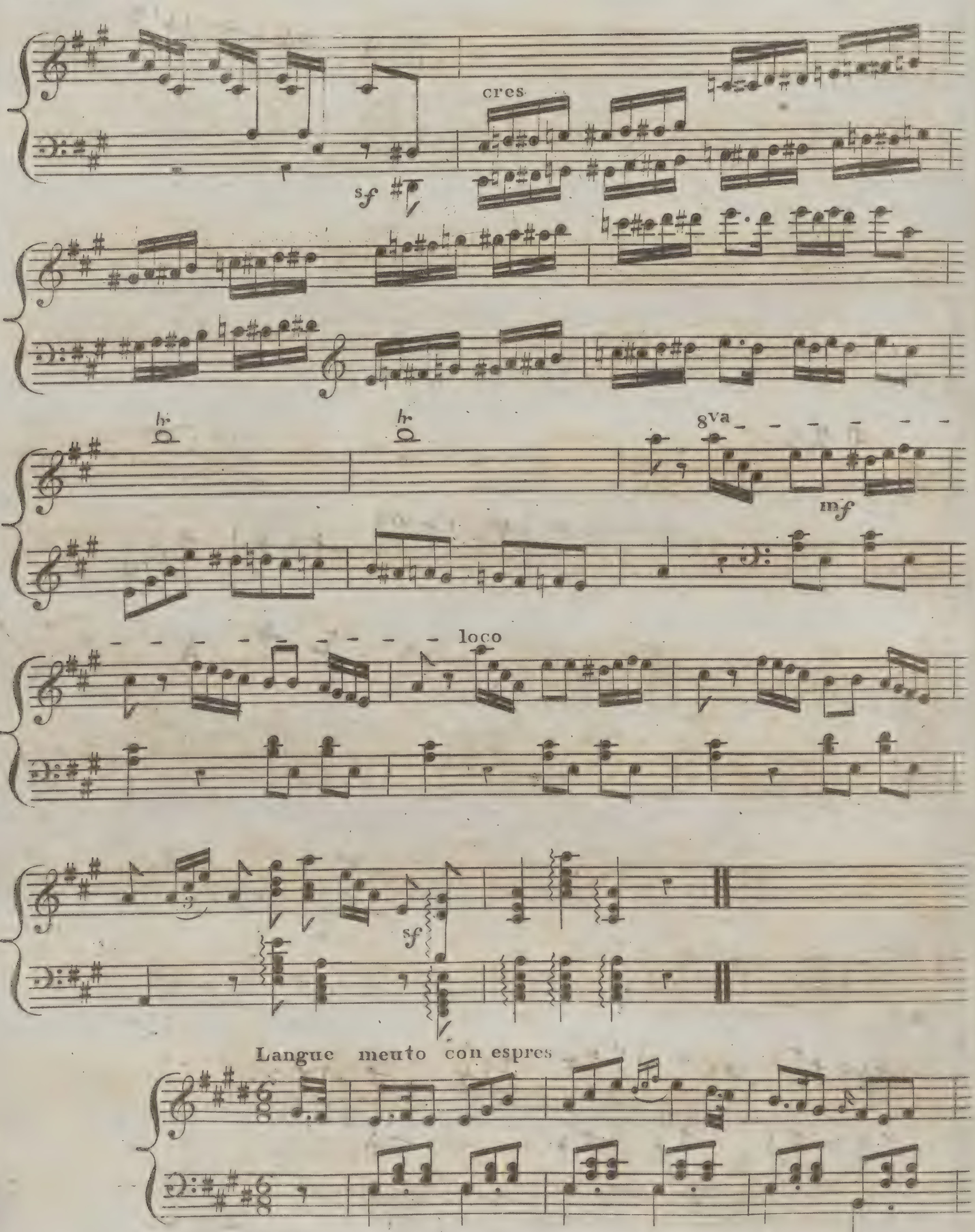
mf
sf
cres
sf
8va
loco
cres


cres
sf
8va
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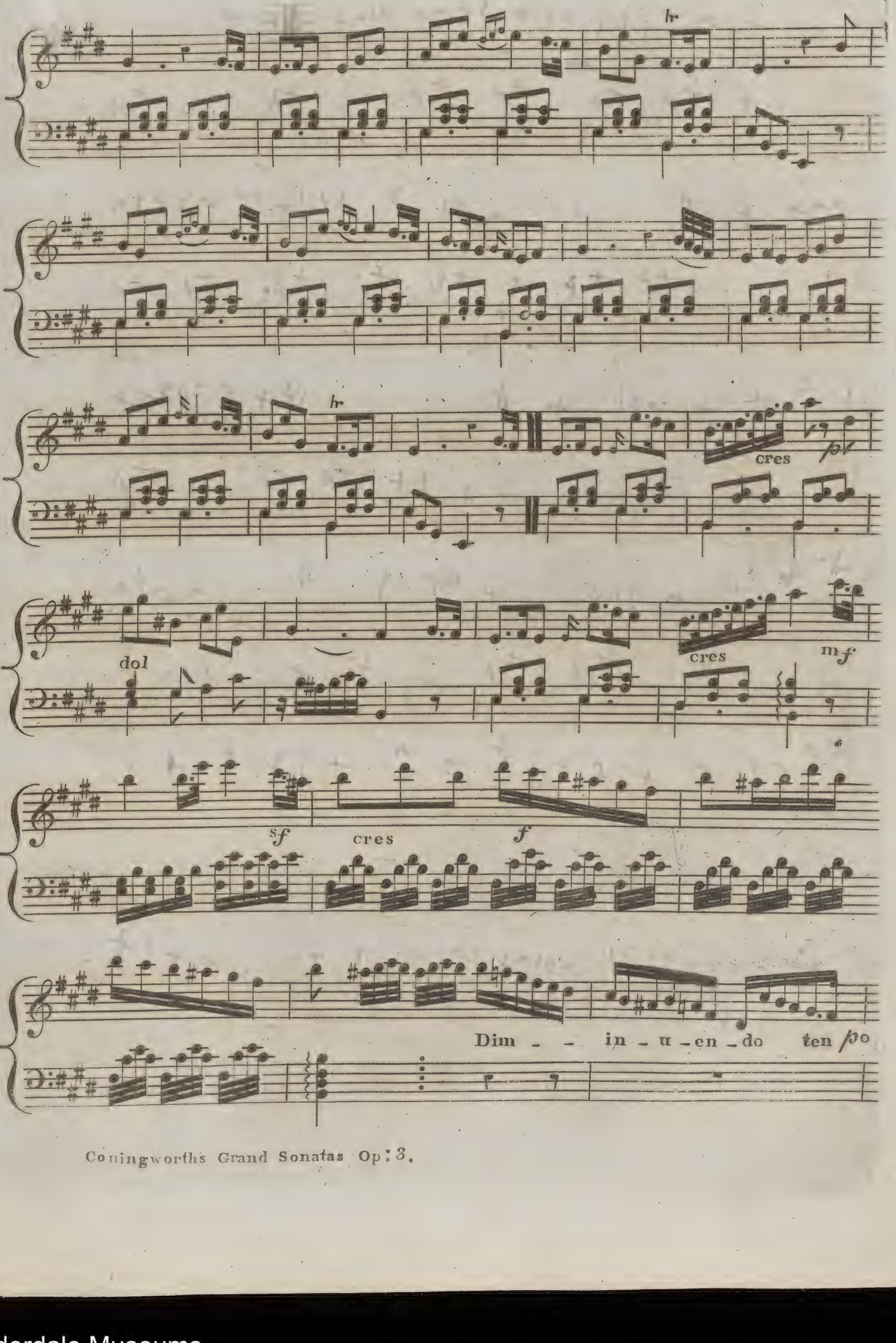
Langue meuto con espres


hr
hr
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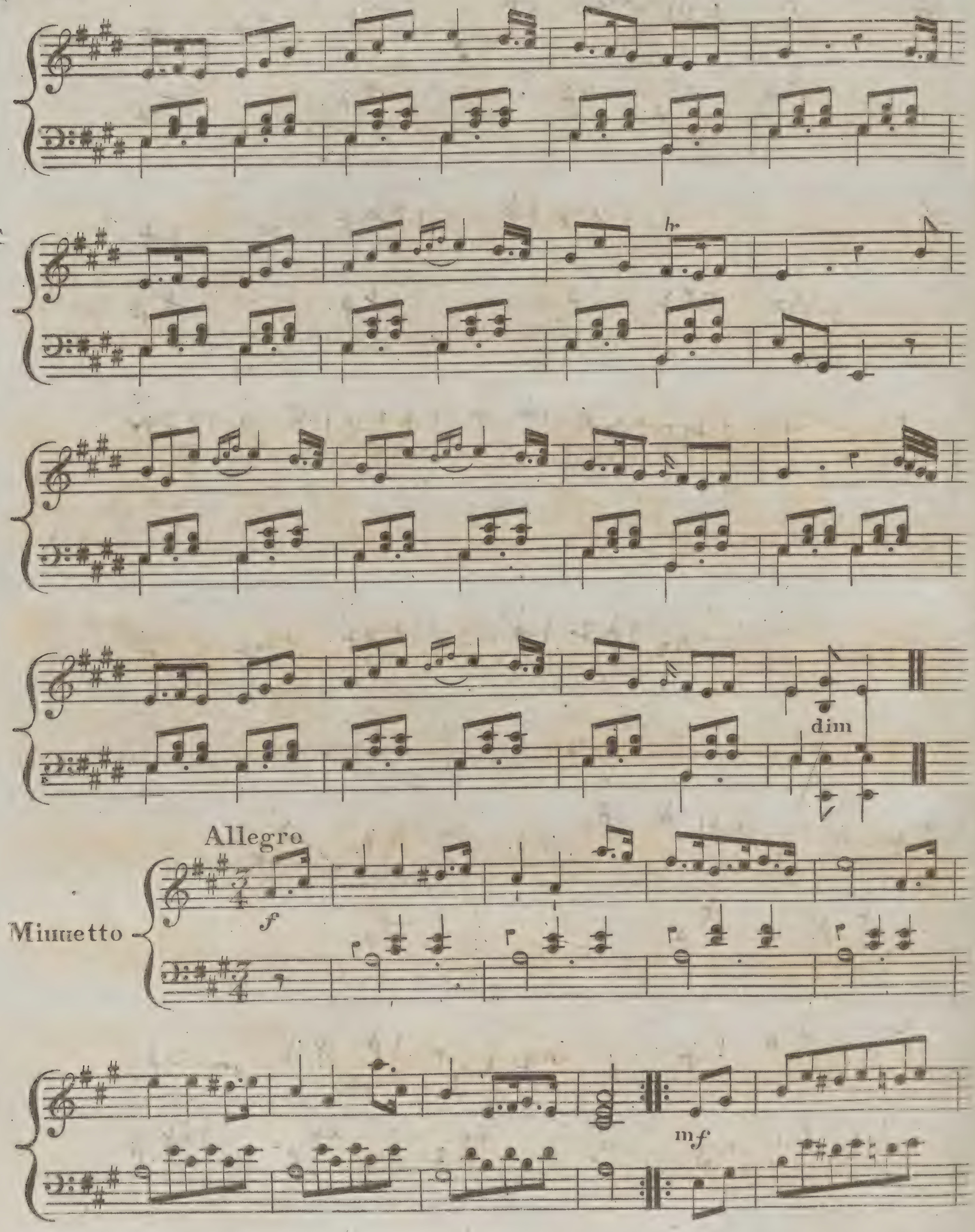
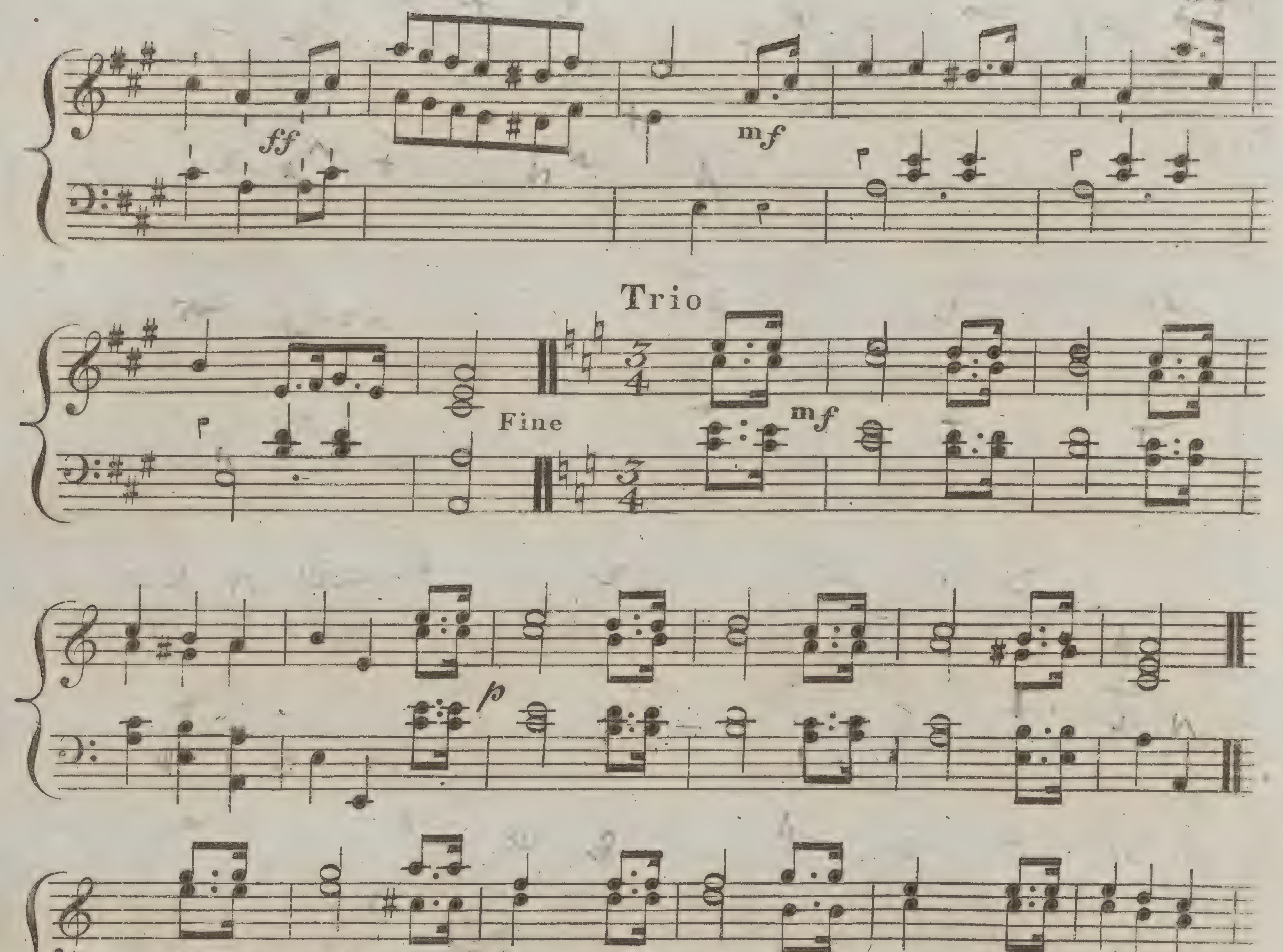
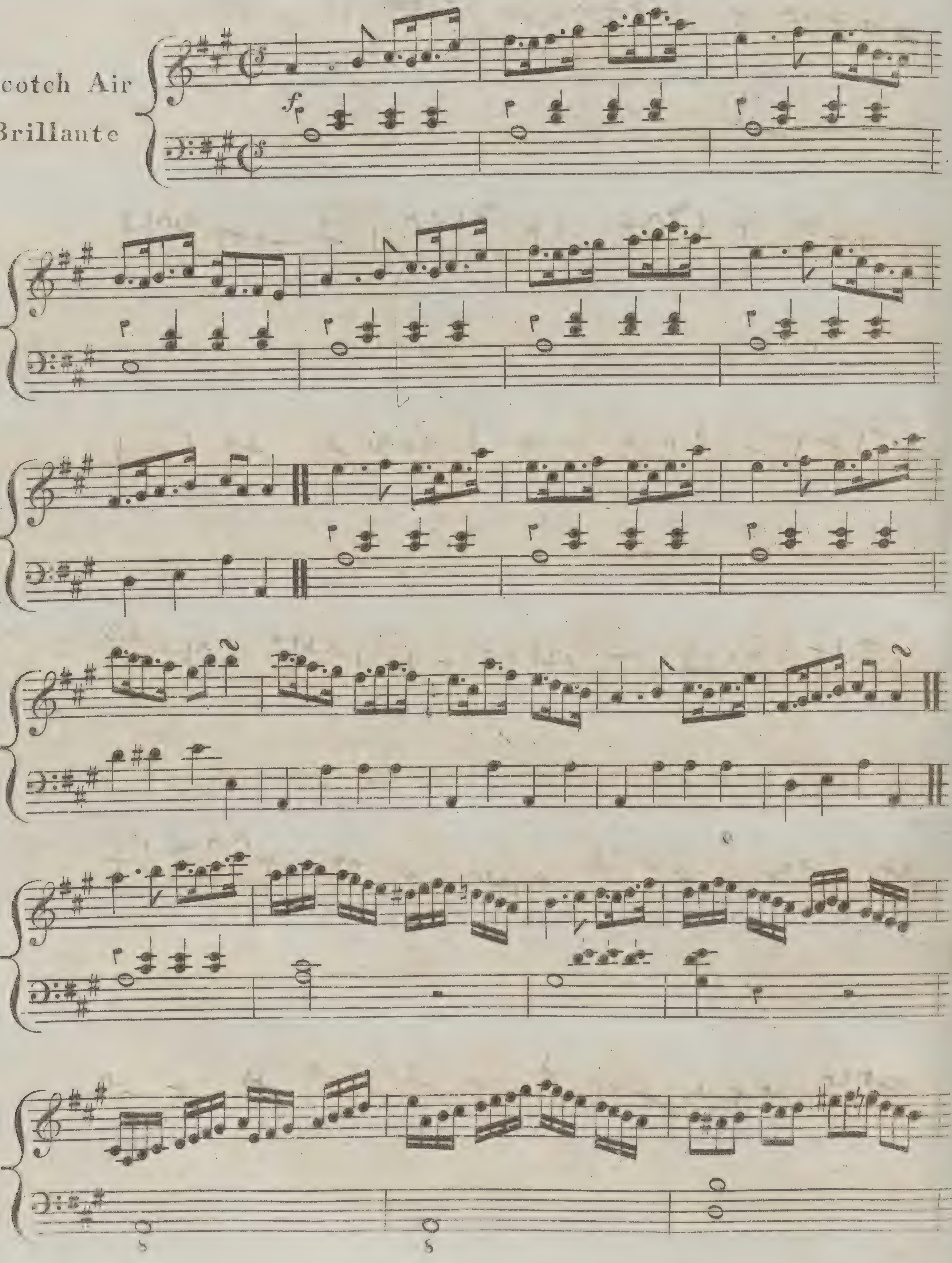
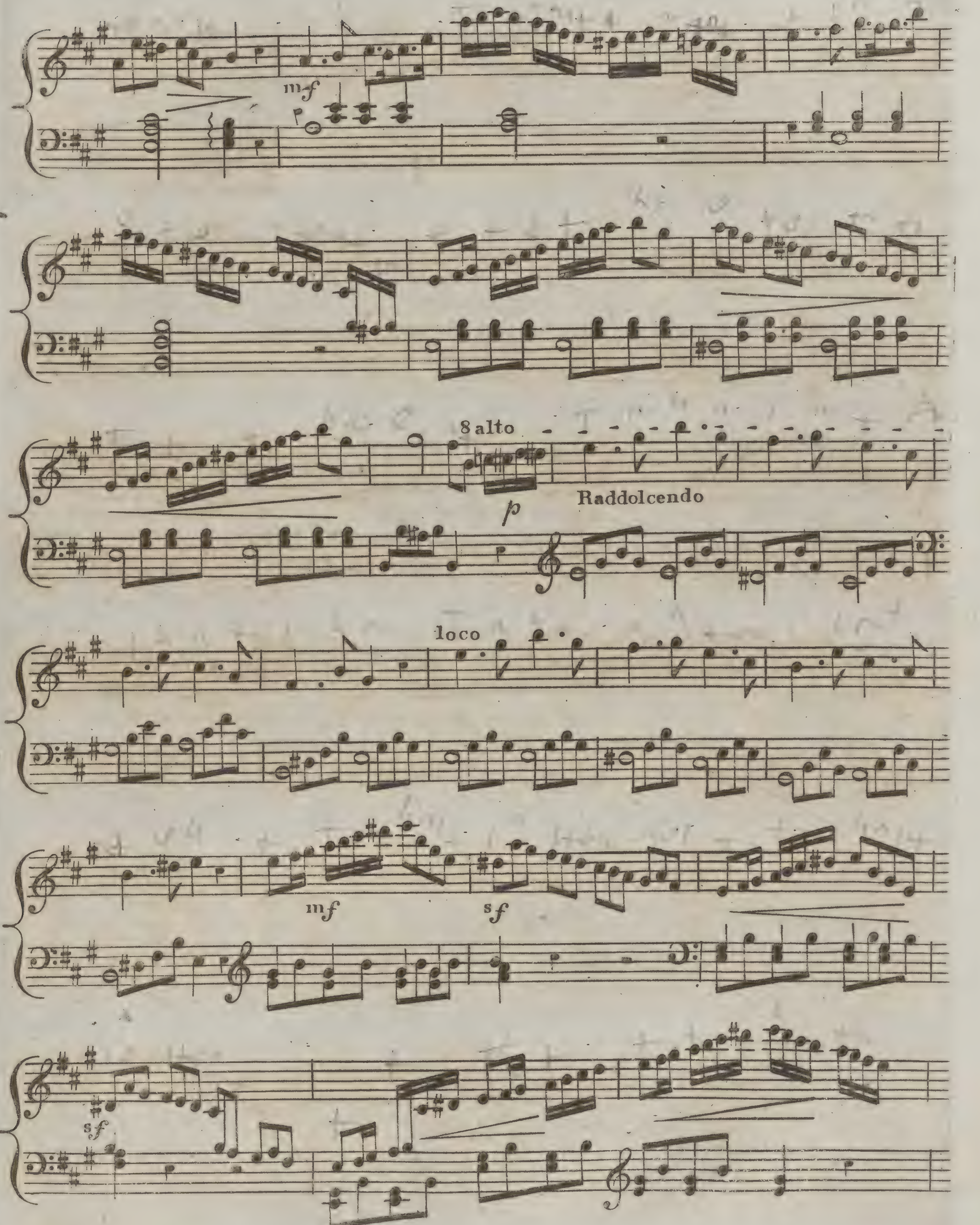
pr
dol
cres
mf
sf
cres
f
Dim - - in - u - en - do ten po

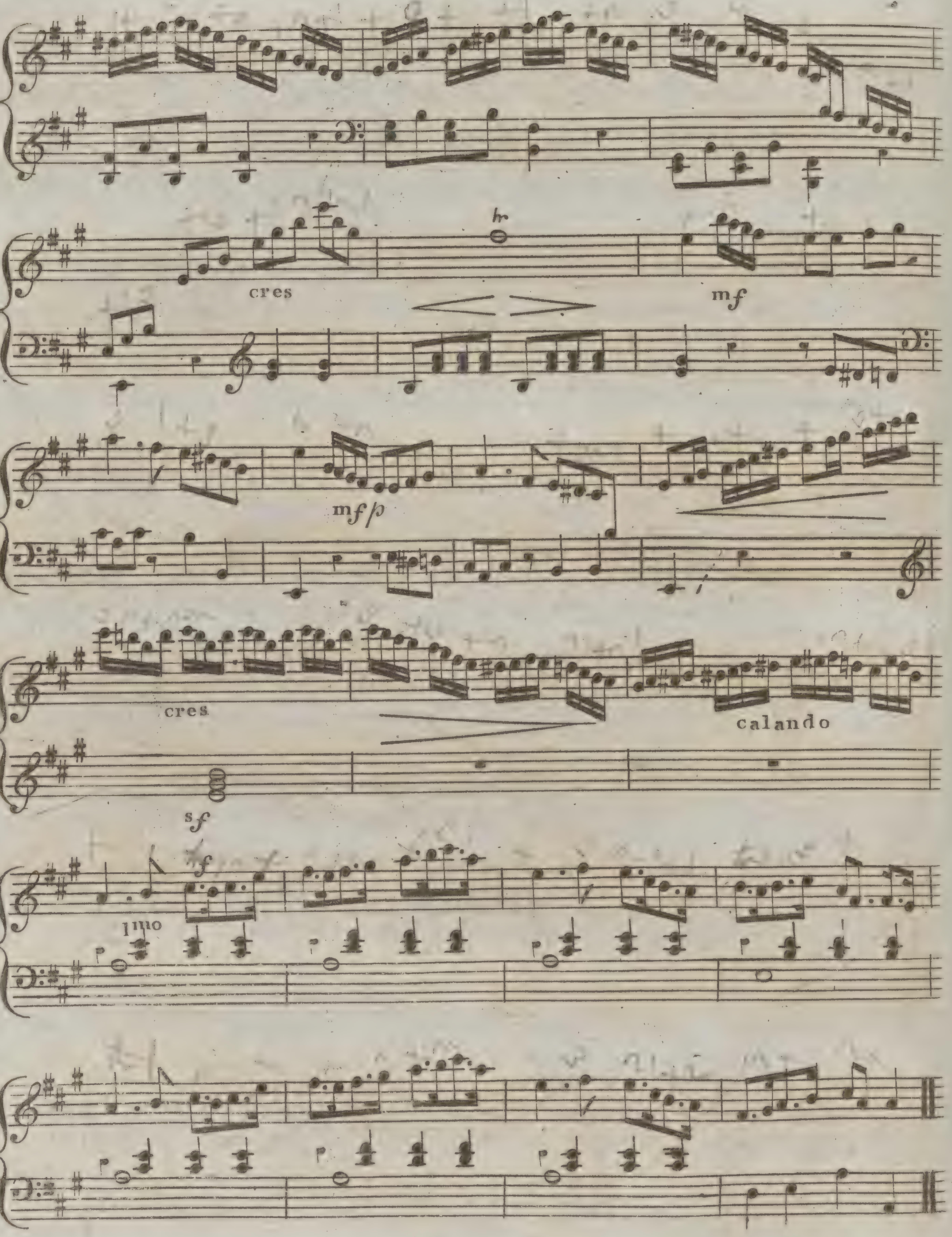

tr
dim
Allegro
Minuetto
f
mf

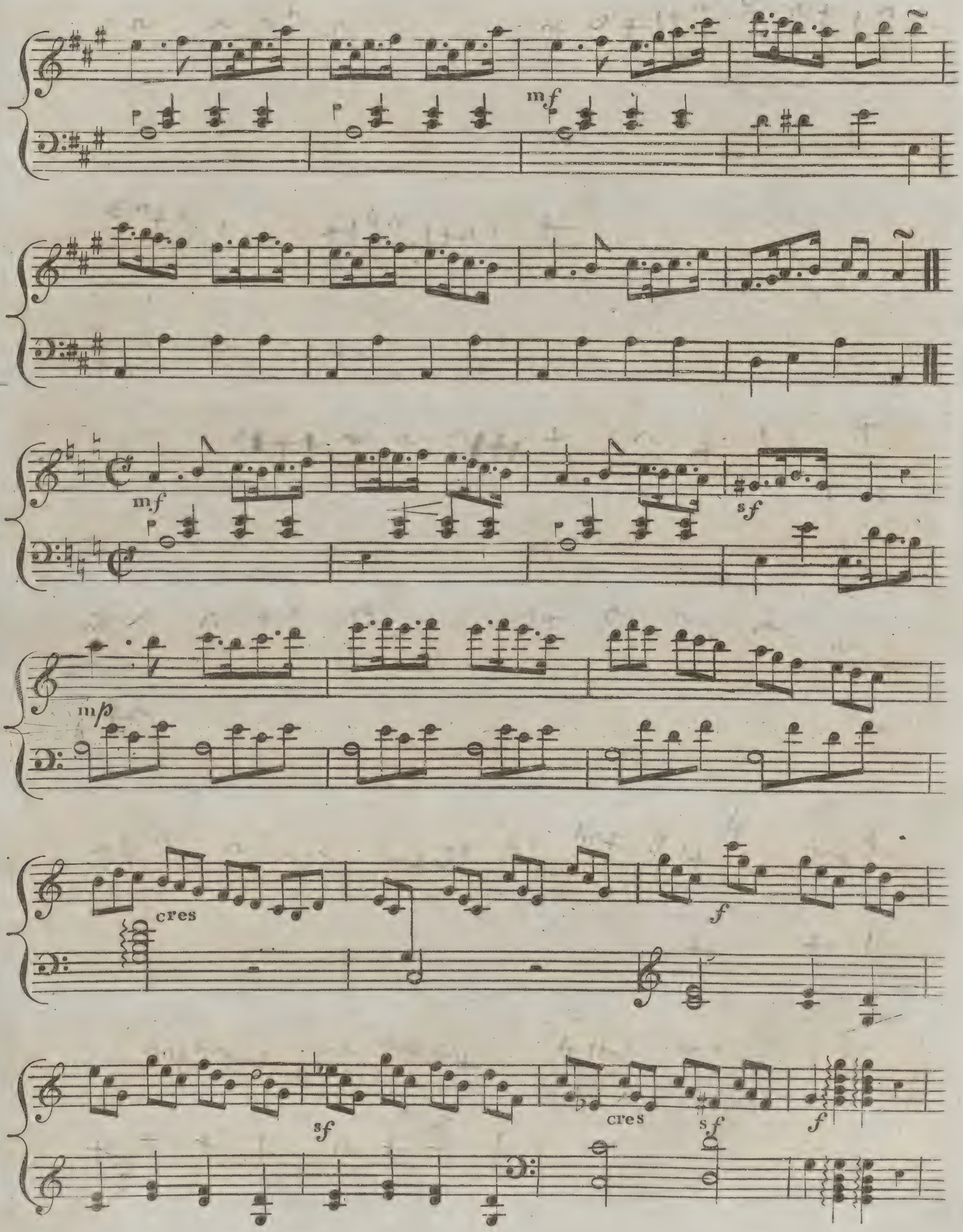

ff
mf
Trio
3
4
mf
Fine
p
sf
D.C. Minu:

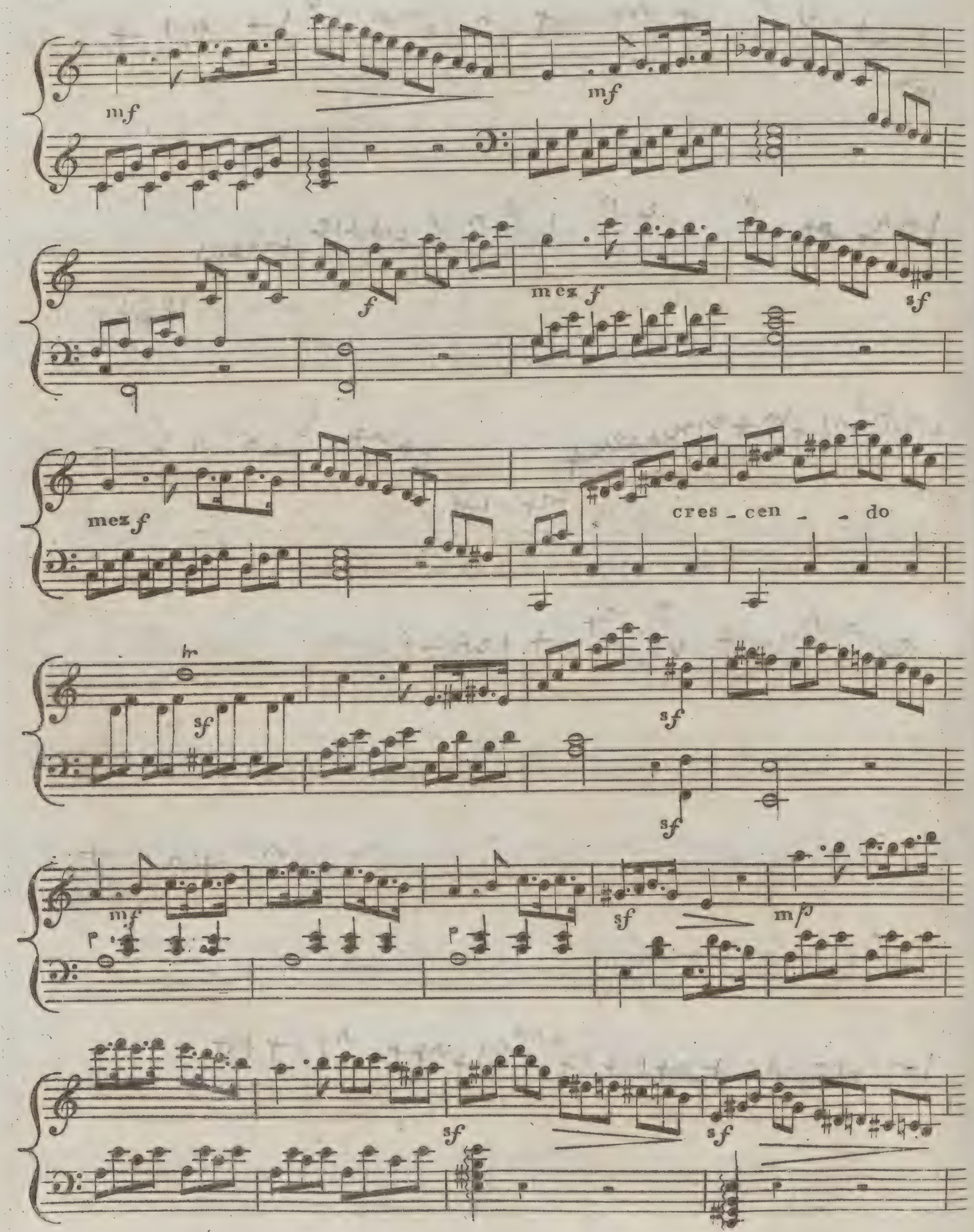
Scotch Air Brillante




mf
8 alto
p
Raddolcendo
loco
mf
sf
sf


cres
mf
mf p
cres
sf
calando
1mo


mf
mf
sf
mp
cres
f
sf
cres
sf
f


mf
mf
f
mez f
sf
mez f
cres _ cen _ _ do
tr
sf
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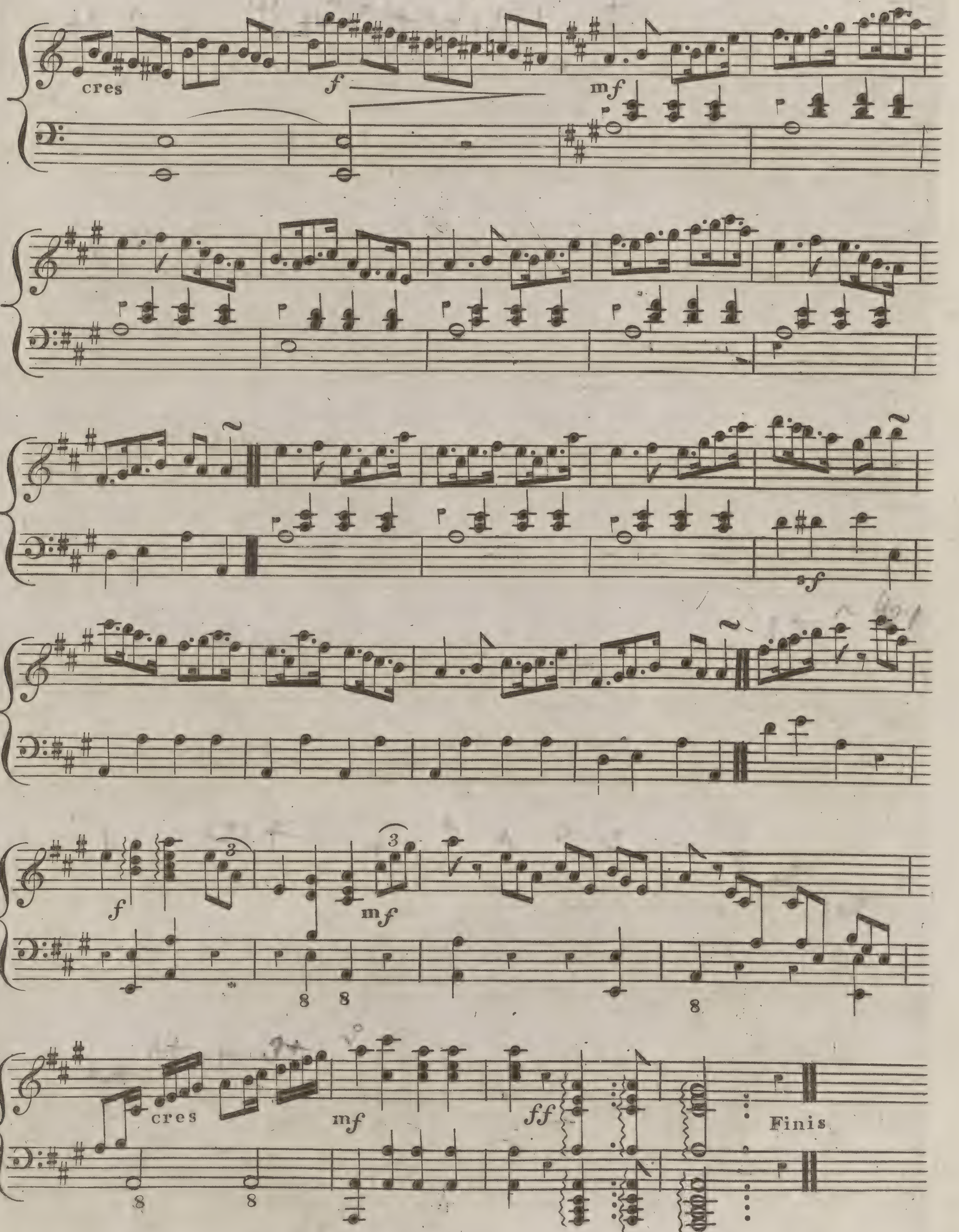
sf
mf
sf
mfp
sf
sf


cres
f
mf
f
f
mf
8
8
8
cres
mf
ff
8
8
Finis

A Favorite
Sonata,

for the

PIANO FORTE OR HARP,

with an Accompaniment for

Violin or Flute,

Composed and respectfully Dedicated to

MISS CULLEY,

by

Matthew Camidge.

Op. 8. Pr. 3s.6

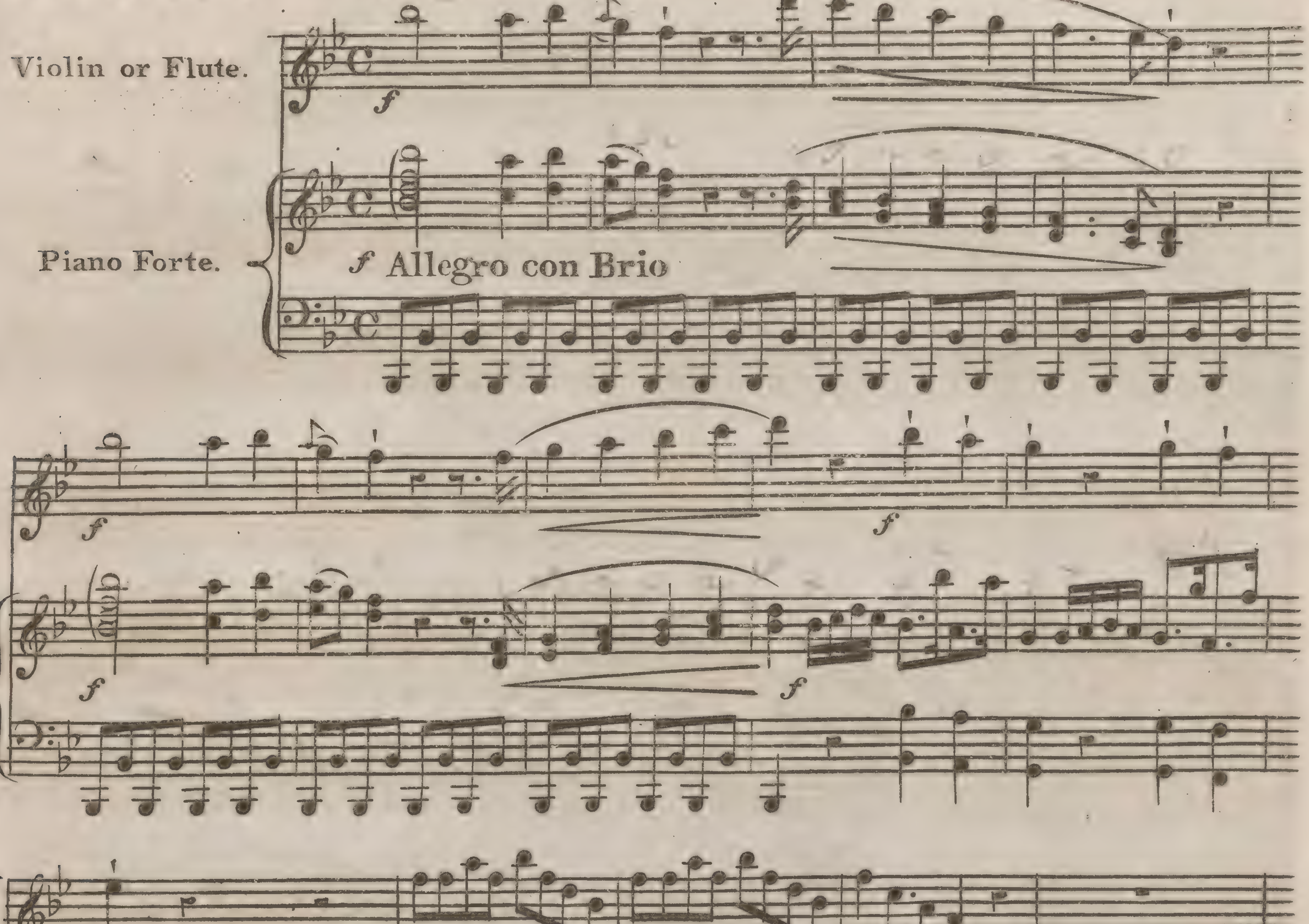
LONDON.
Printed by Clementi & Cº 26, Cheapside for the Author, & to be had of him only Petergate, York.

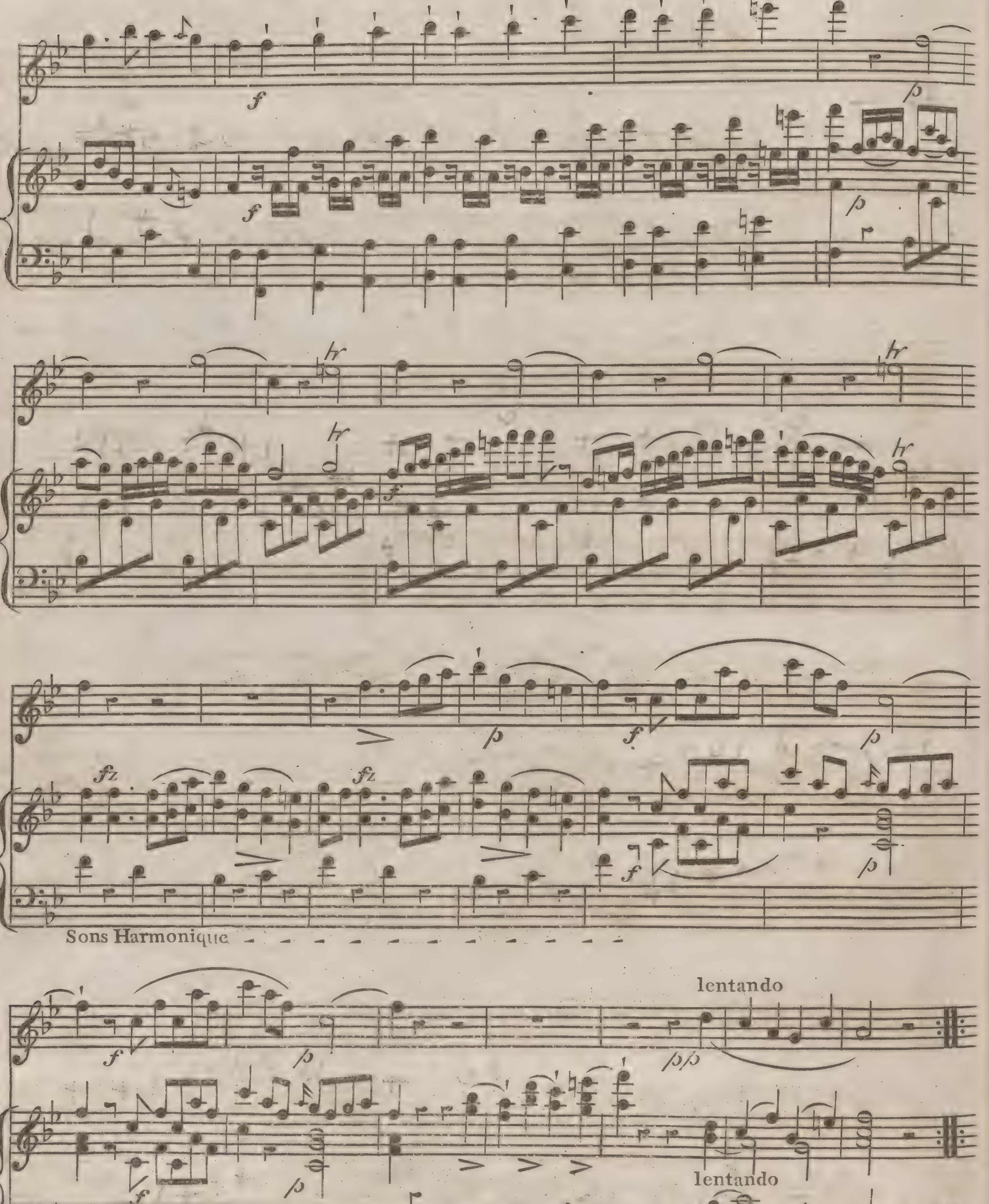
Nº 10

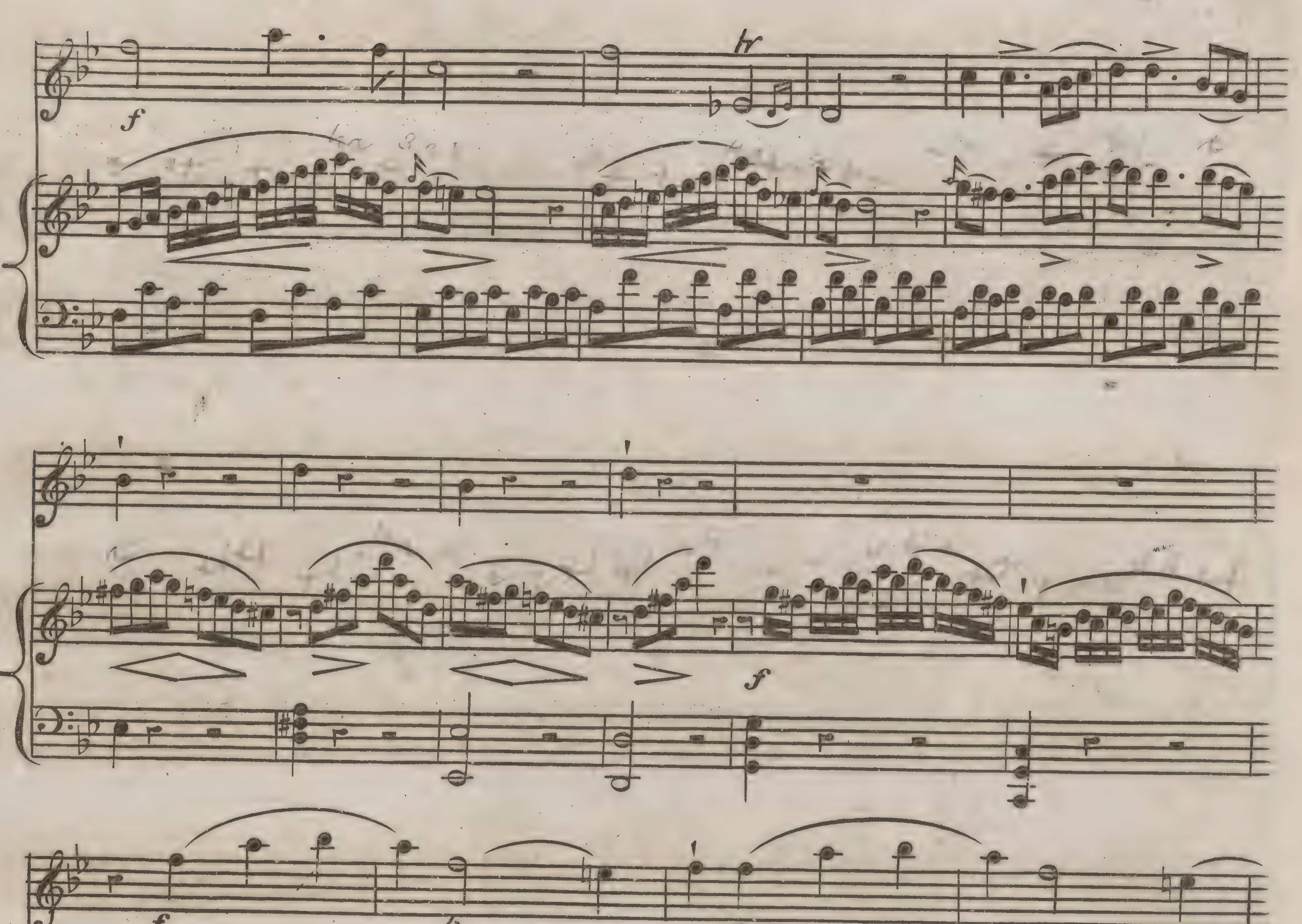
M Camidge

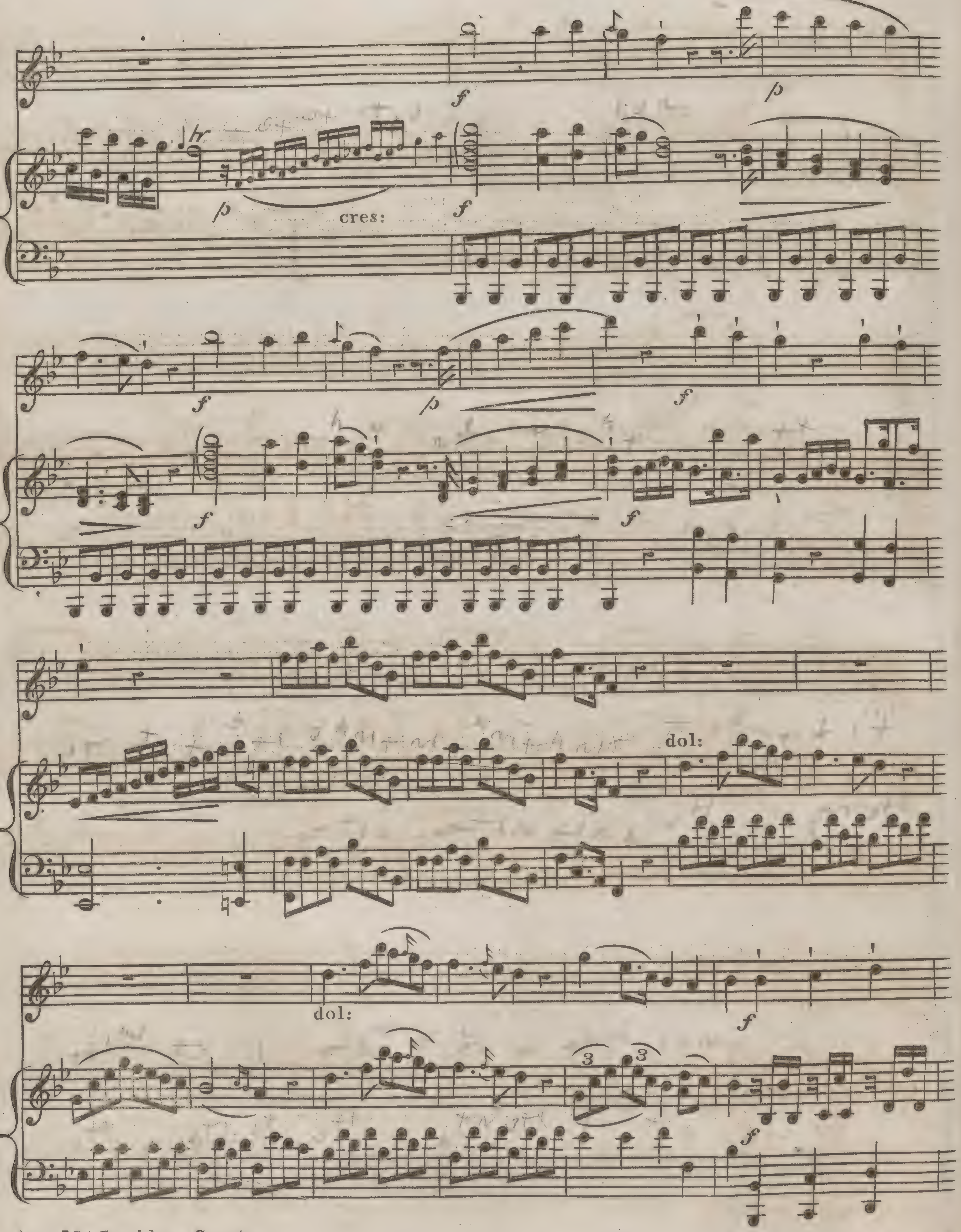
SONATA.

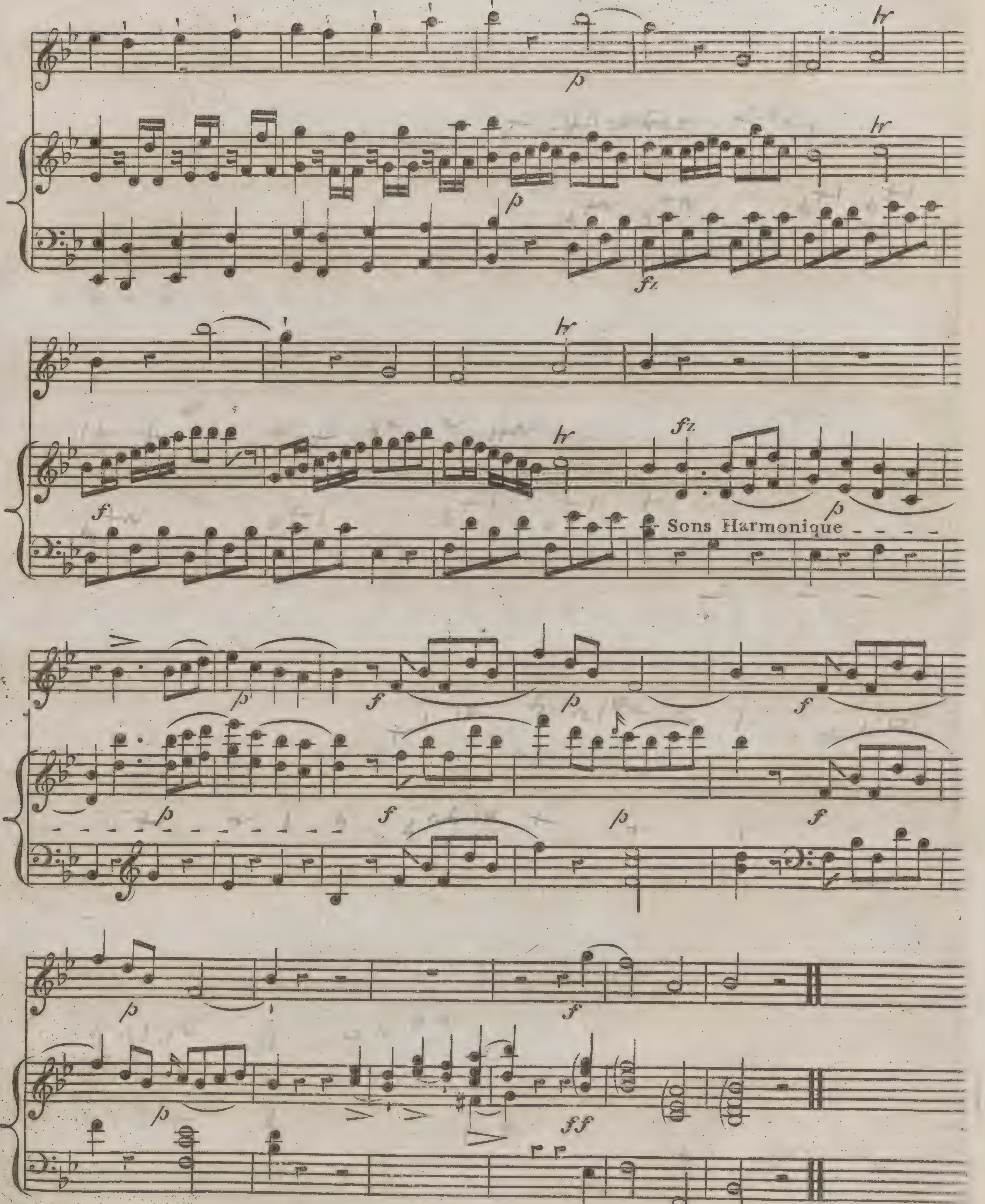
Allegro con Brio

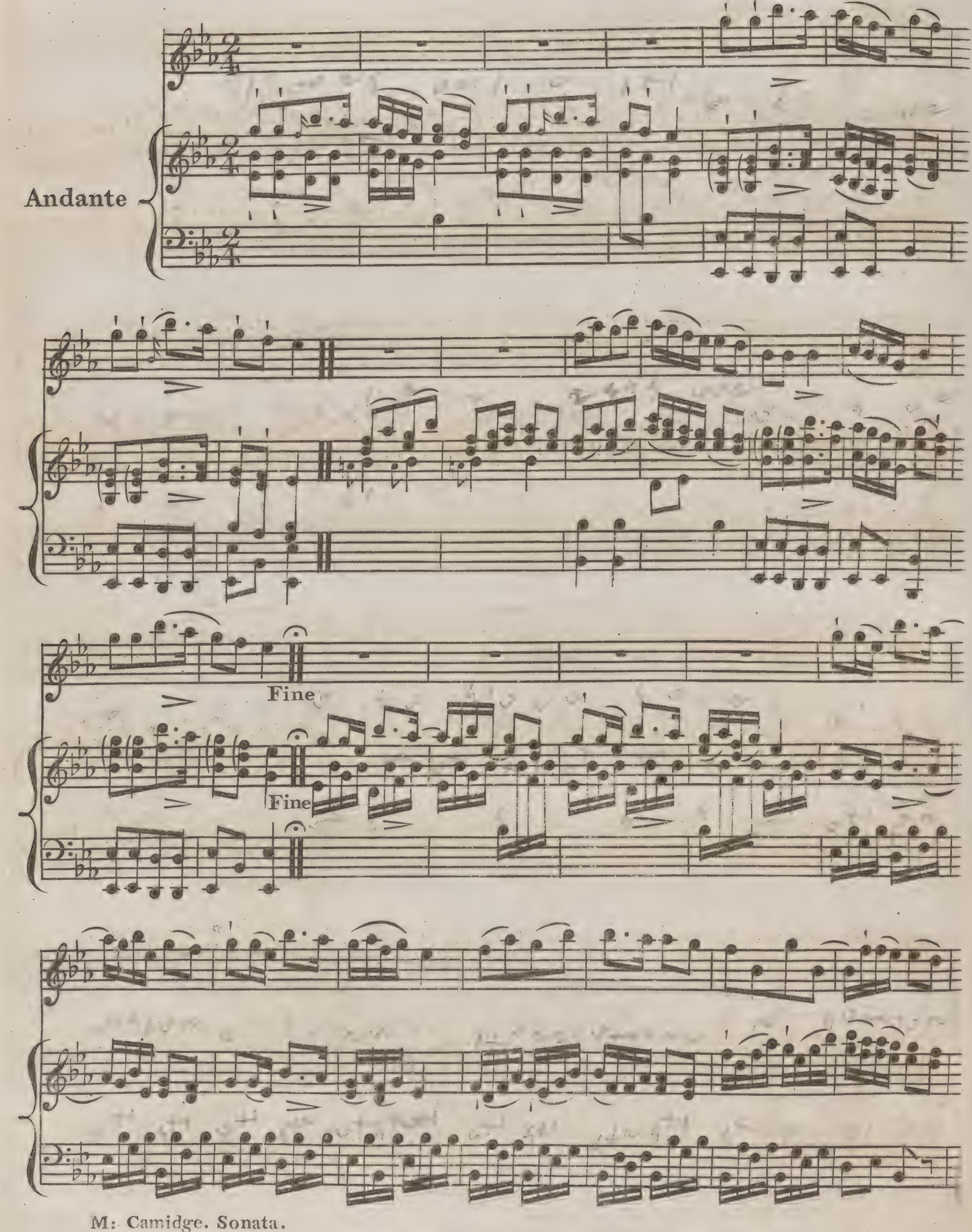


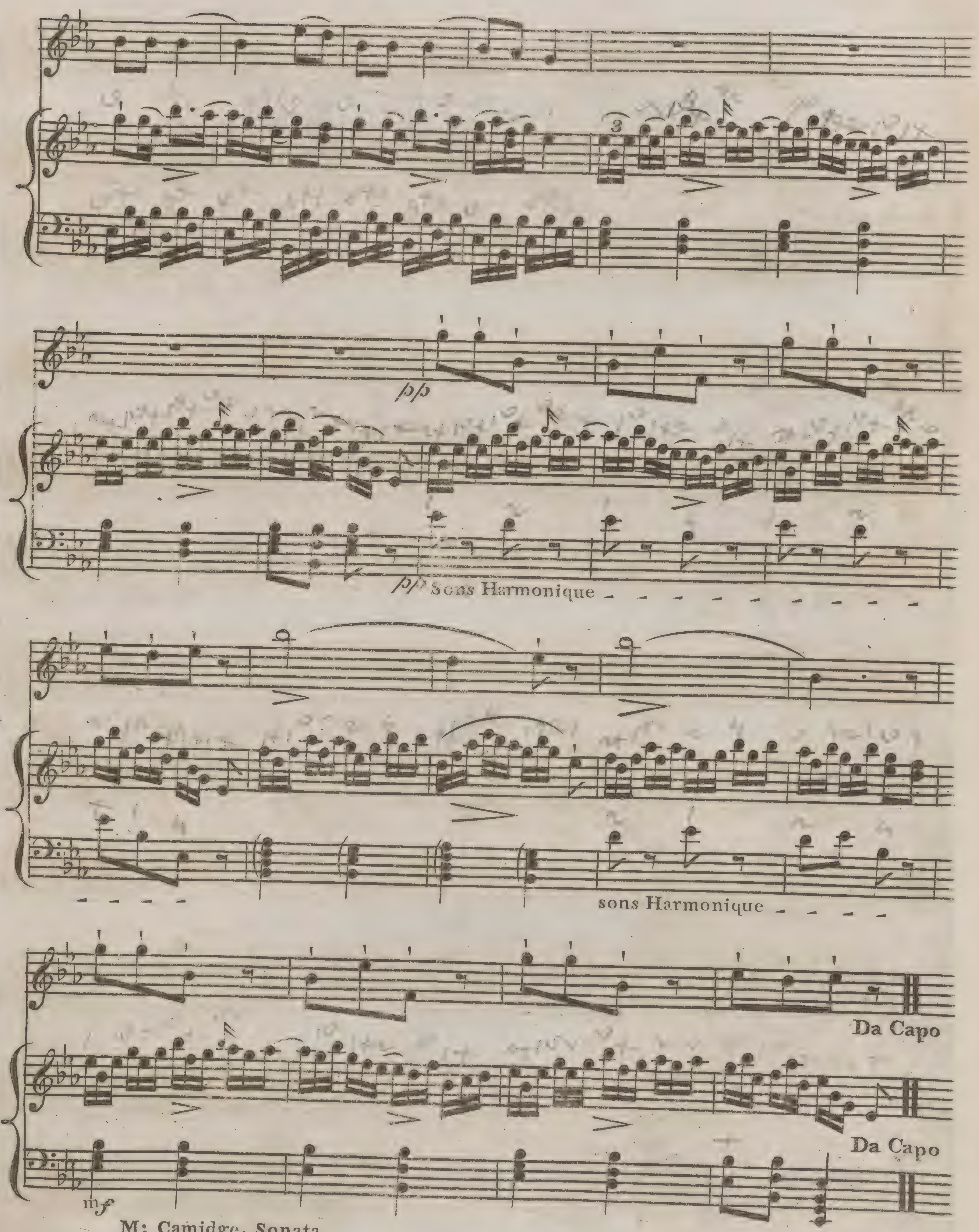

f
p
f
p
tr
tr
tr
tr
f
fz
fz
p
f
p
f
Sons Harmonique
f
p
lentando
pp
f
p
lentando


f
tr
f
f
p
f
p
sons Harmonique

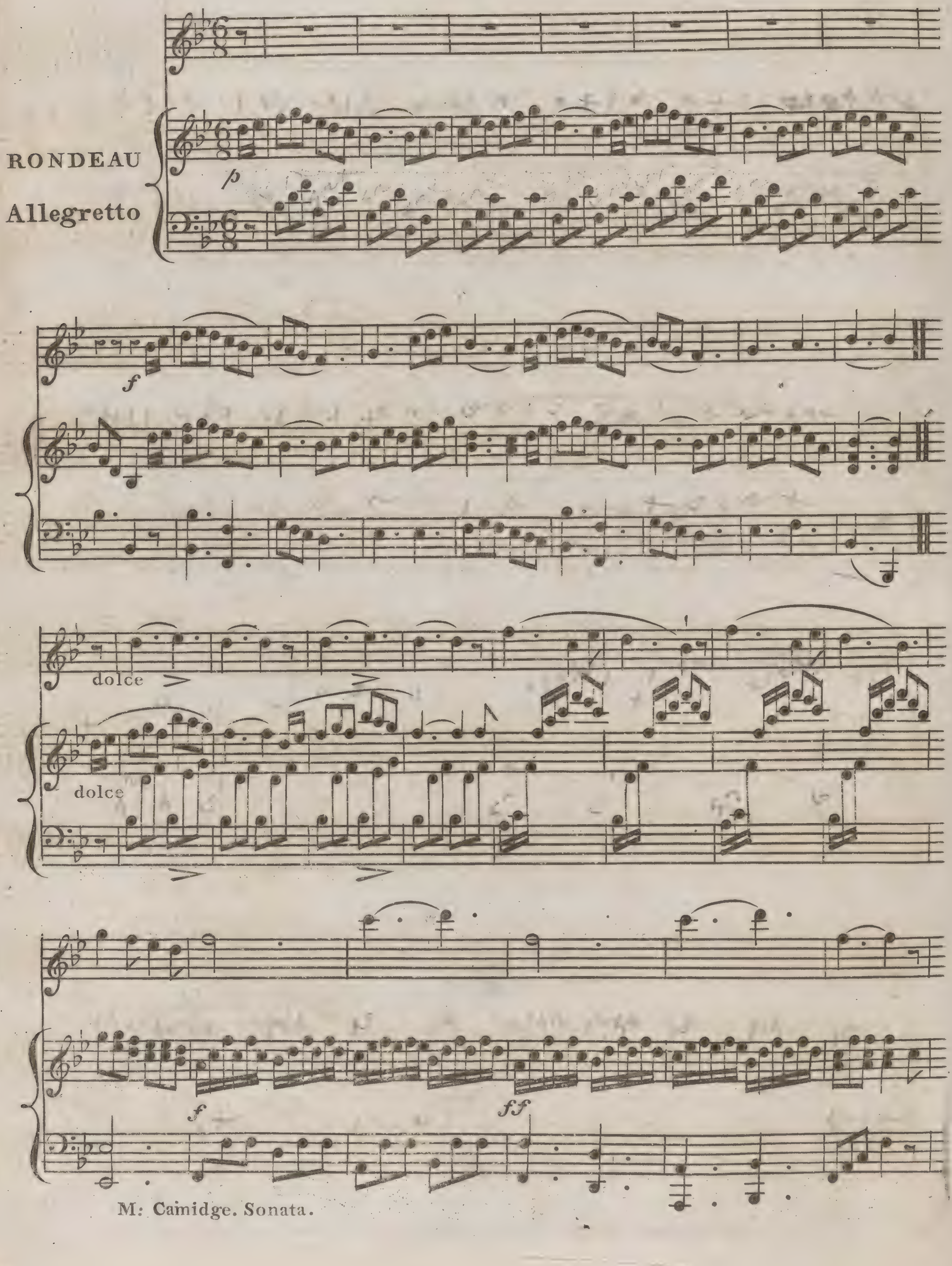

f
p
p
cres:
f
f
p
f
f
p
f
f
dol:
dol:
3
3
f
f

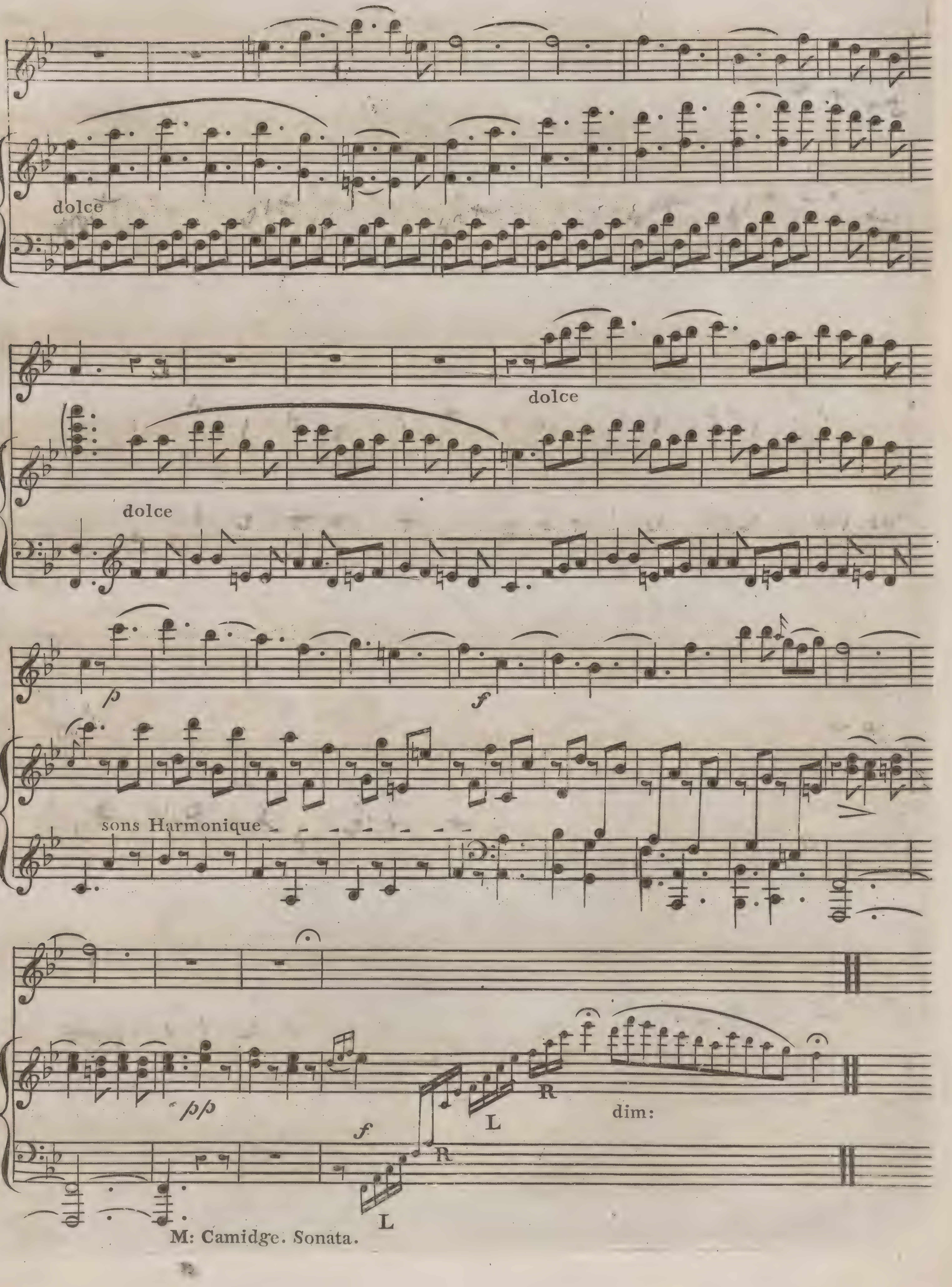

p
tr
fz
f
Sons Harmonique
p
f
ff

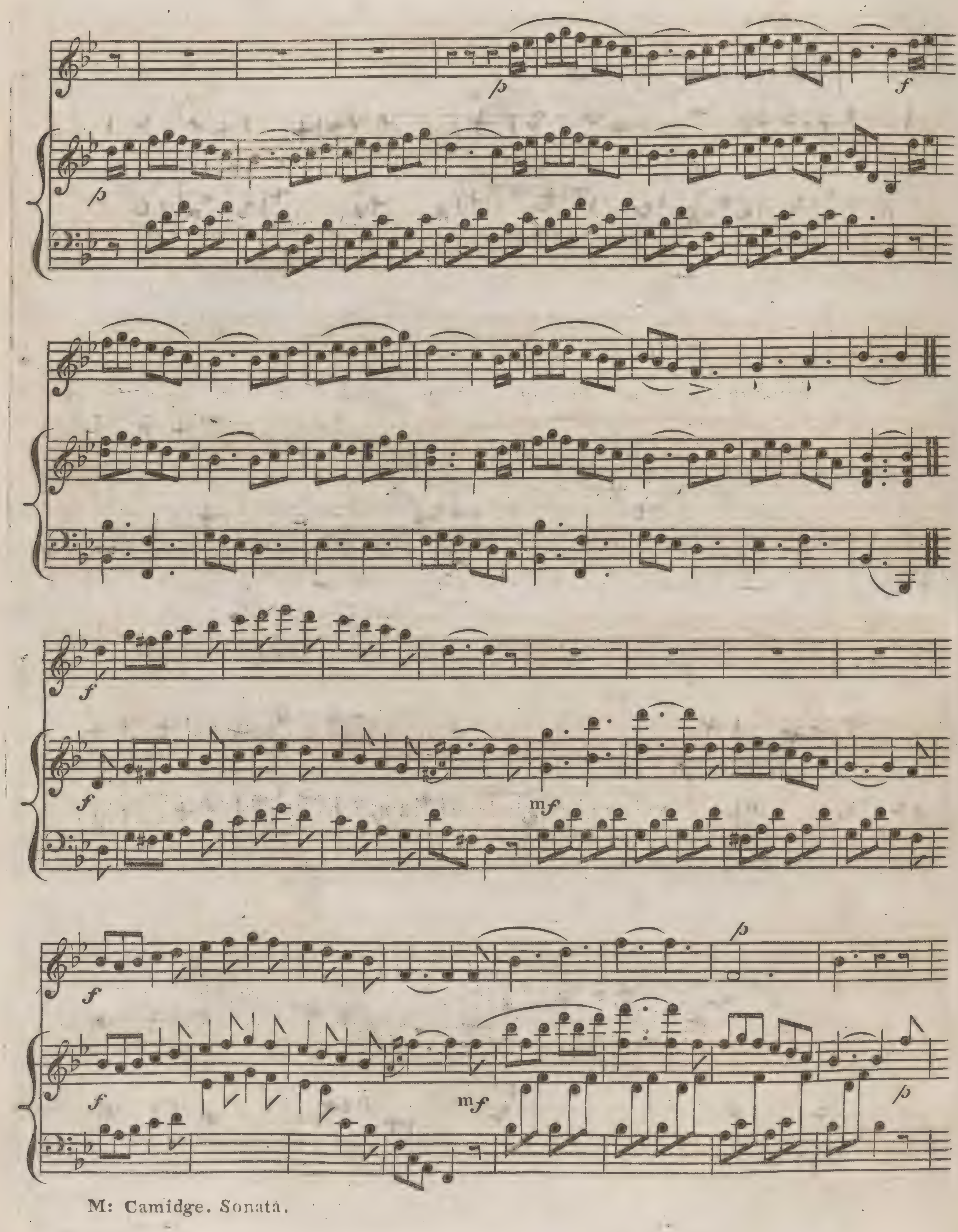

Andante
Fine
Fine

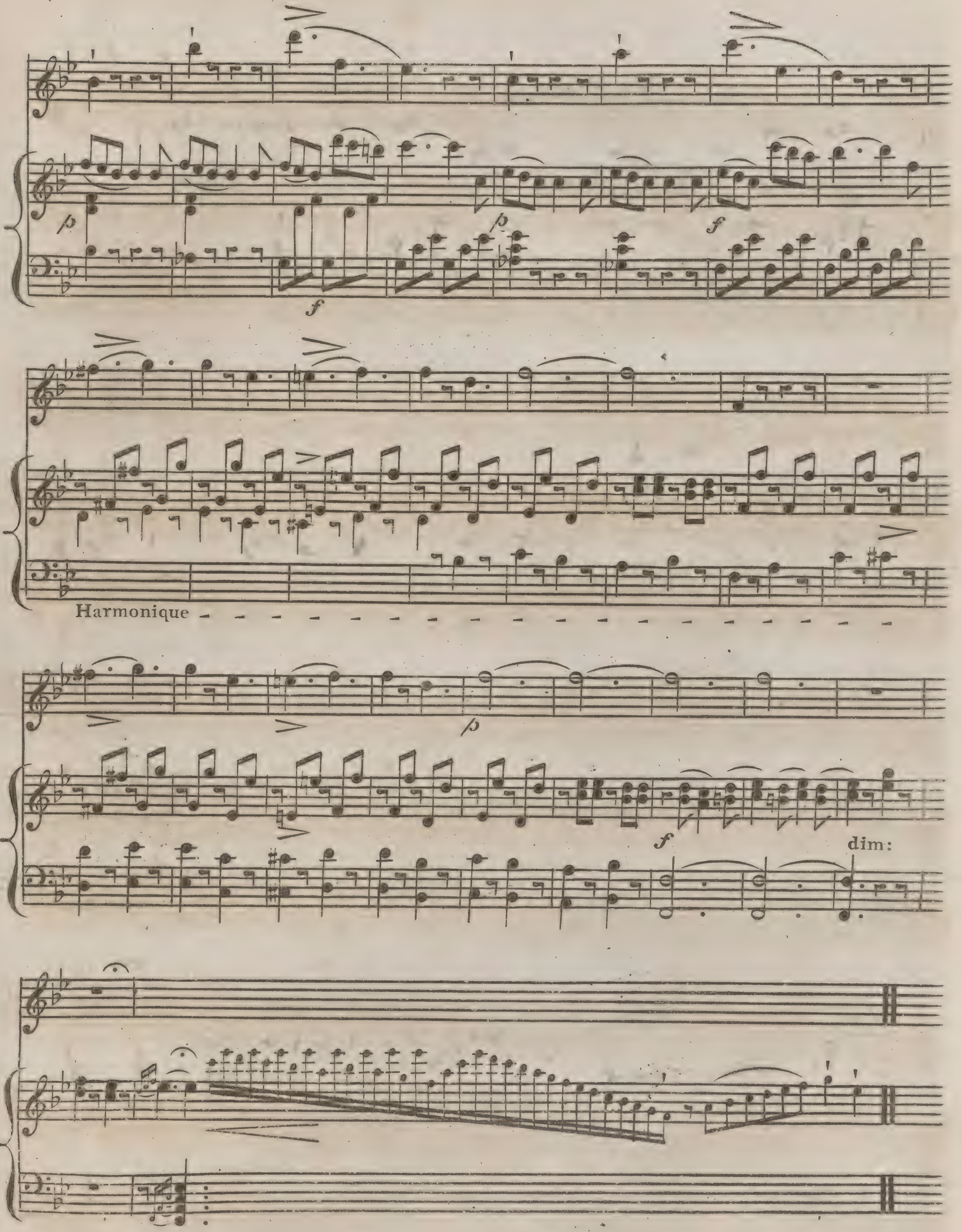


M: Camidge. Sonata.


RONDEAU
Allegretto
p
f
dolce
dolce
f
ff


dolce
dolce
dolce
p
f
sons Harmonique
pp
f
R
L
R
L
dim:


p
f
p
f
mf
f
f
mf
p
p


p
f
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Harmonique
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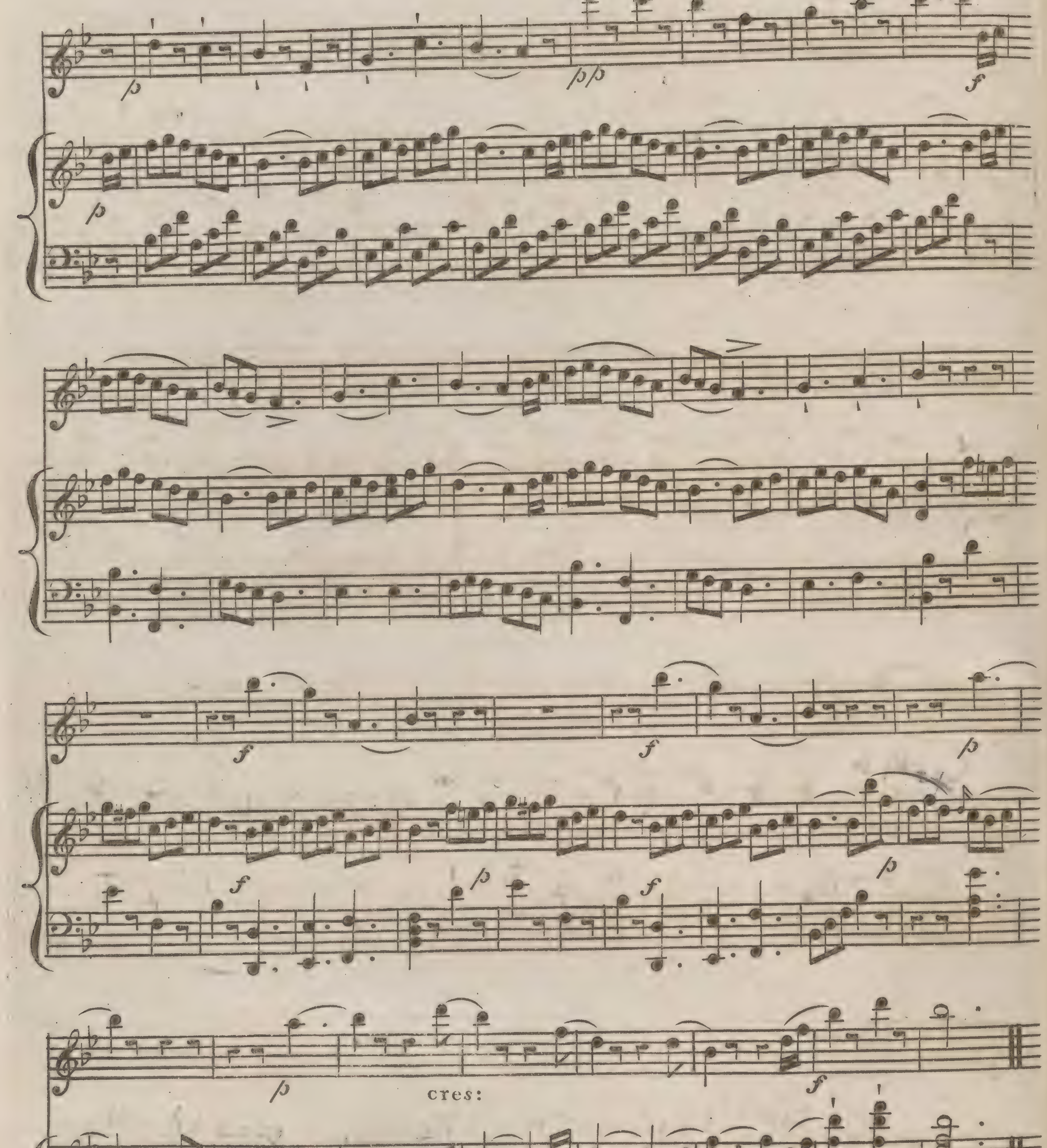
f
dim:


p
pp
f
p
p
f
f
p
f
f
p
f
p
p
cres:
f
f
ff

Six
(SONATAS)

pour le

CLAVECIN OU PIANO-FORTE,

avec l'Accompagnement

d'un Violon

très humblement dediés

A. S. A. S. Monseigneur,

FREDERIC

Prince D'Orange et de Nassau &c. &c.

par

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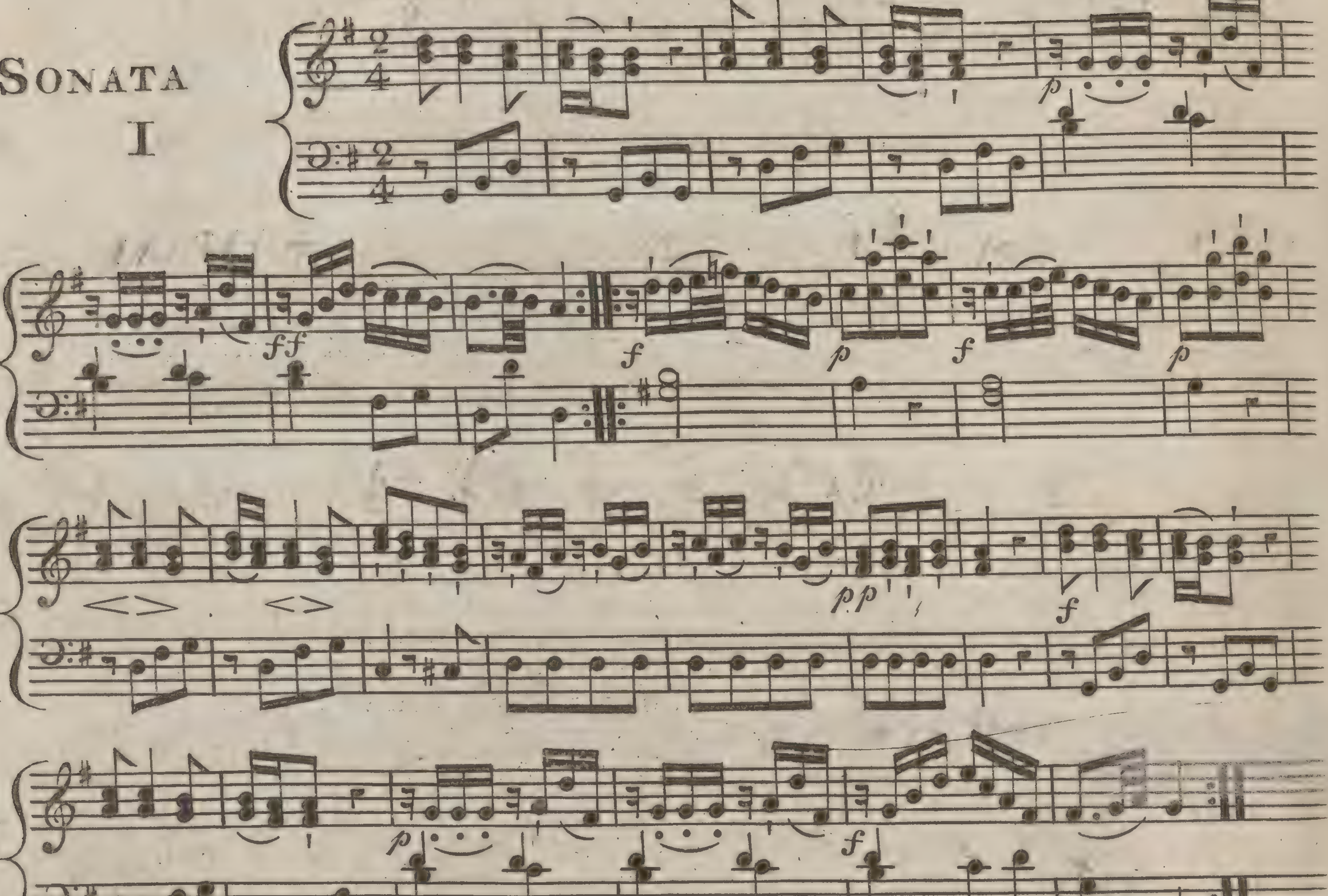
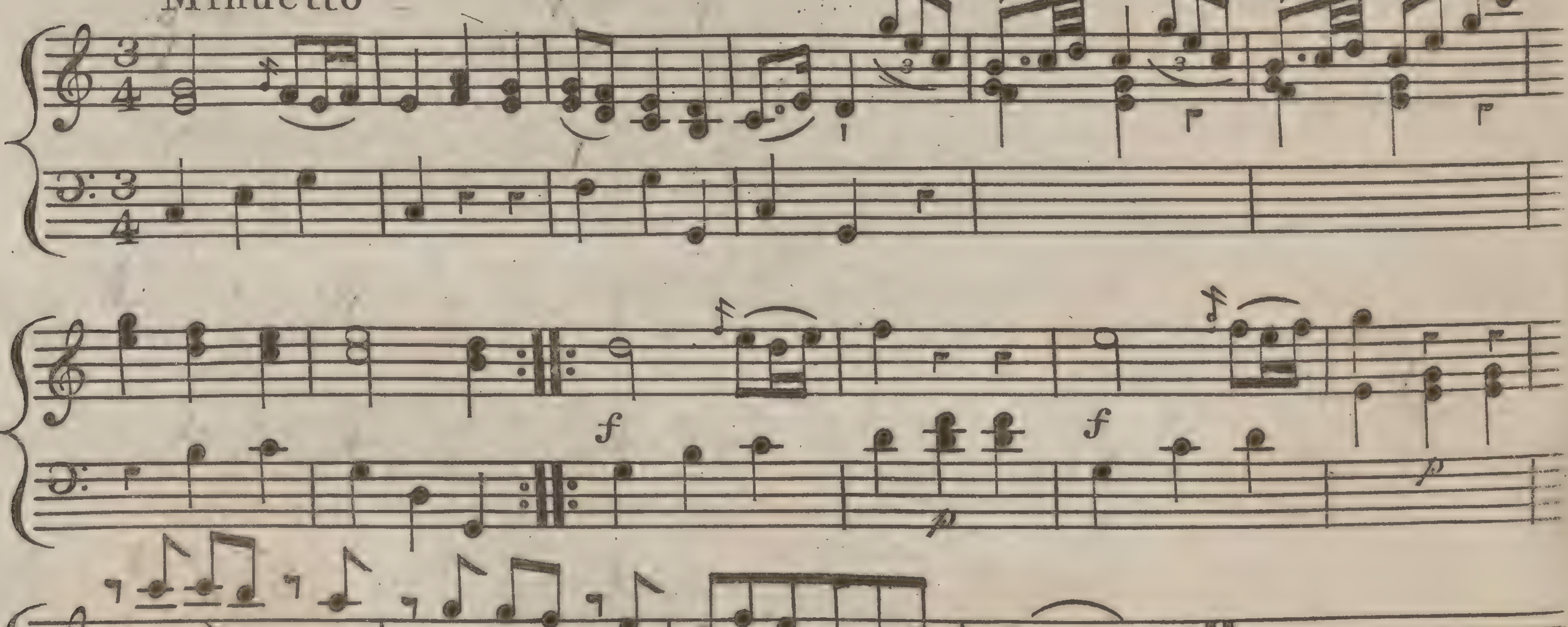
SONATA I

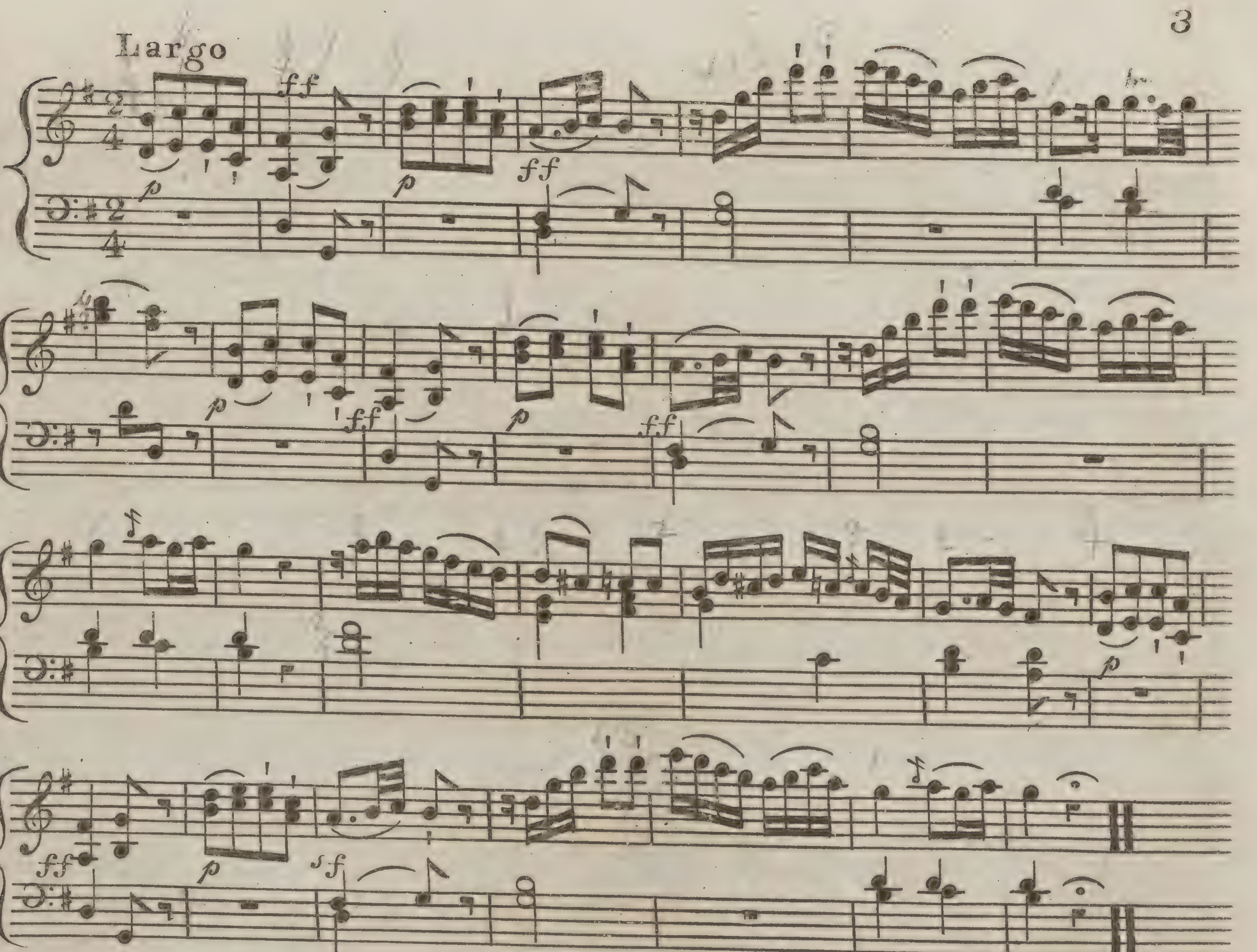
Andantino



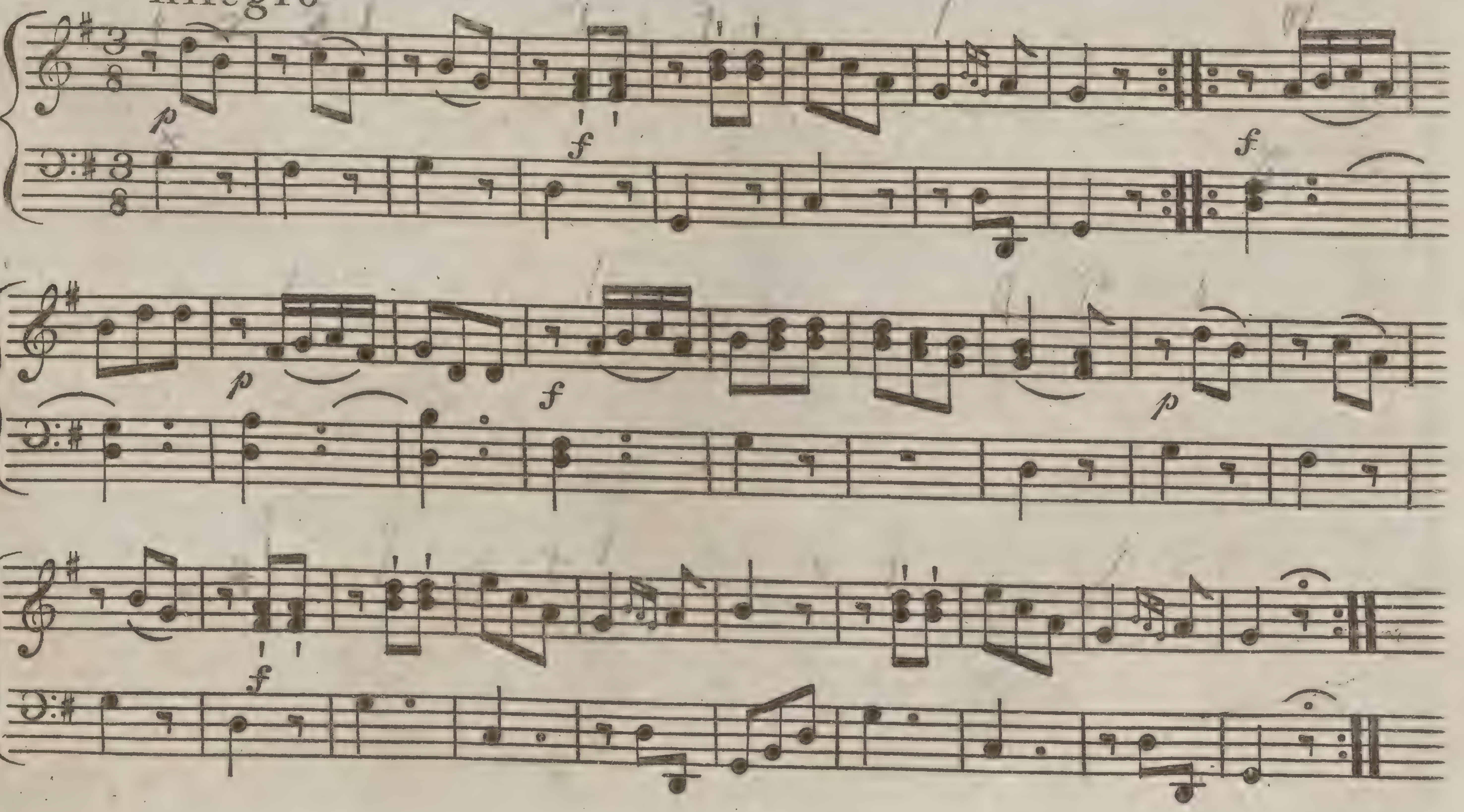
Minuetto



Largo

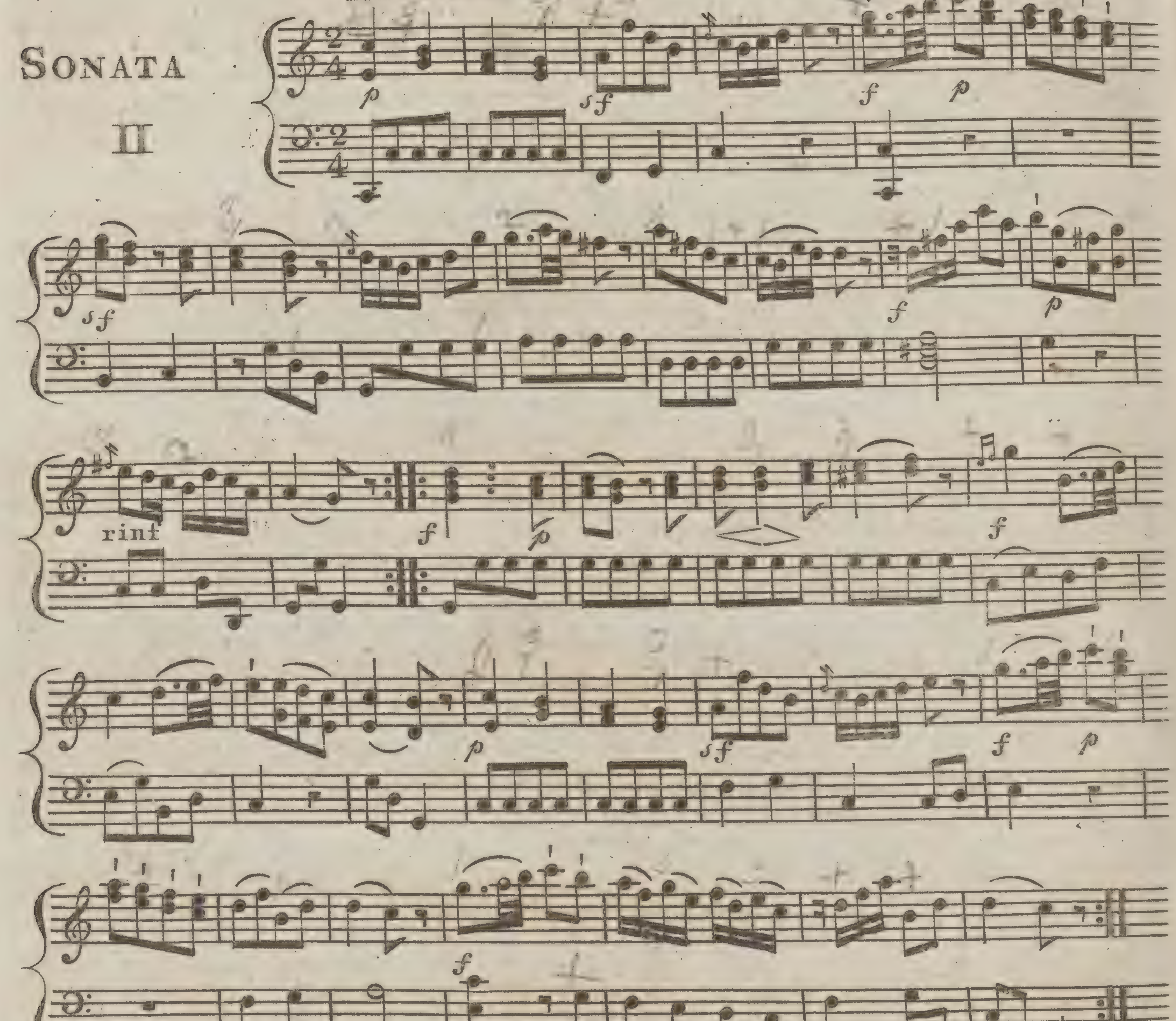


Allegro

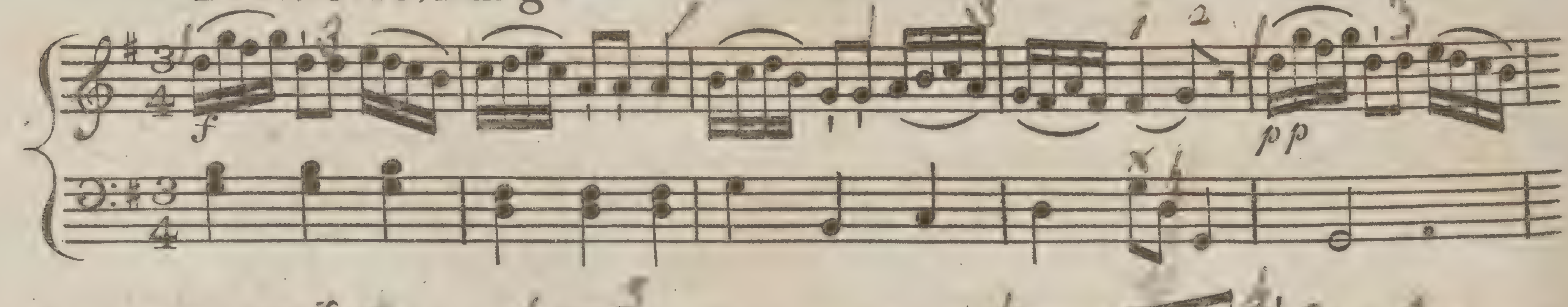


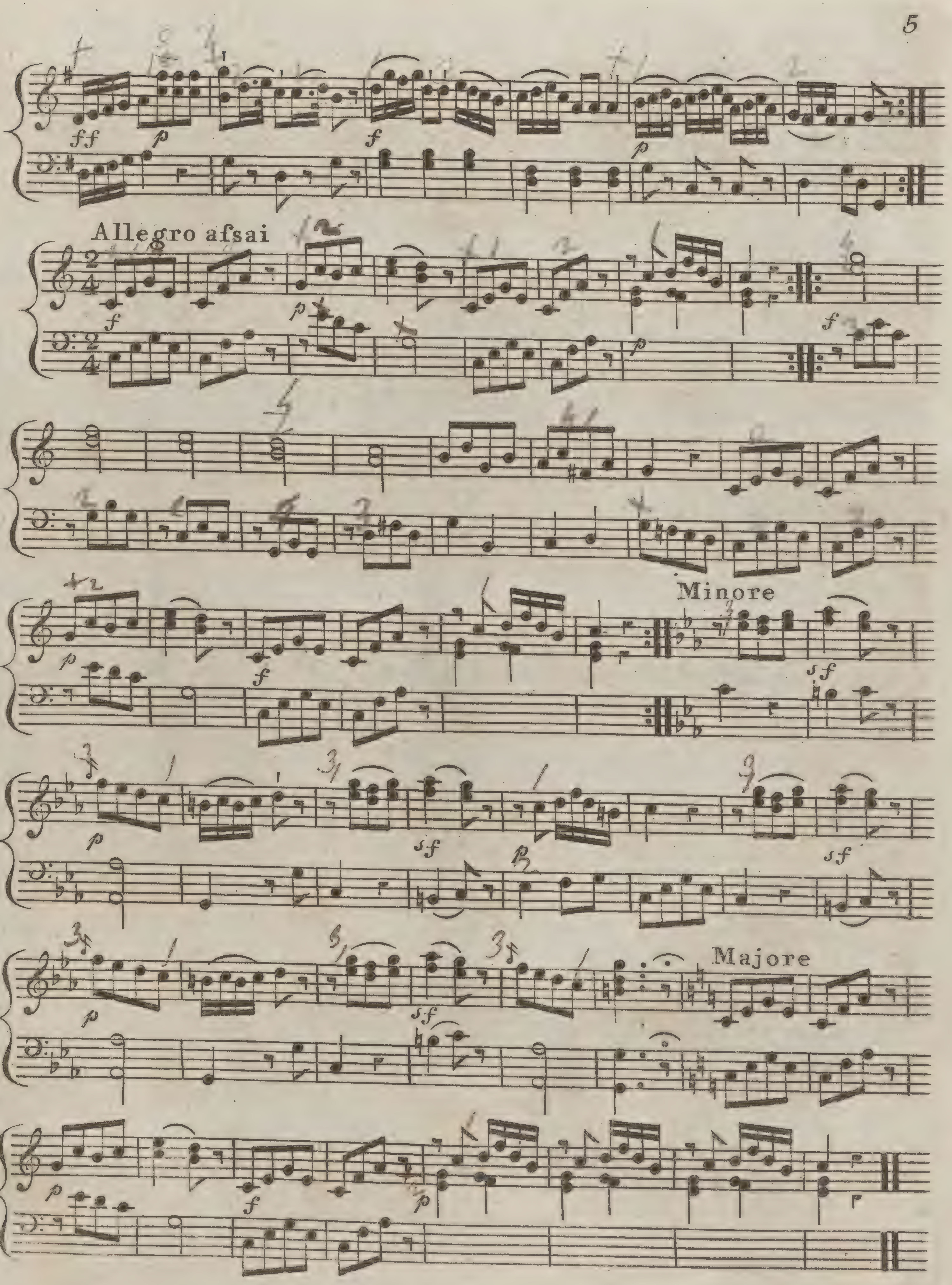
SONATA II

Andantino



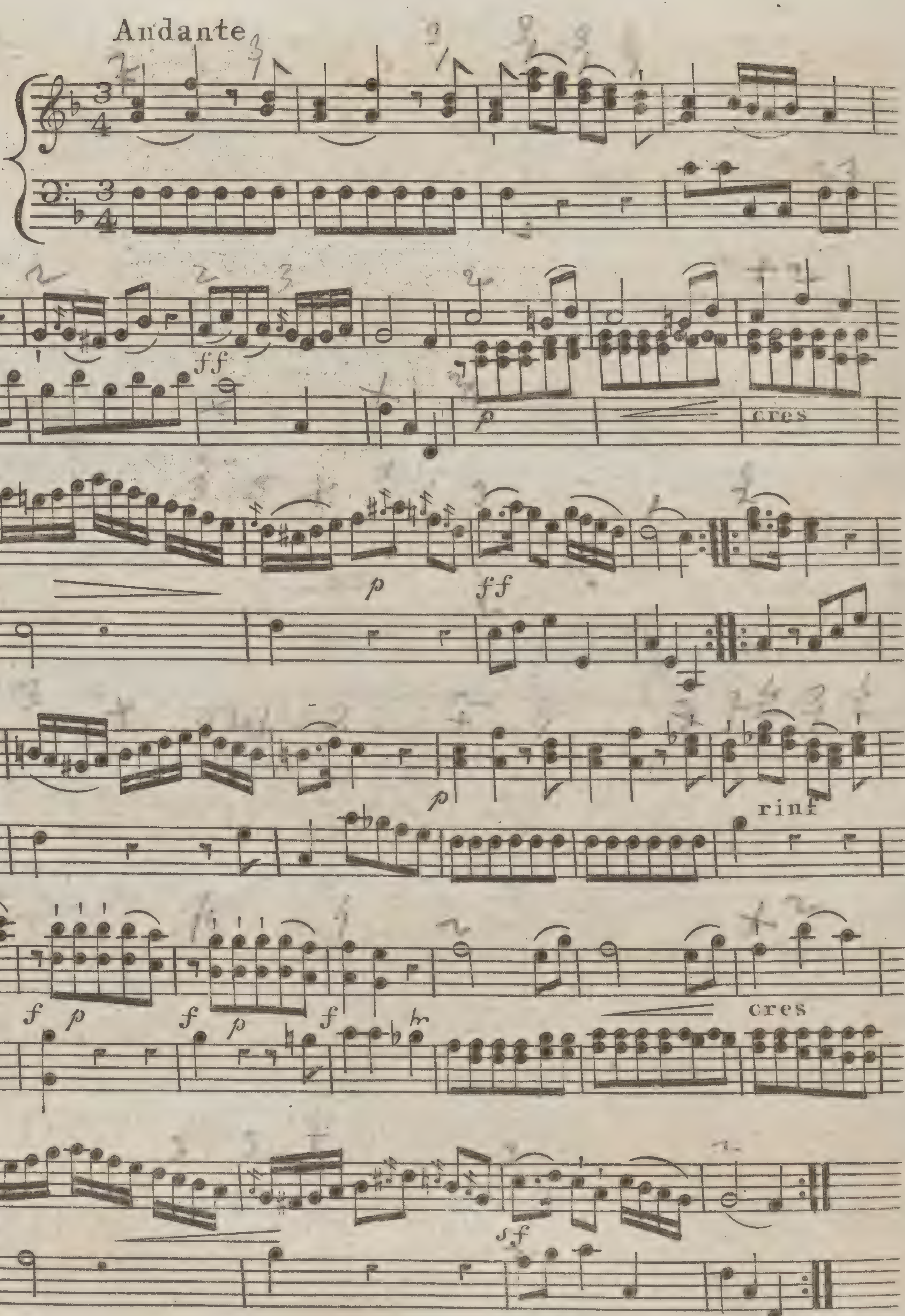
Polonoise, Largo



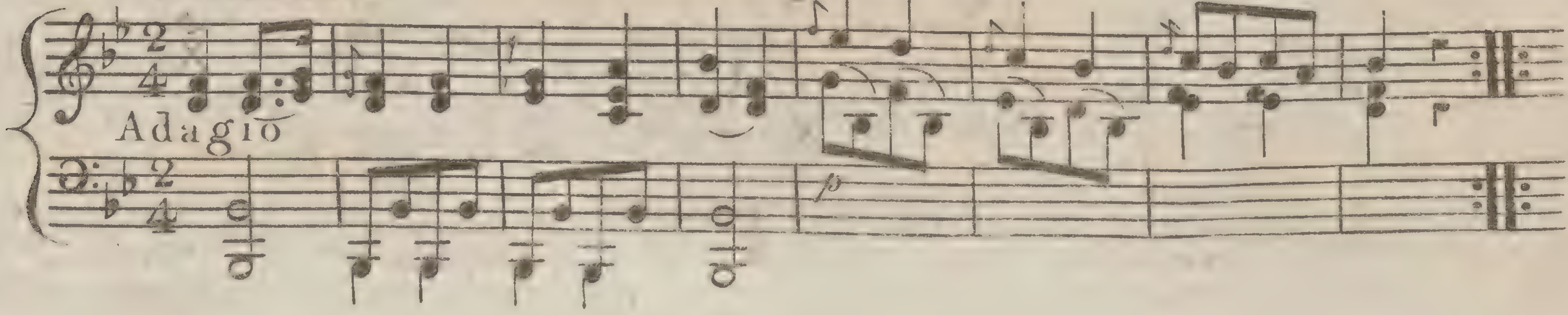

ff
p
f
p
Allegro aſsai
f
p
f
p
f
Minore
sf
p
sf
sf
p
Majore
sf
p
f
p

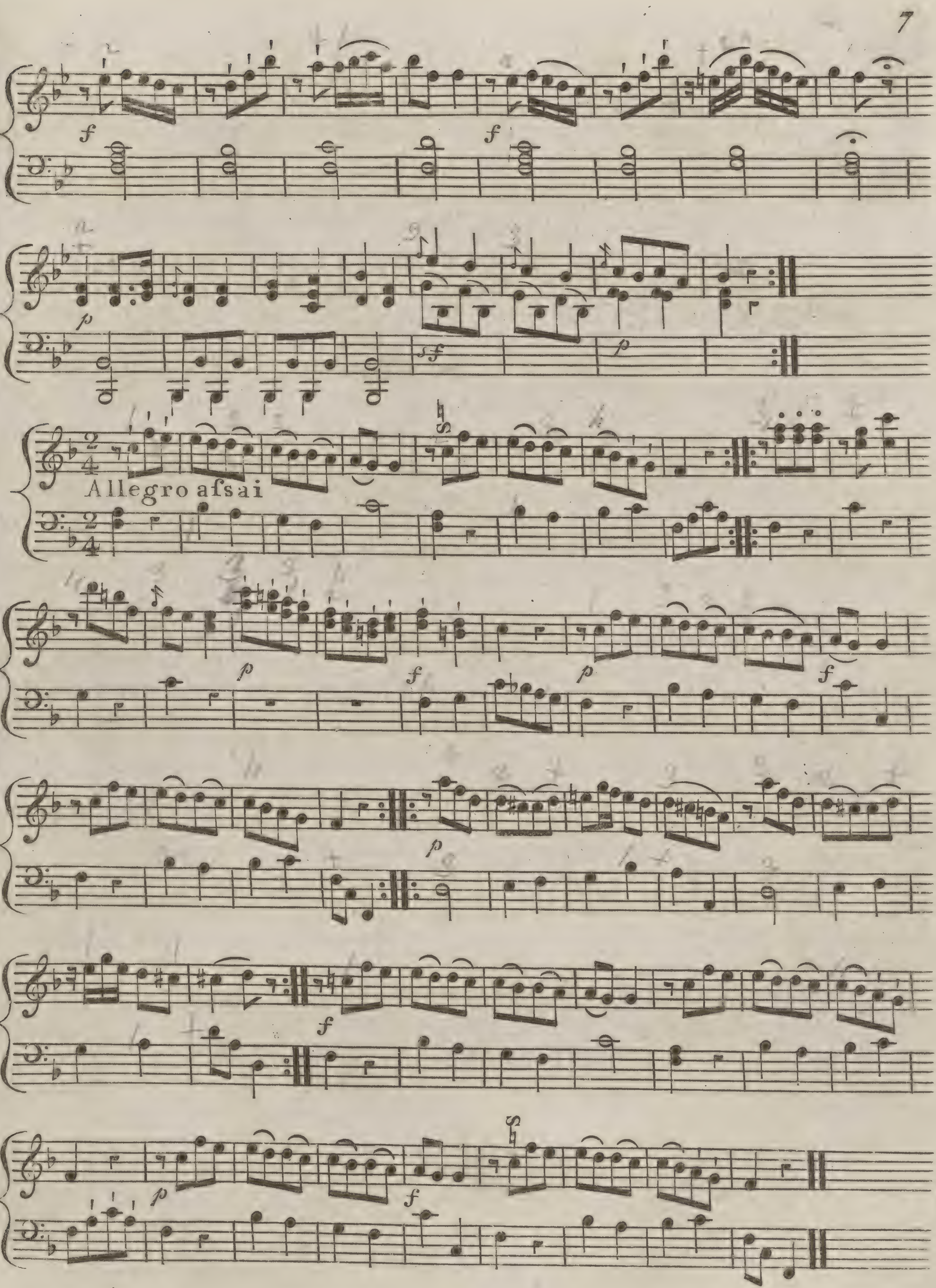
SONATA
III

Andante

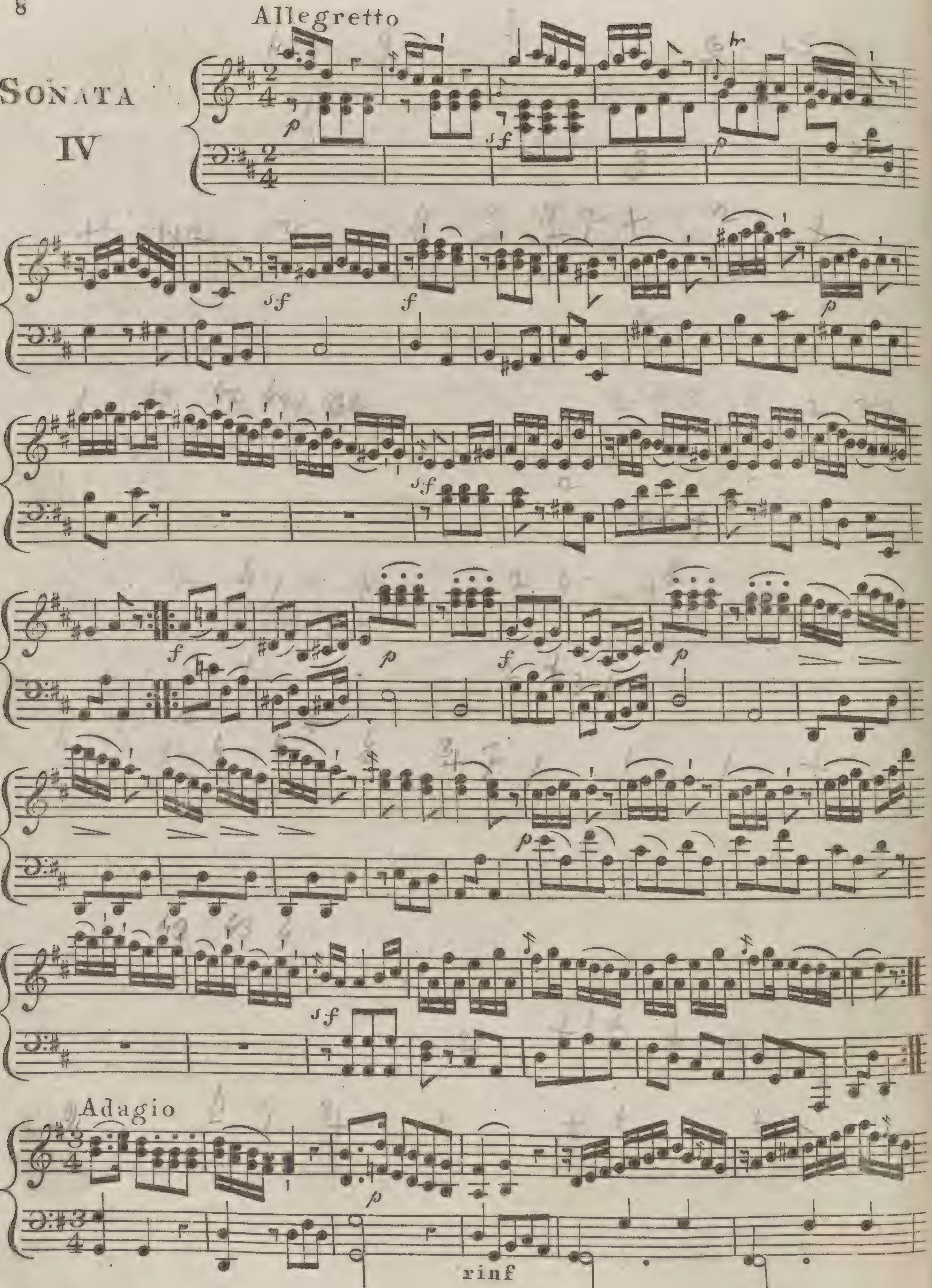


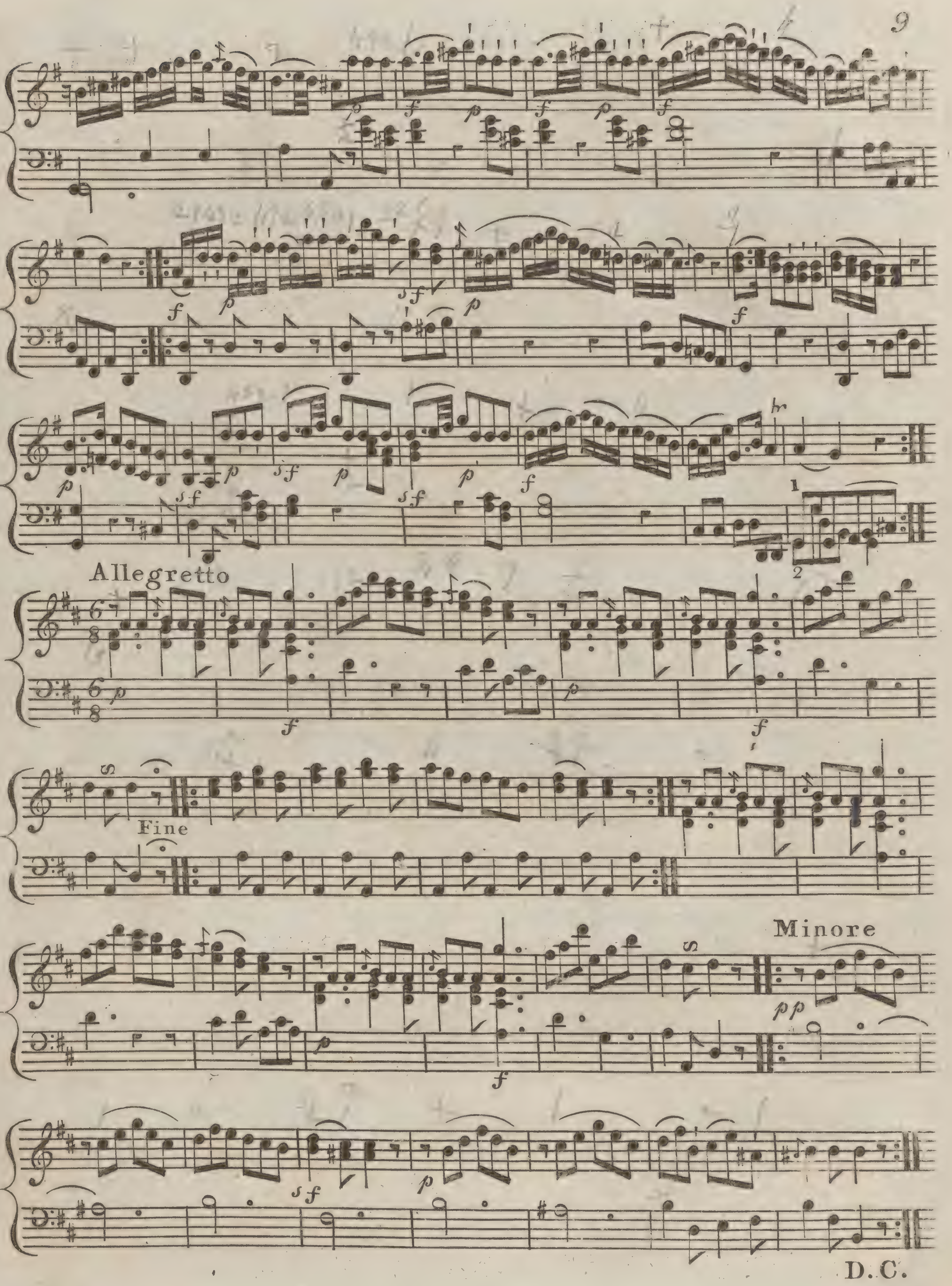
Romance




f
f
p
sf
p
Allegro aſsai
p
f
p
f
p
f
p
f

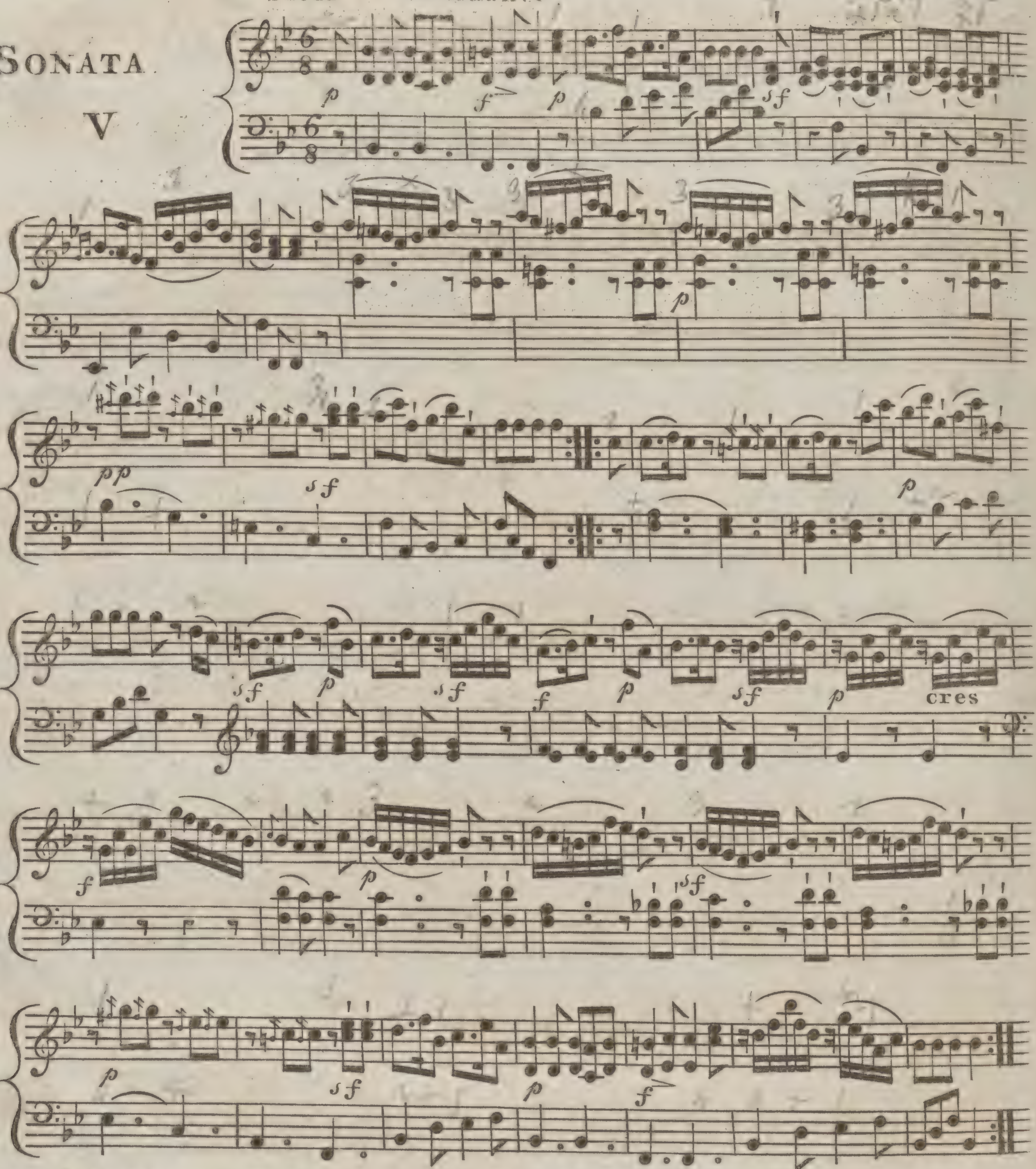
SONATA
IV



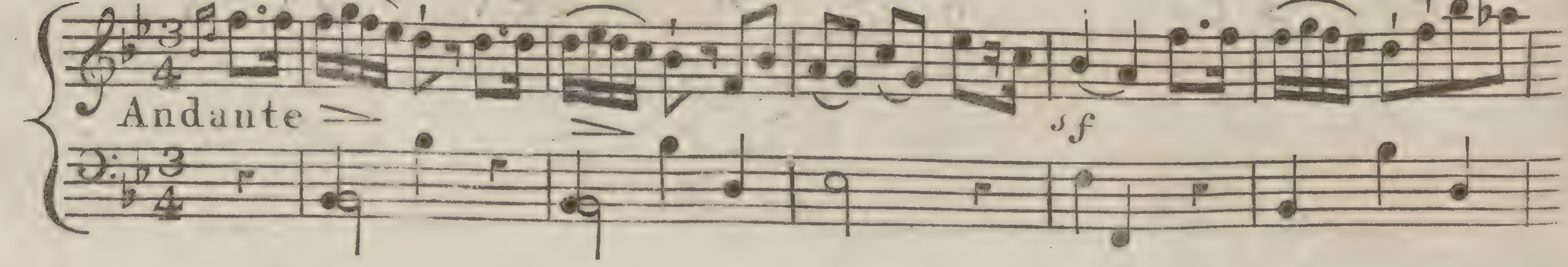

Allegretto
Fine
Minore
D.C.

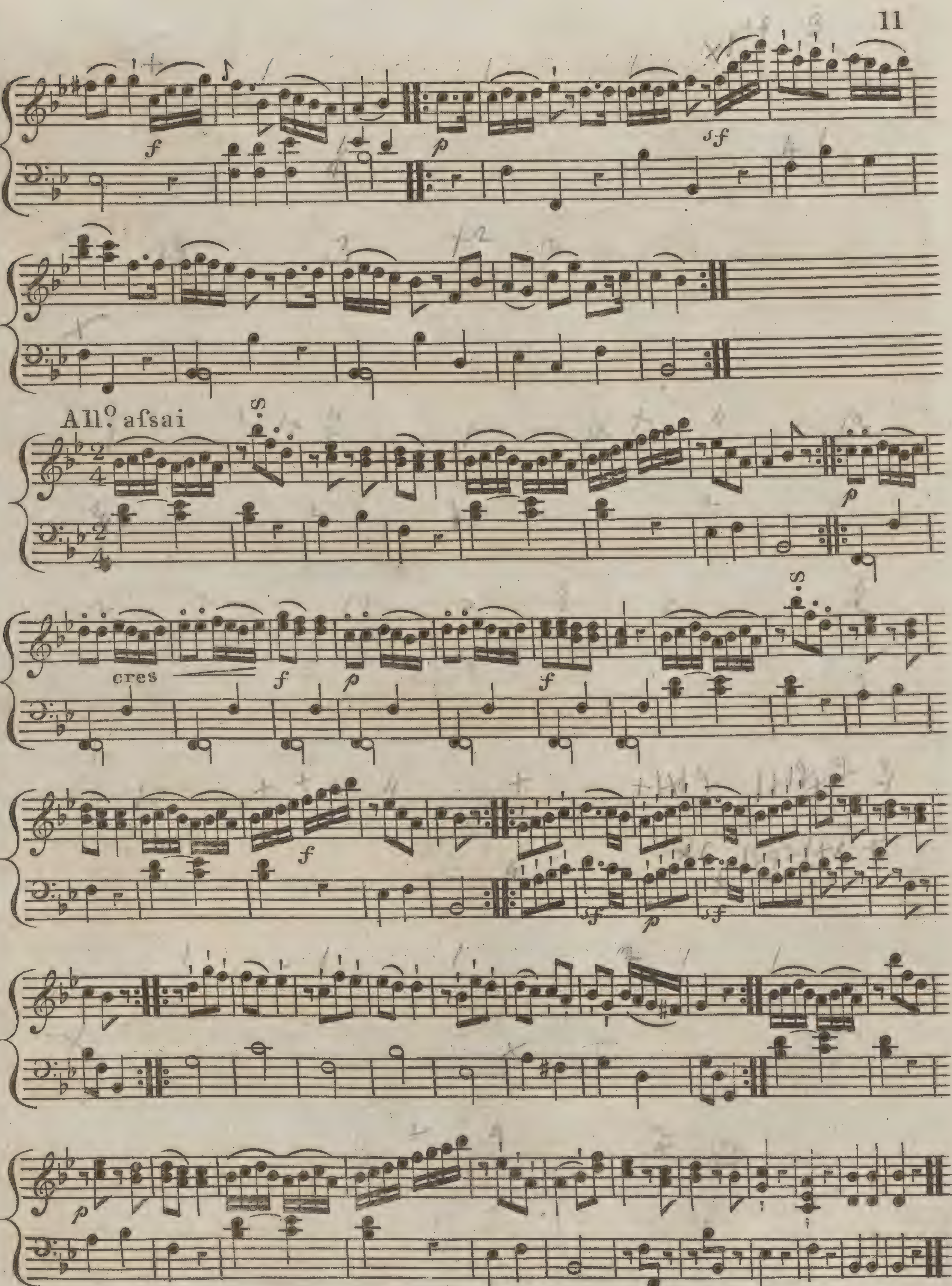
SONATA V

Siciliano, Andante



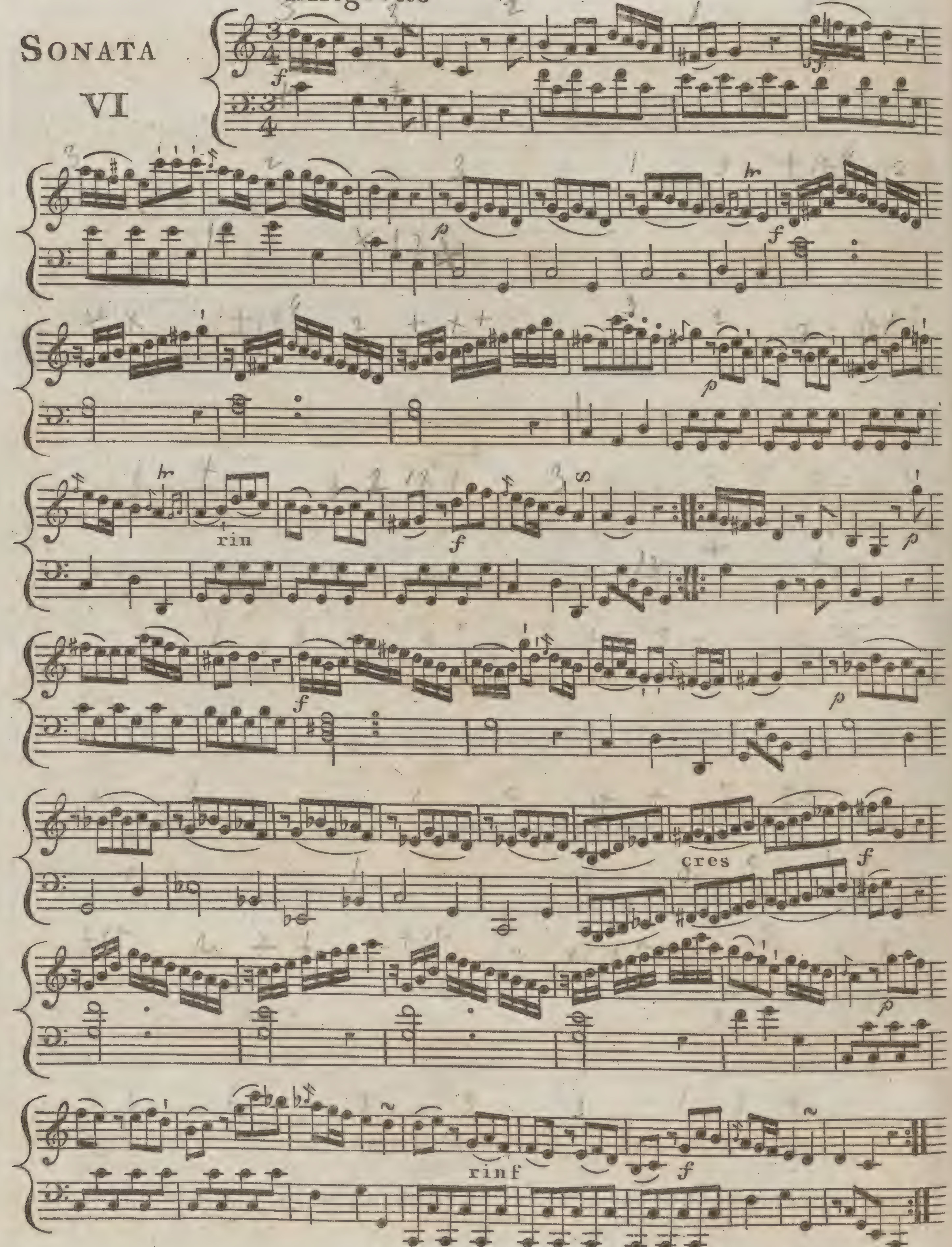
Arioso

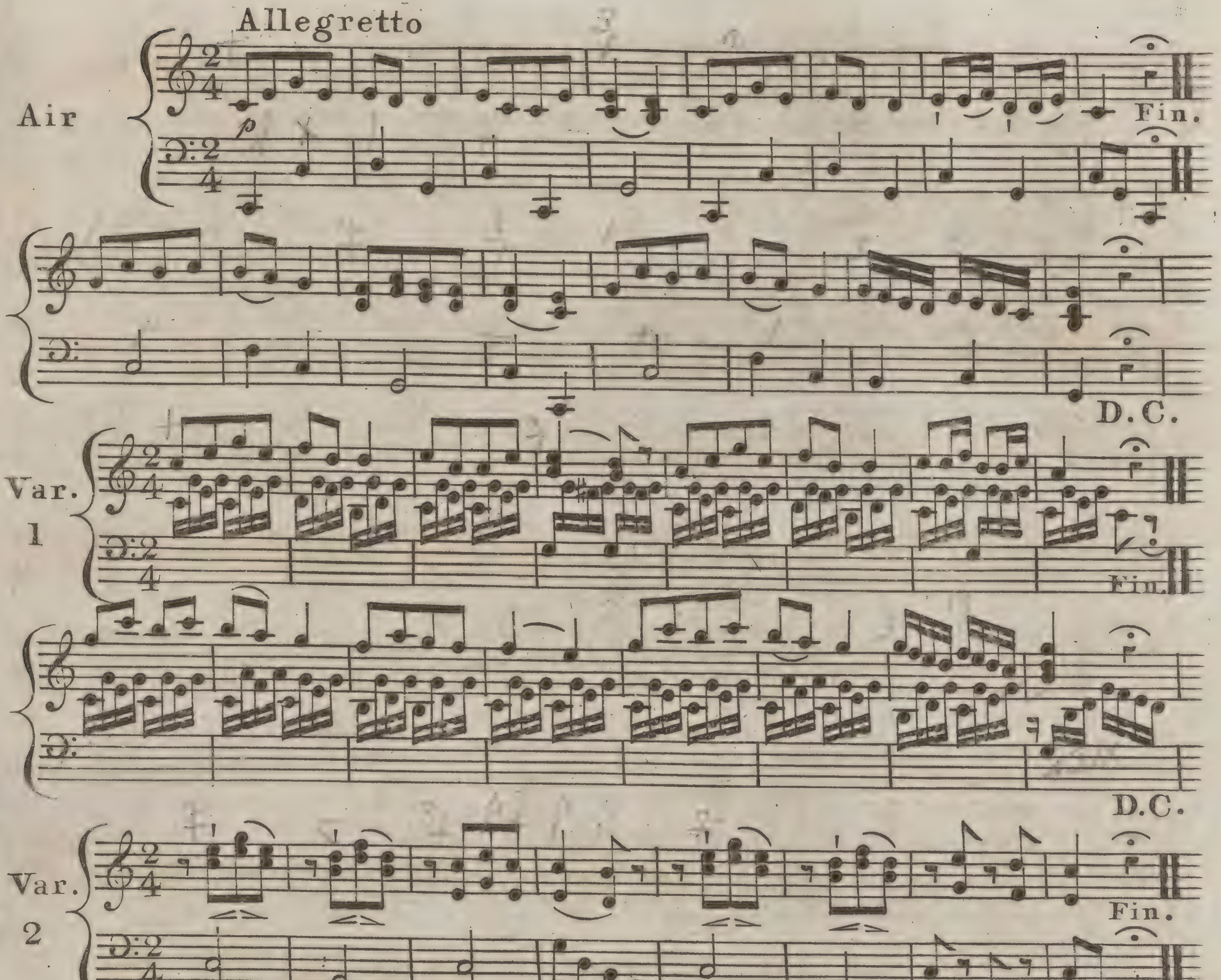



f
sf
p
All.o aſsai
2/4
cres
f
p
f
f
sf
p
sf
p

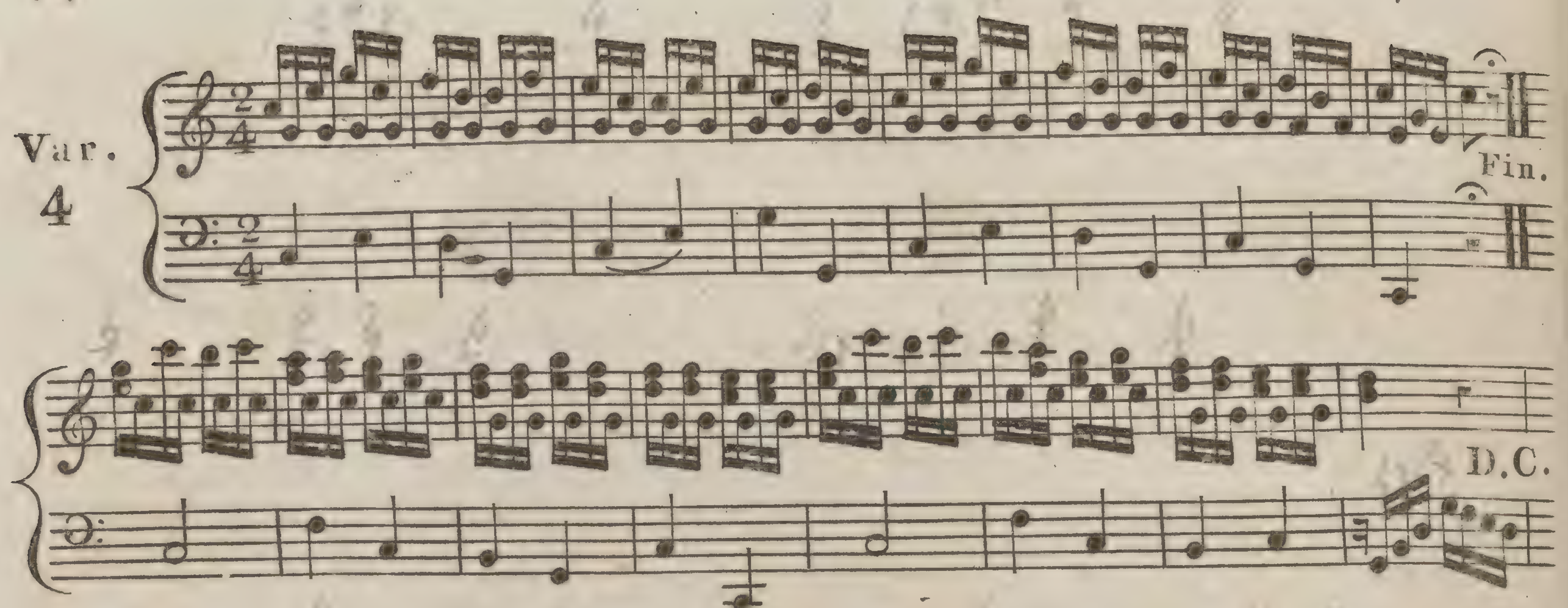
SONATA VI

Allegretto

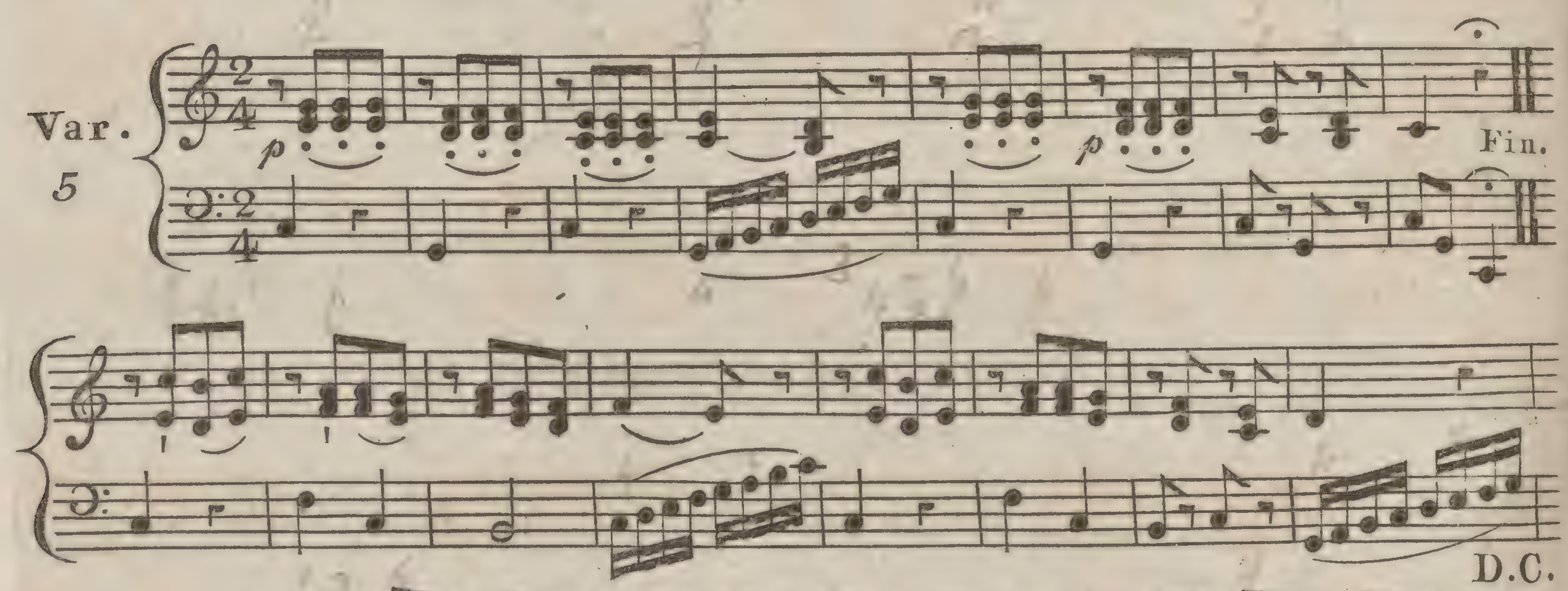



Allegretto
Air
p
Fin.
D.C.
Var. 1
Fin.
D.C.
Var. 2
Fin.
f
p
rinf
f
p
f
D.C.
Var. 3
Fin.
D.C.

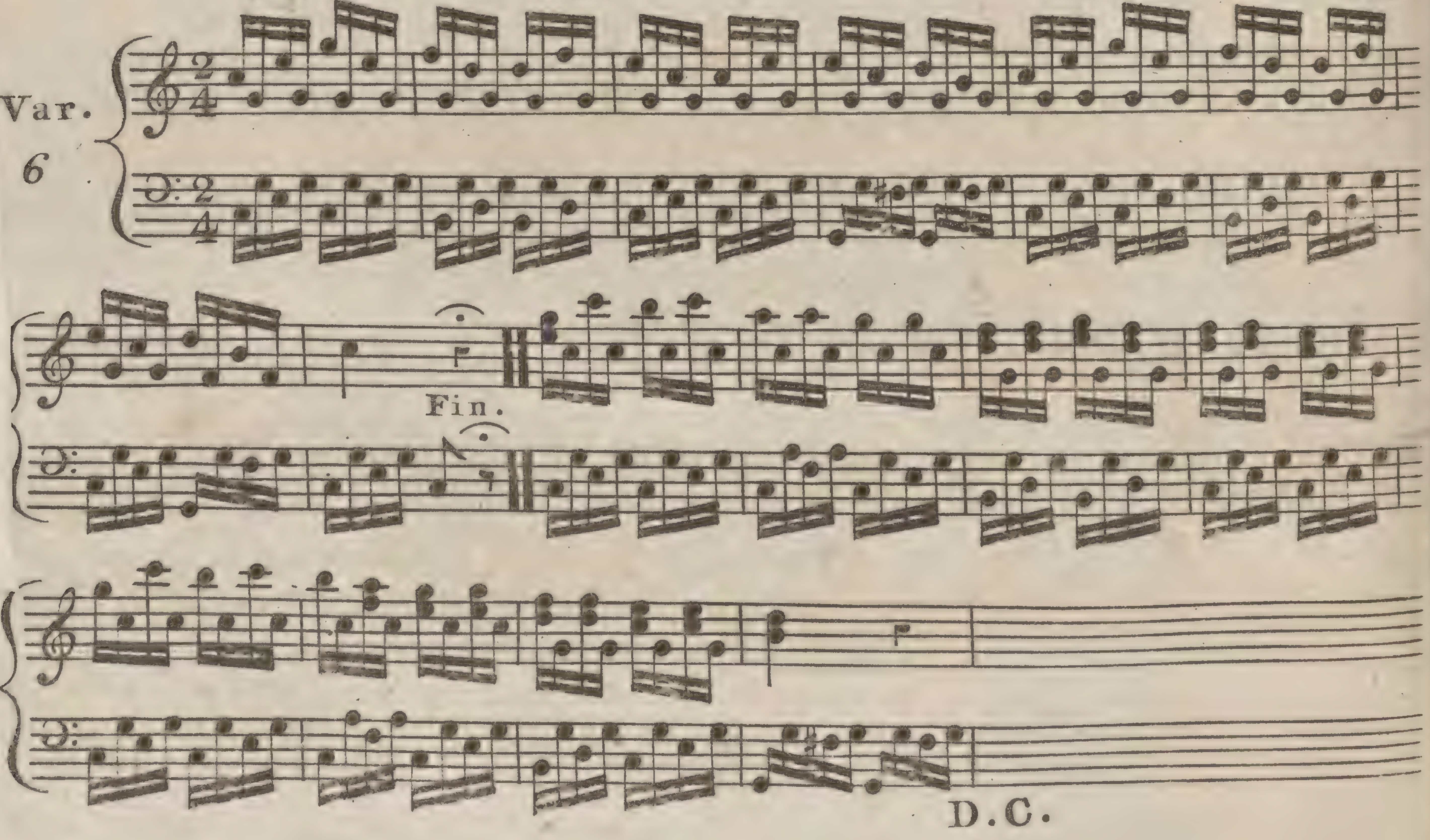
Var. 4

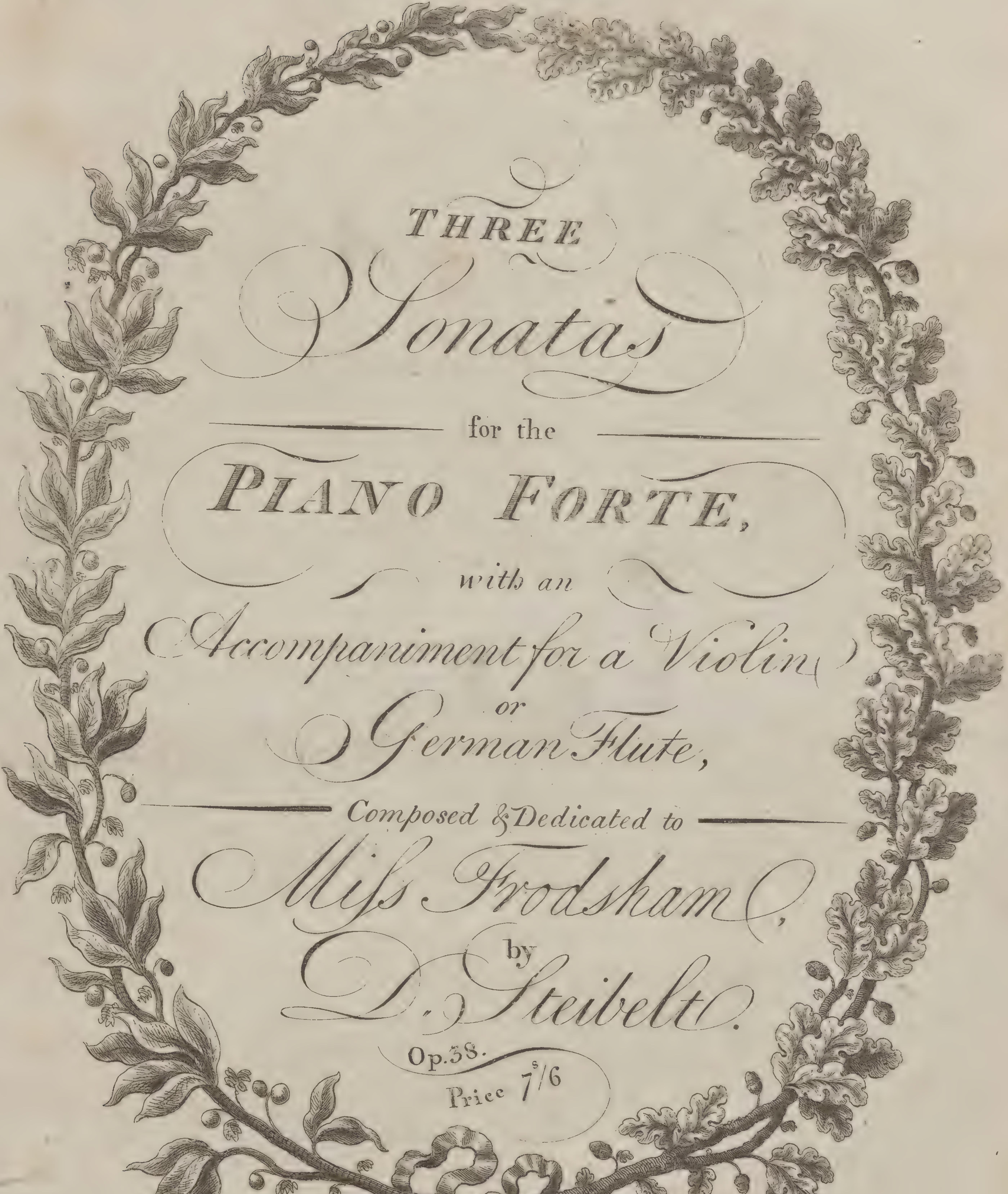


Var. 5



Var. 6





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by

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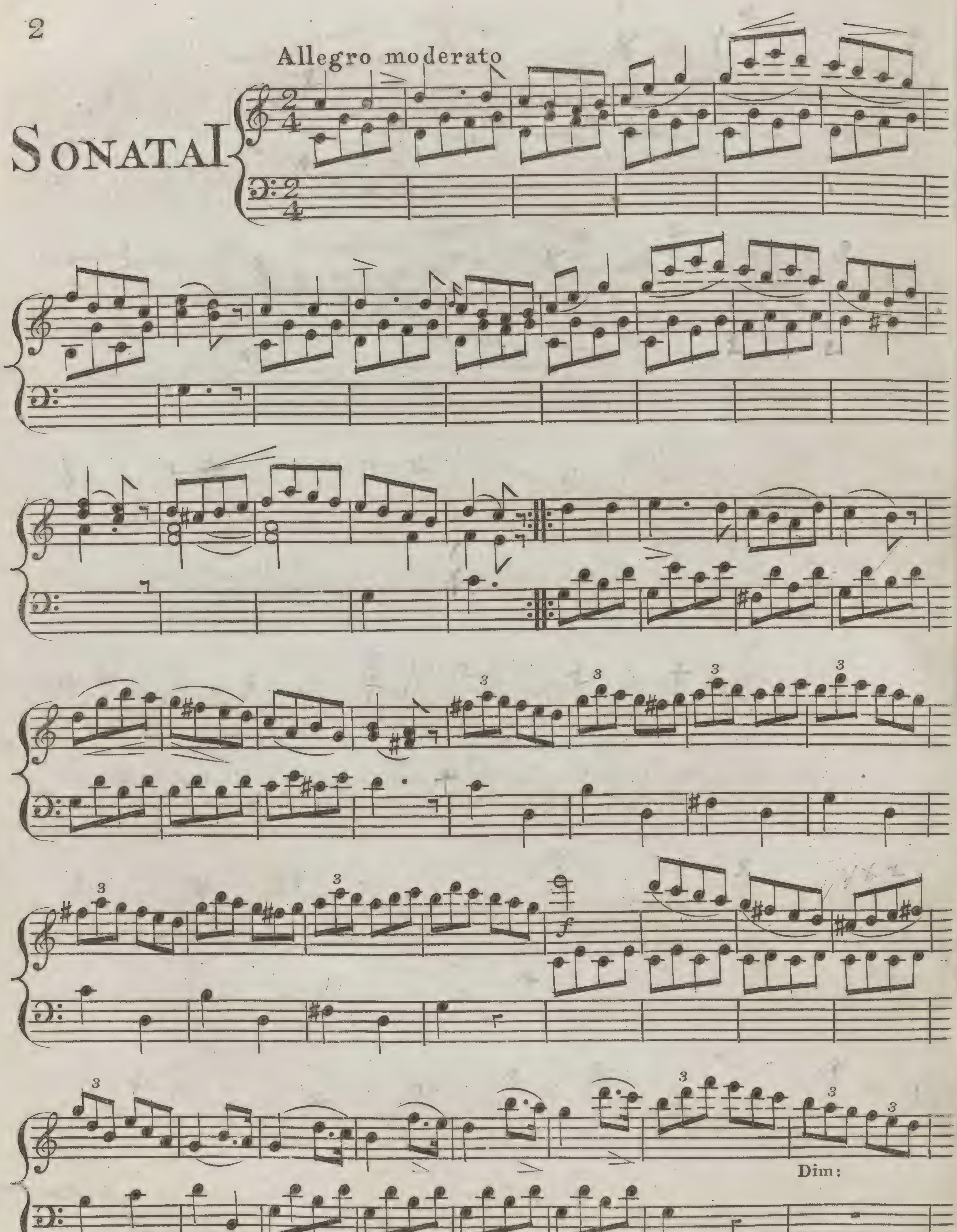
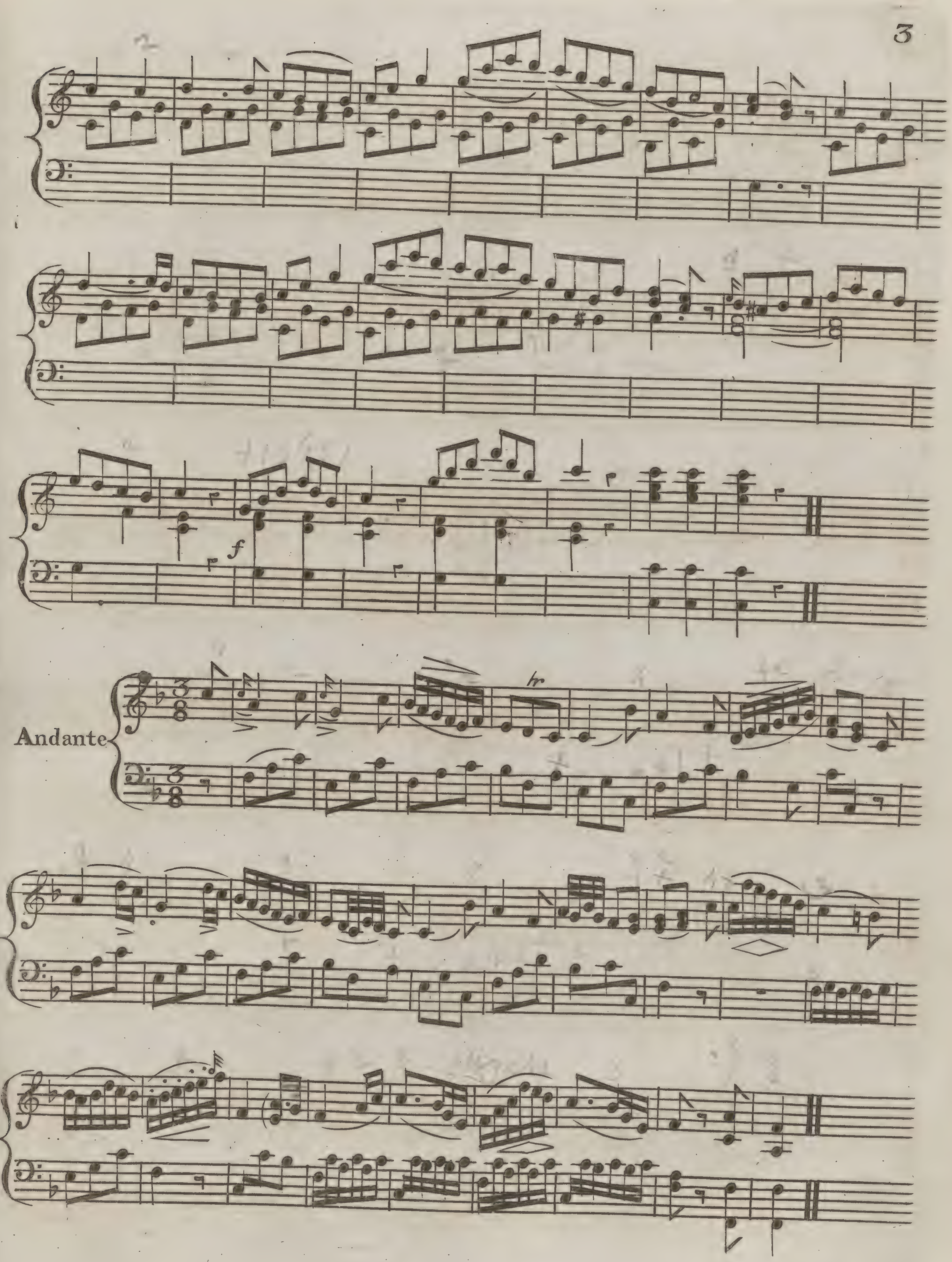
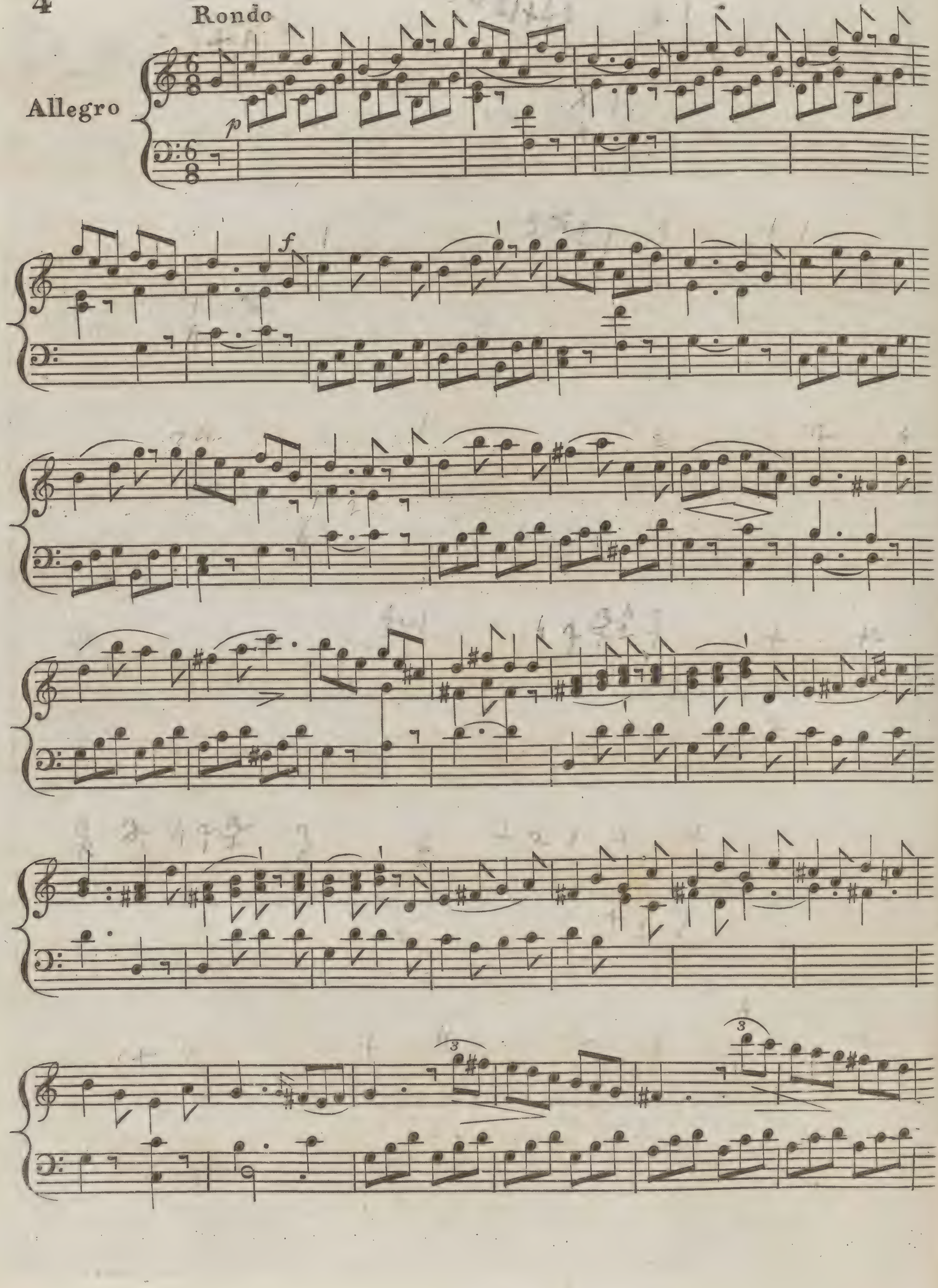
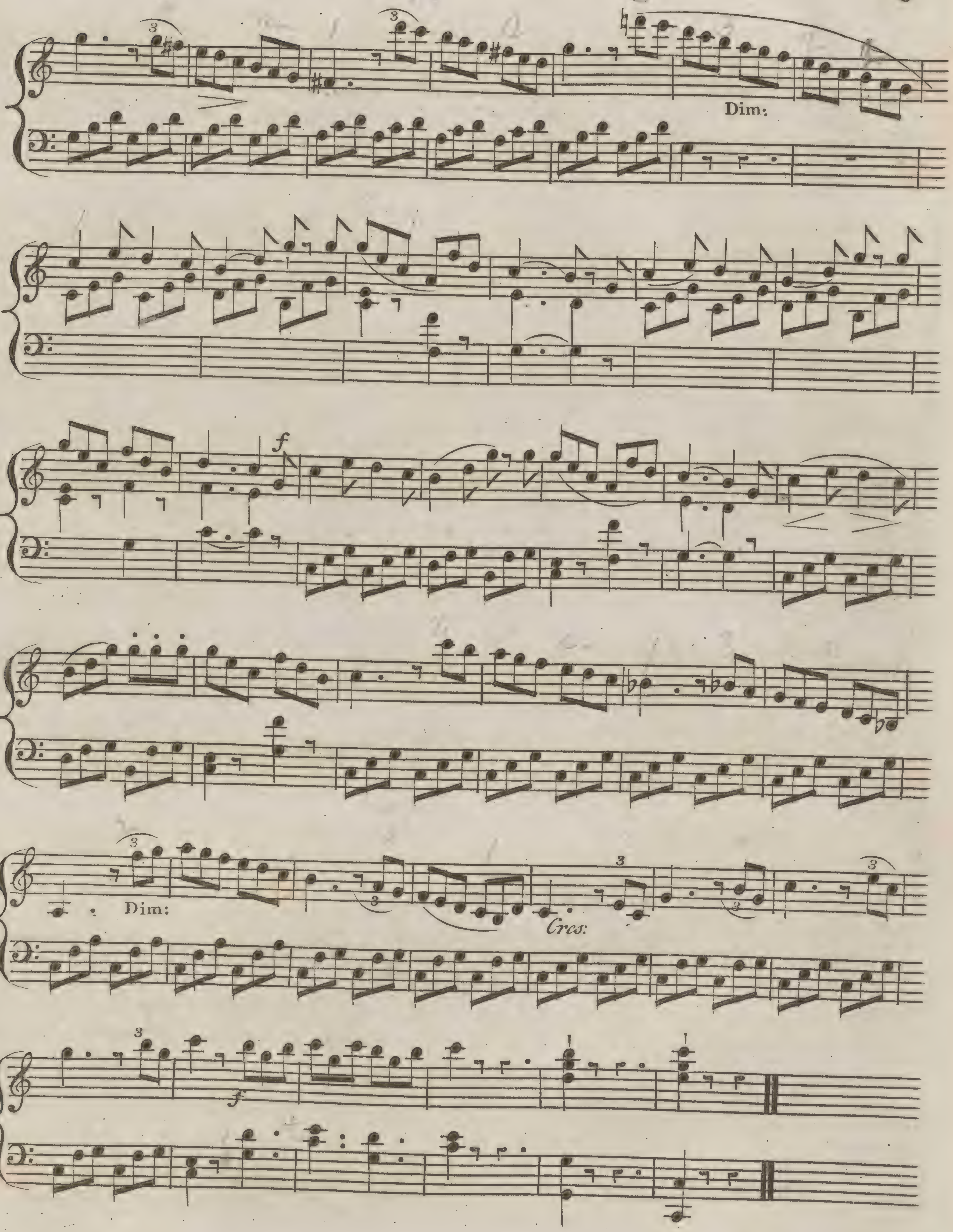
SONATA I

Allegro moderato

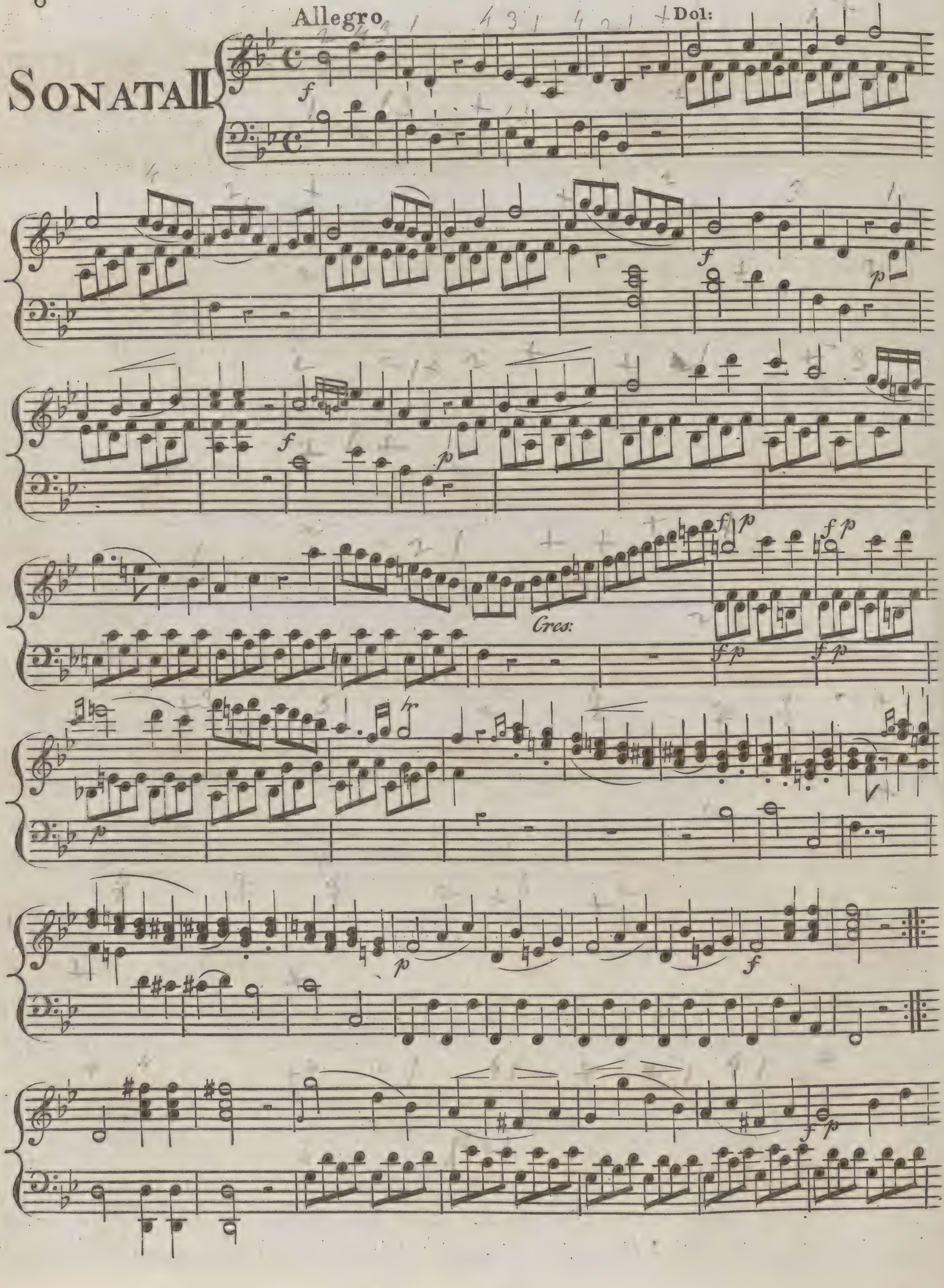


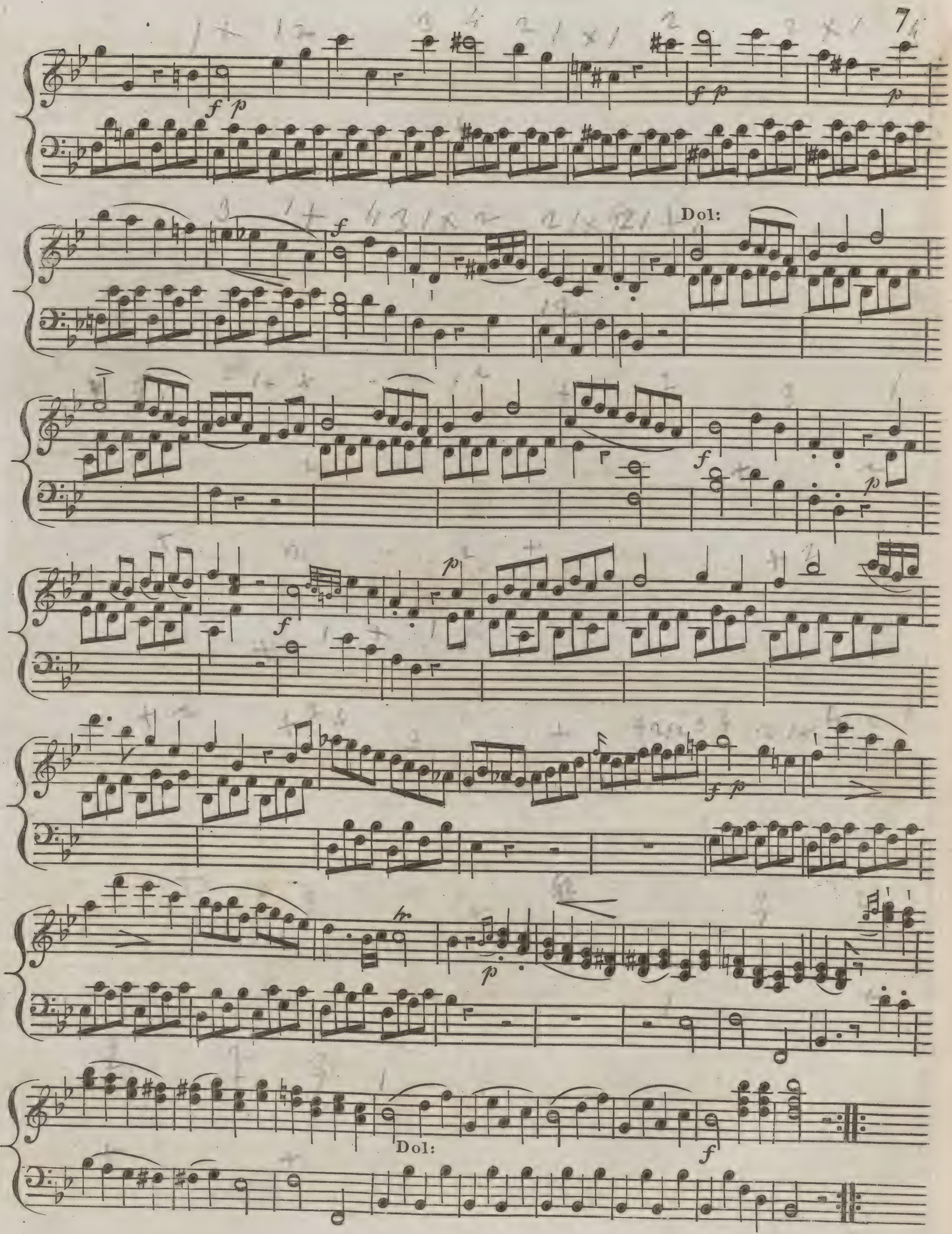

f
tr
Andante


Rondo
Allegro
p
f
3
3

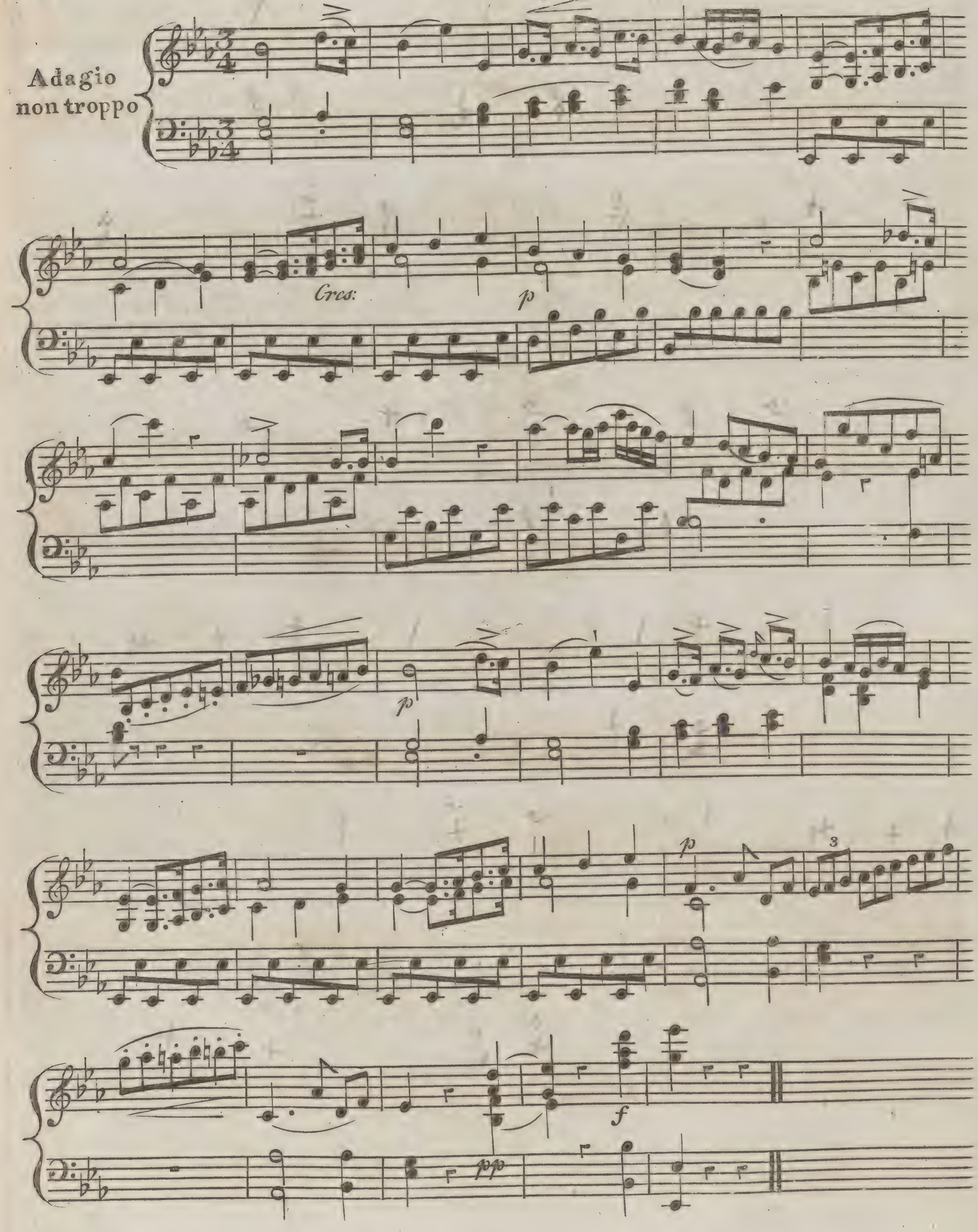

Dim:
f
Dim:
Cres:
f

SONATA II

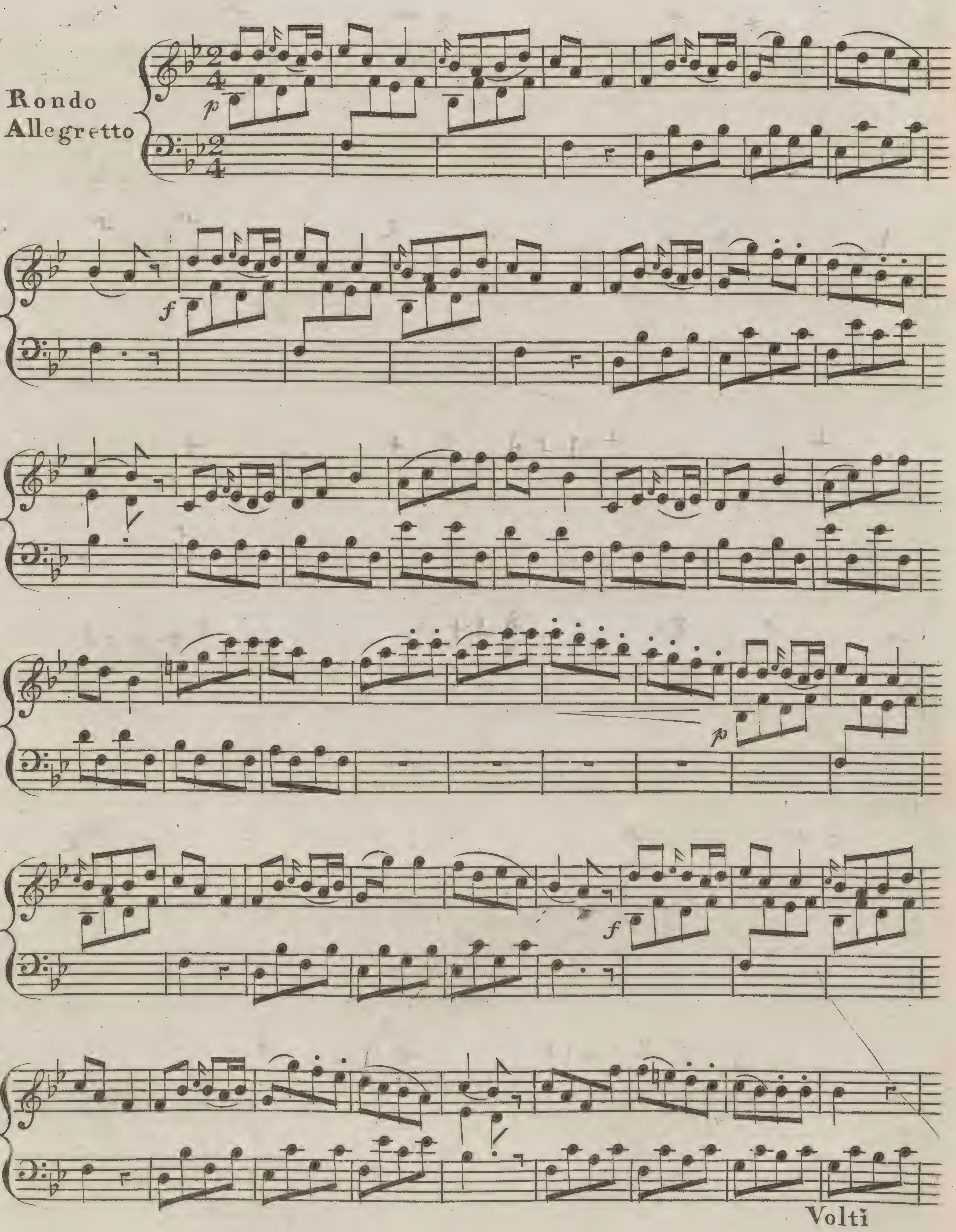



f p
f p
p
f
Dol:
f
p
p
f
f p
tr
p
Dol:
f

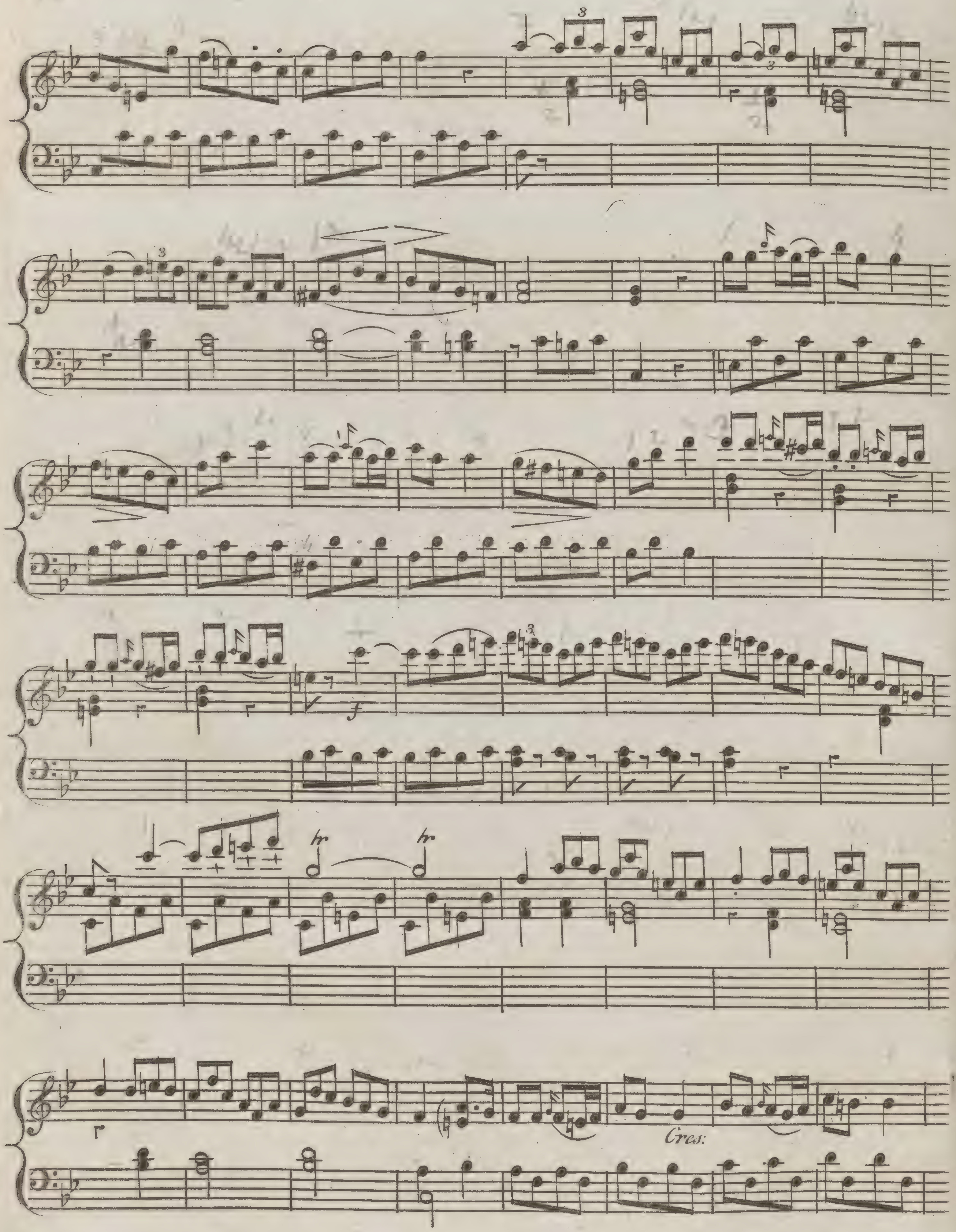
Adagio non troppo

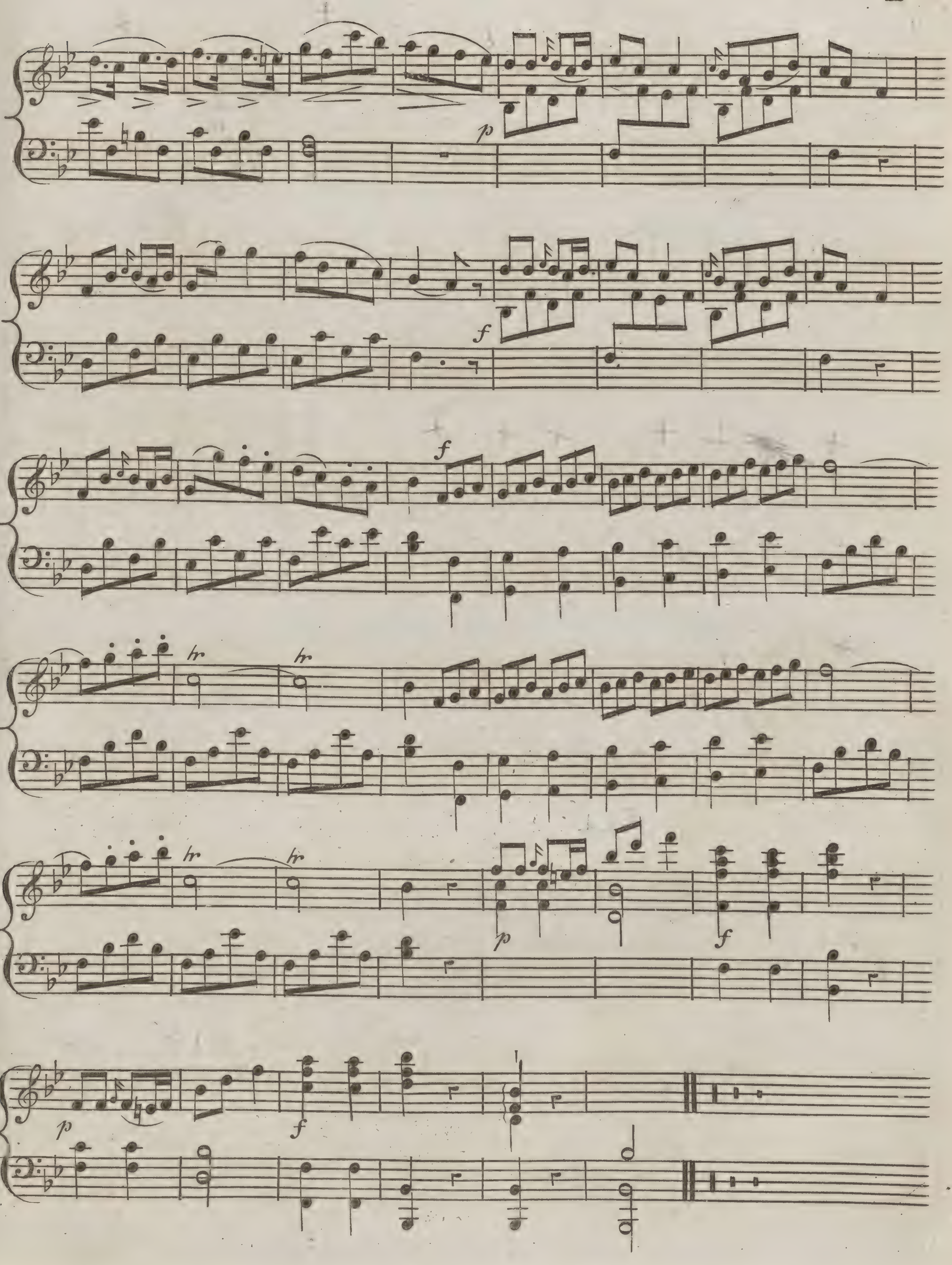


Rondo Allegretto



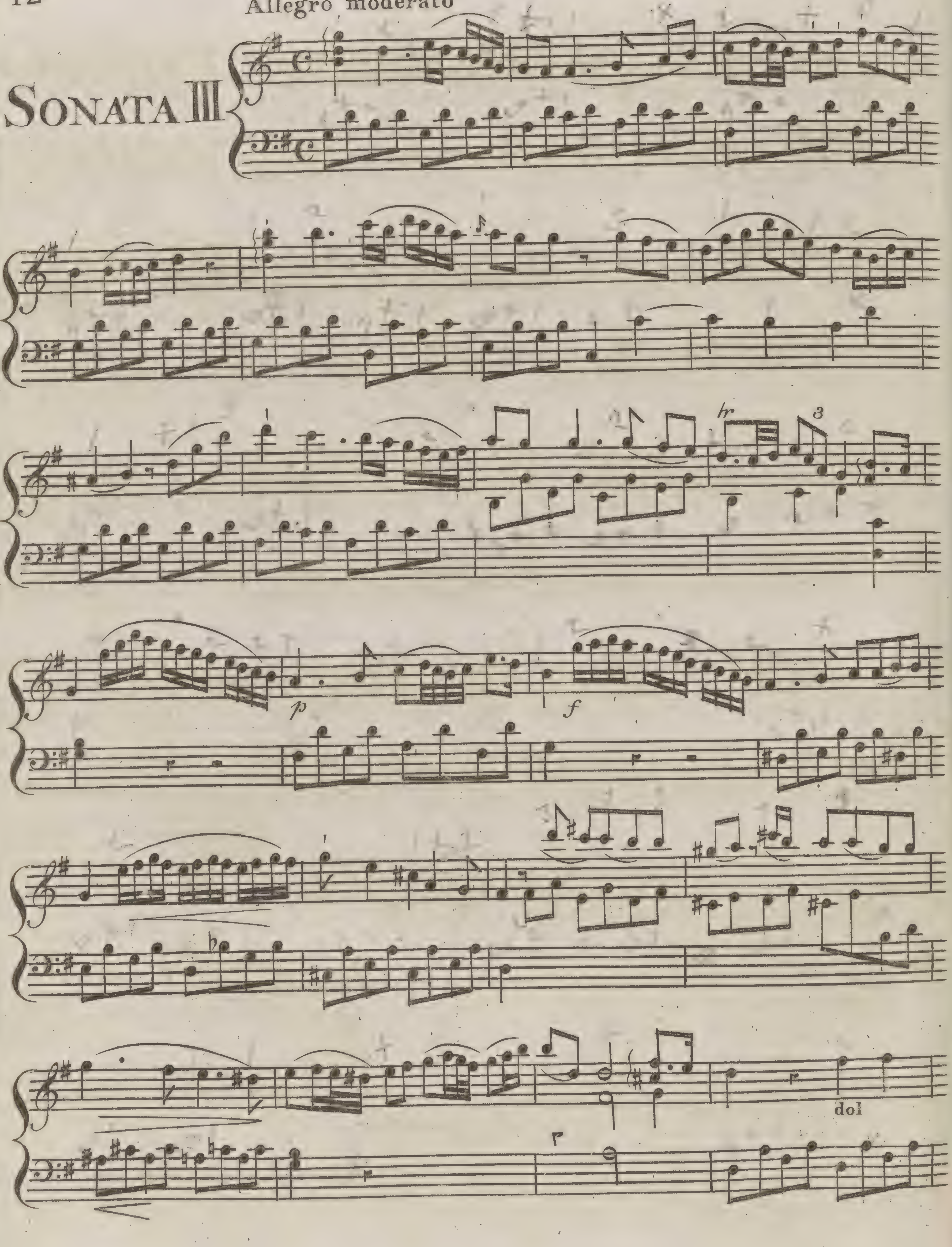
Volti

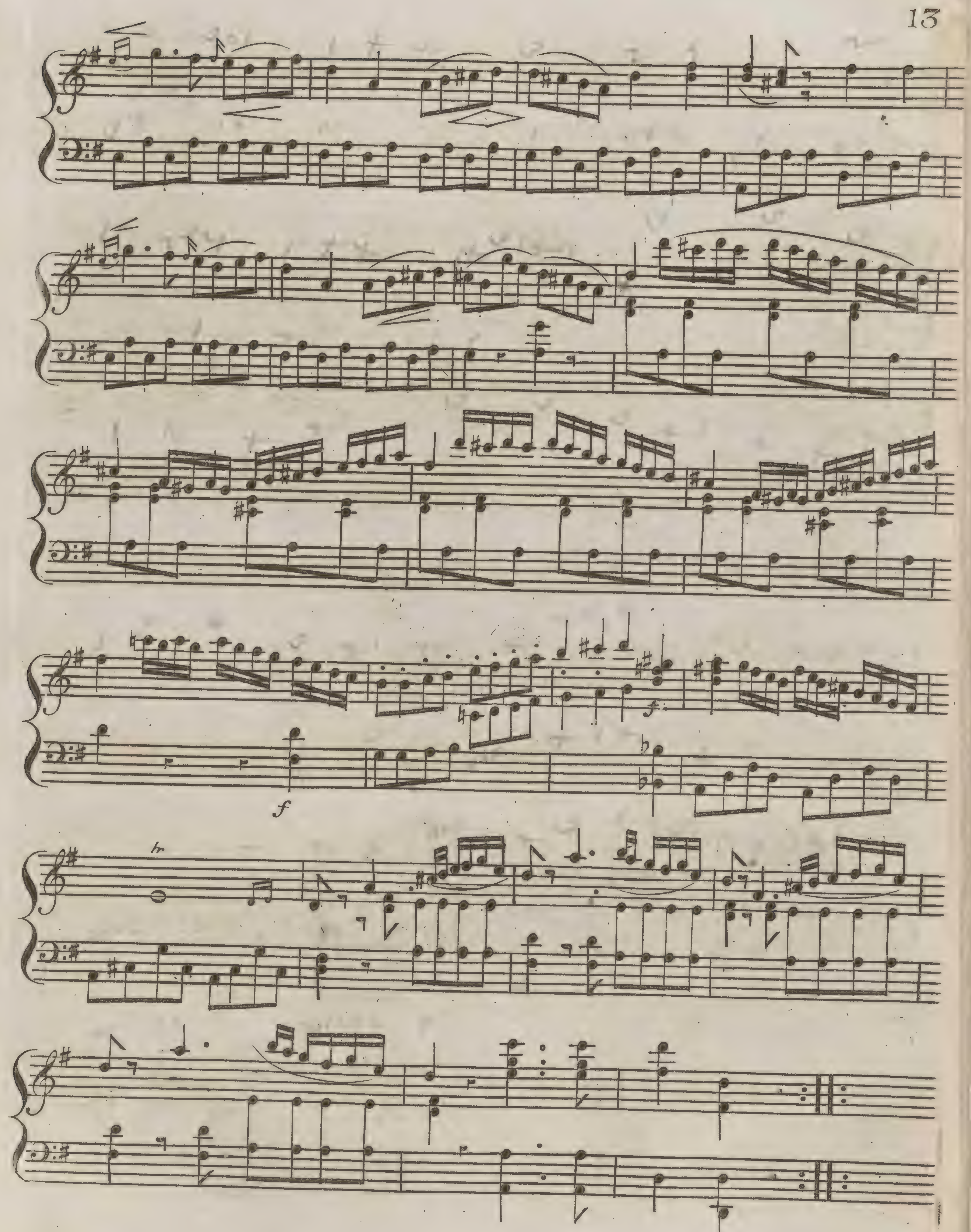

3
3
3
f
tr
tr
Cres:

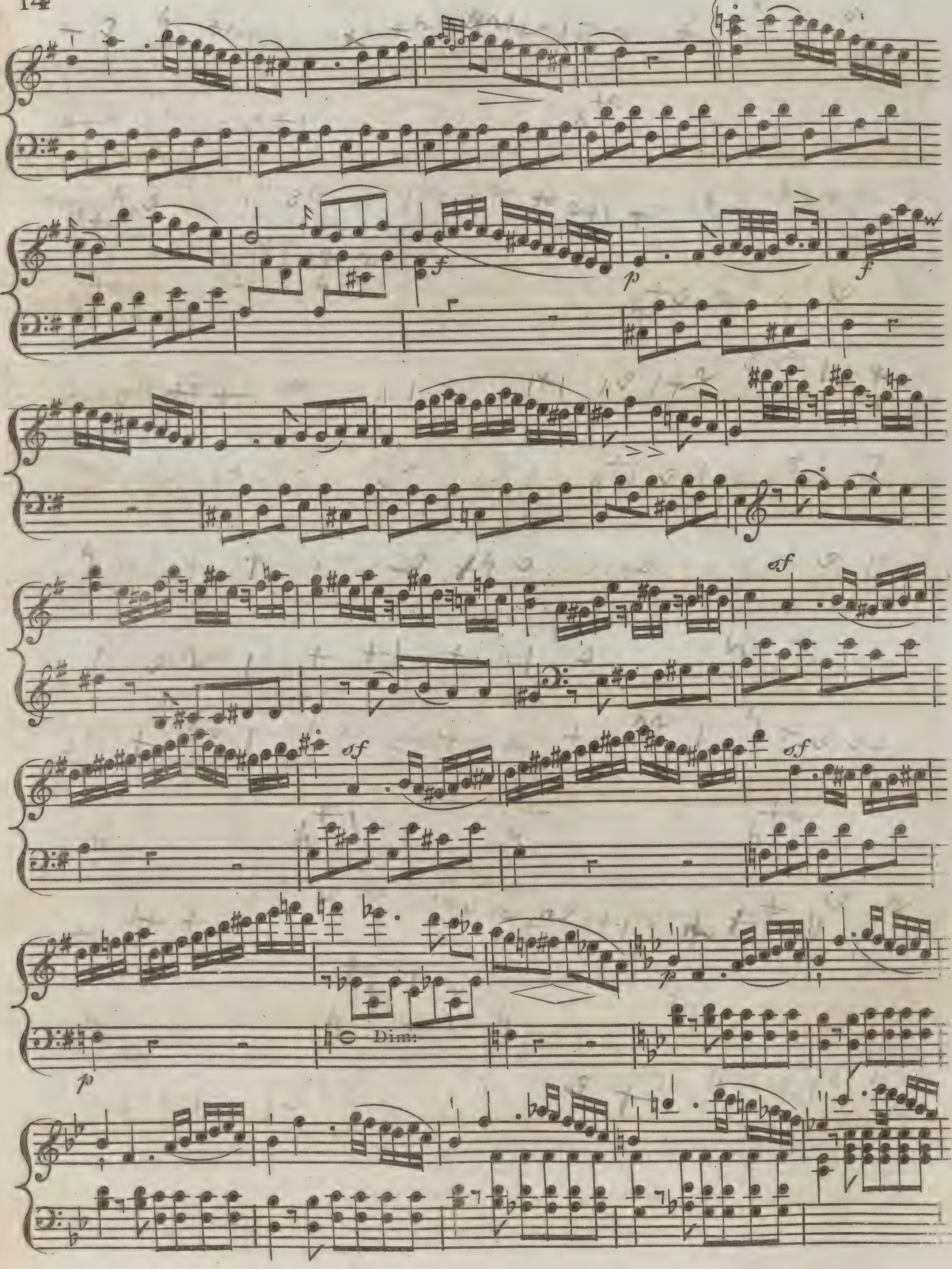

p
f
f
tr
tr
tr
tr
p
f
p
f

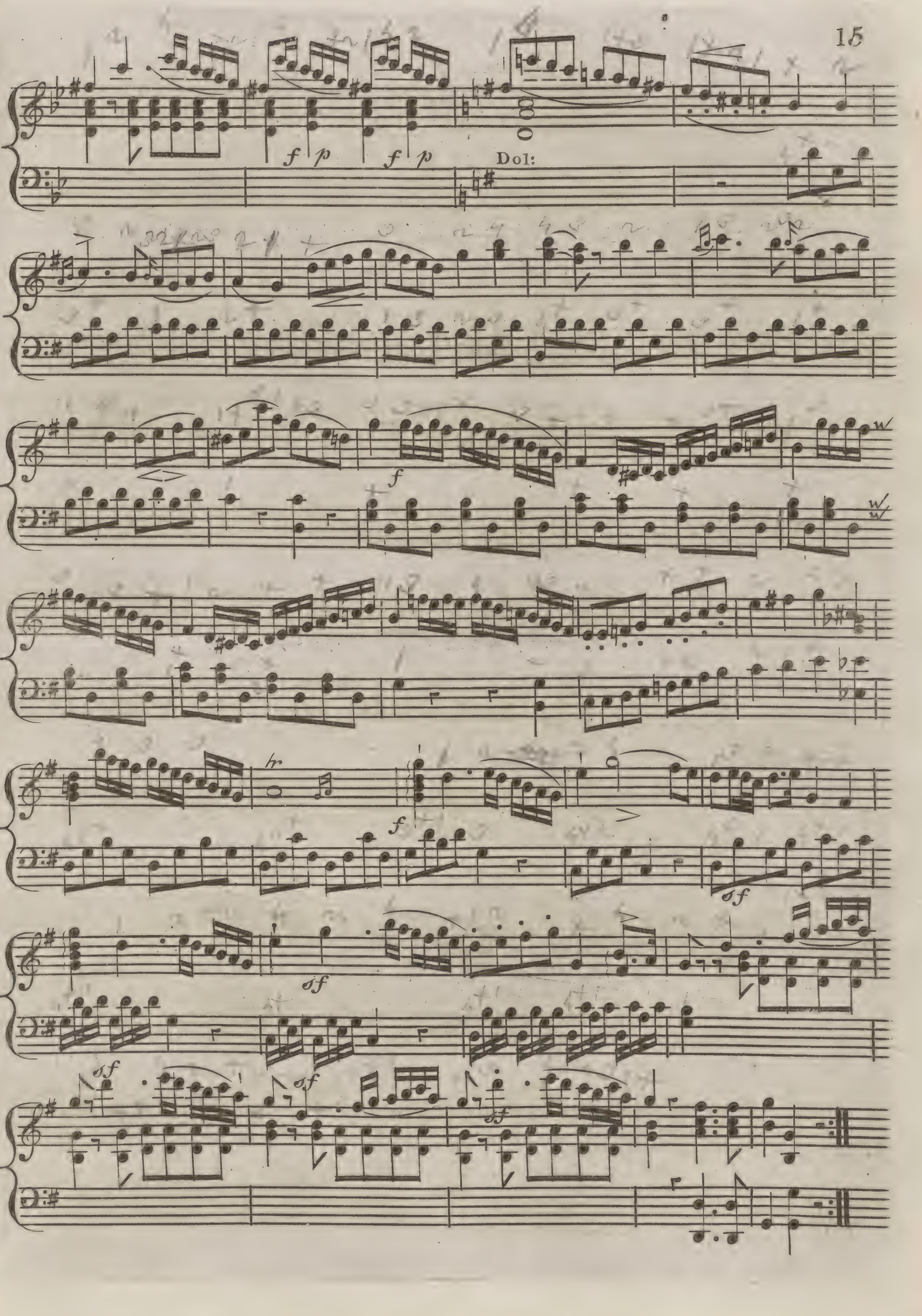
SONATA III

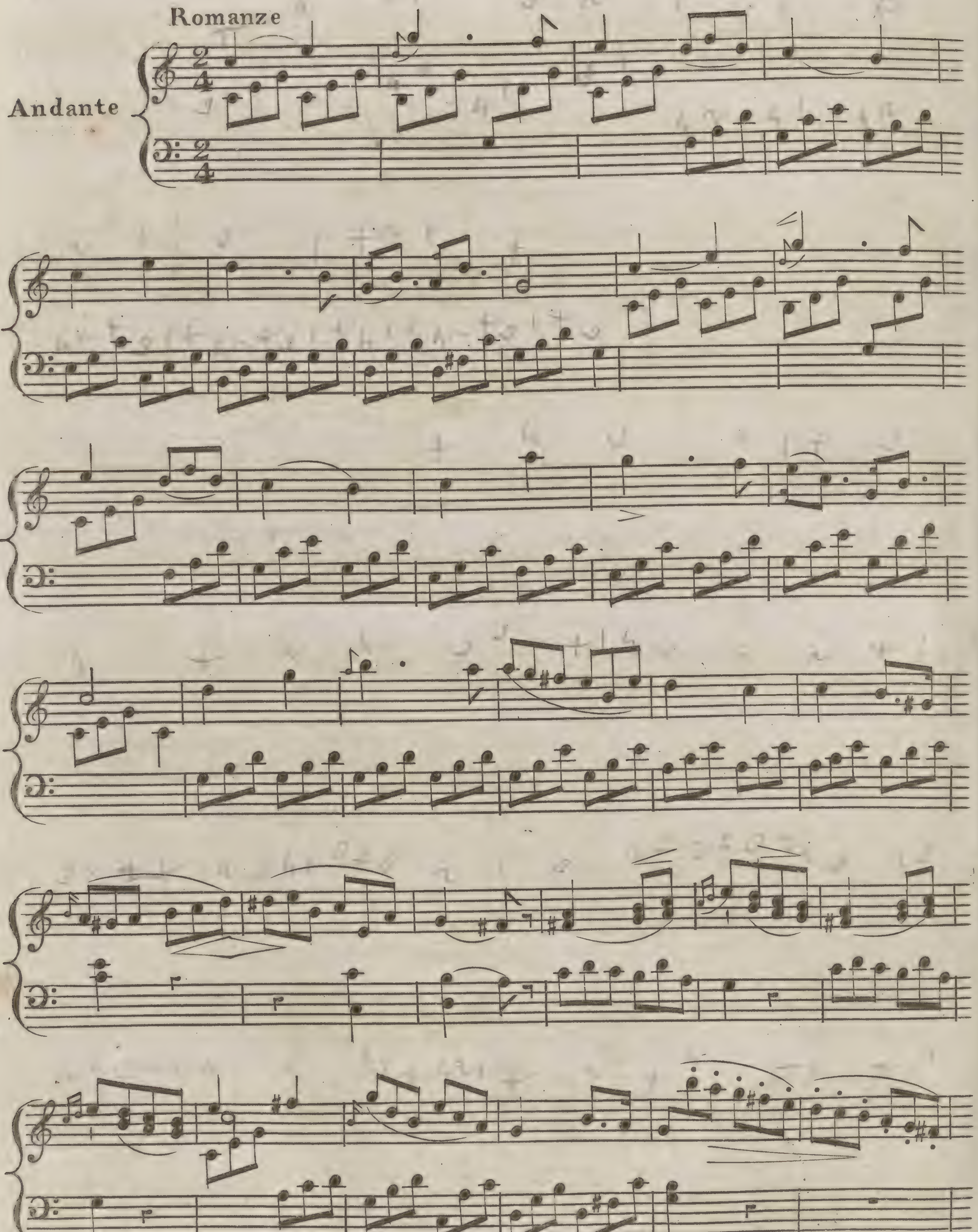
Allegro moderato

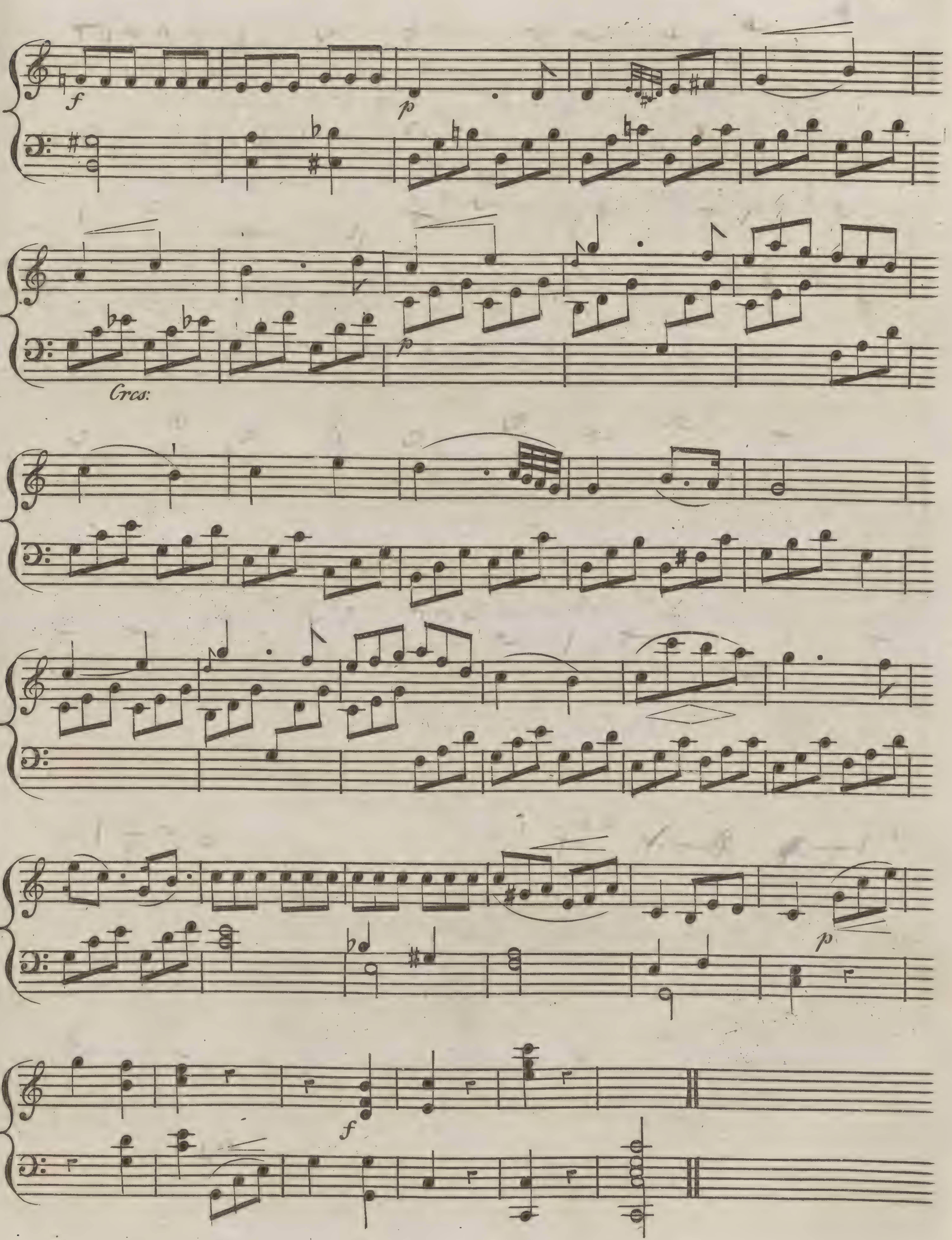



f
f
tr

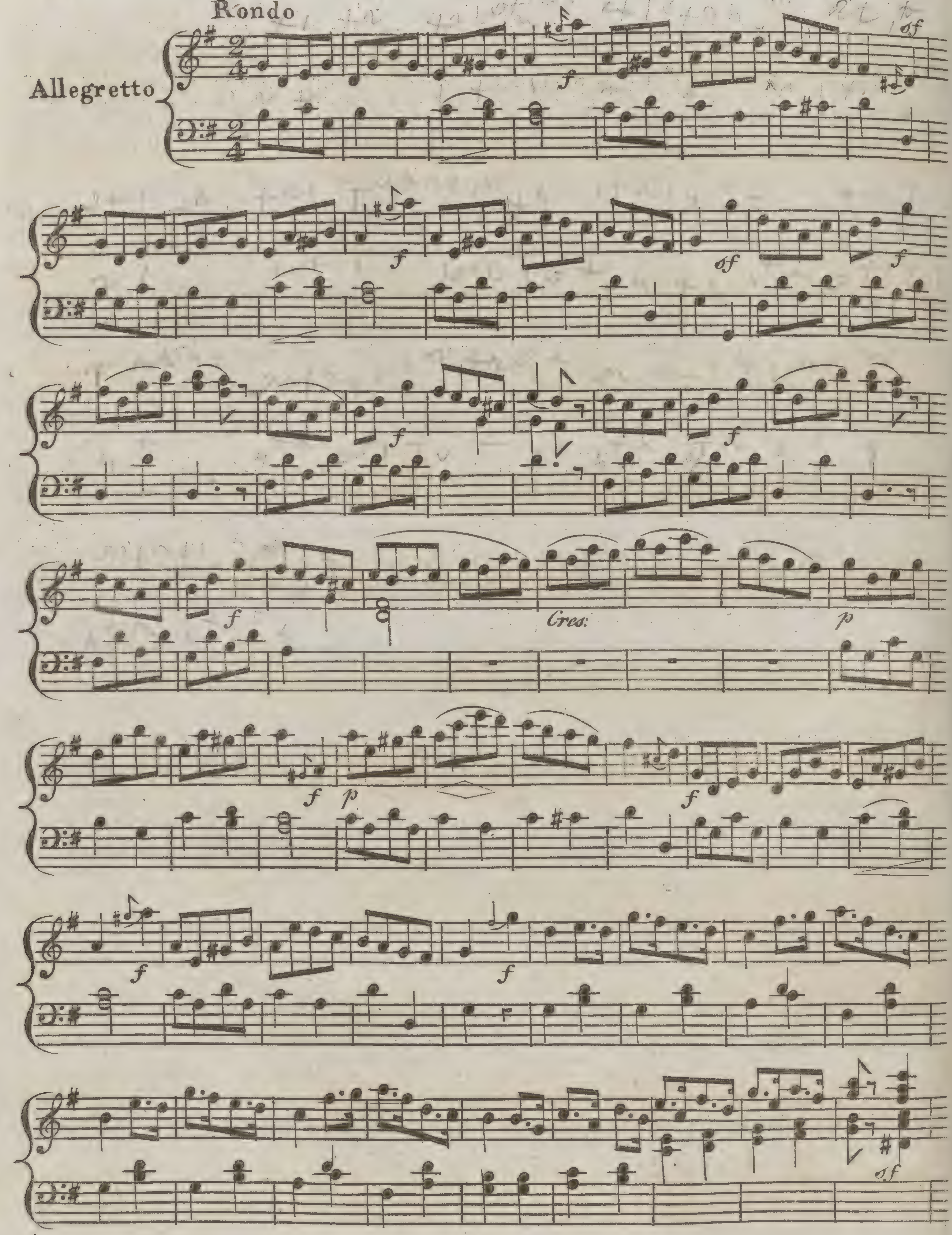

f
p
f
sf
sf
p
Dim:
p

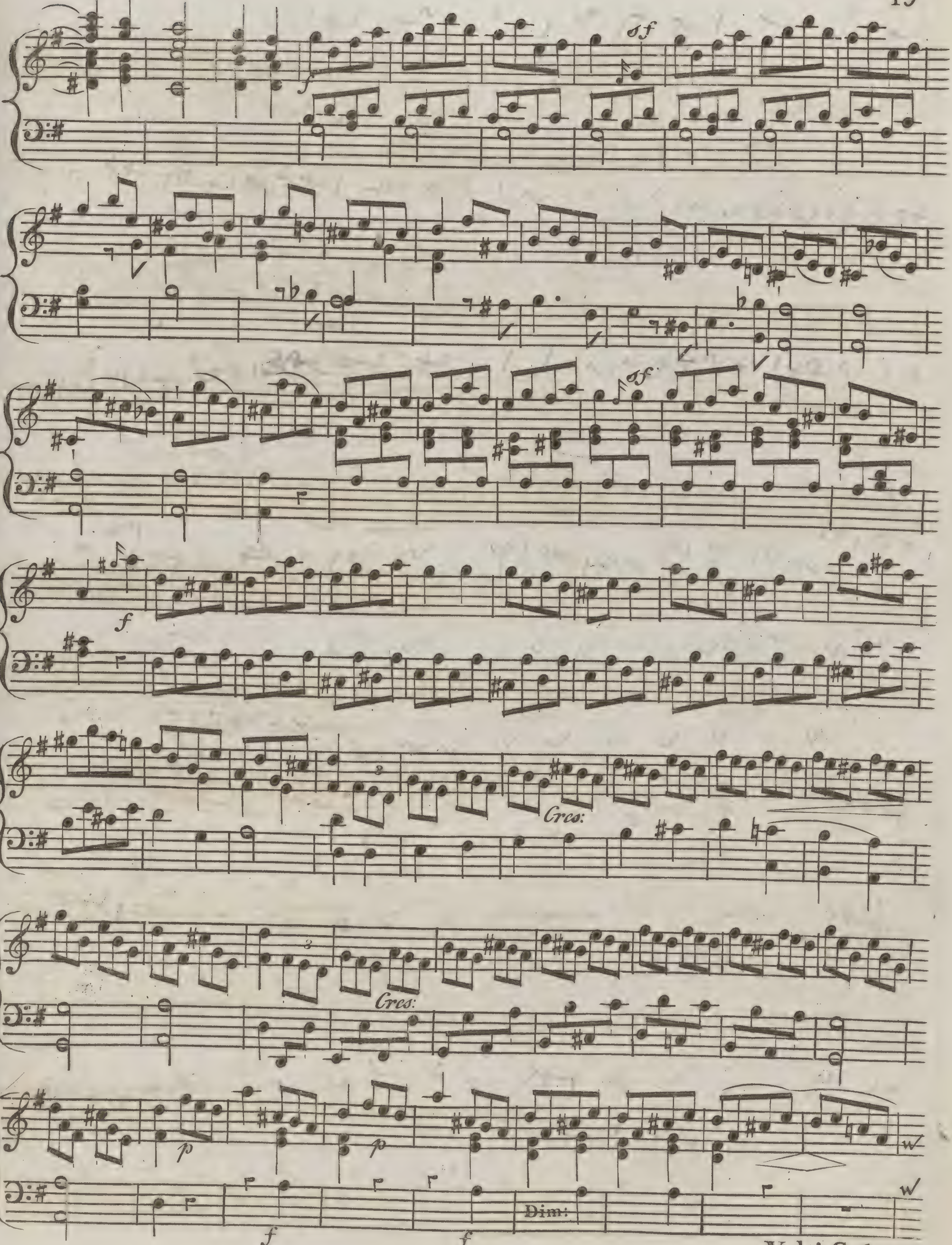

f
p
f
p
Dol:
f
tr
f
sf
sf
sf
sf


Romanze
Andante

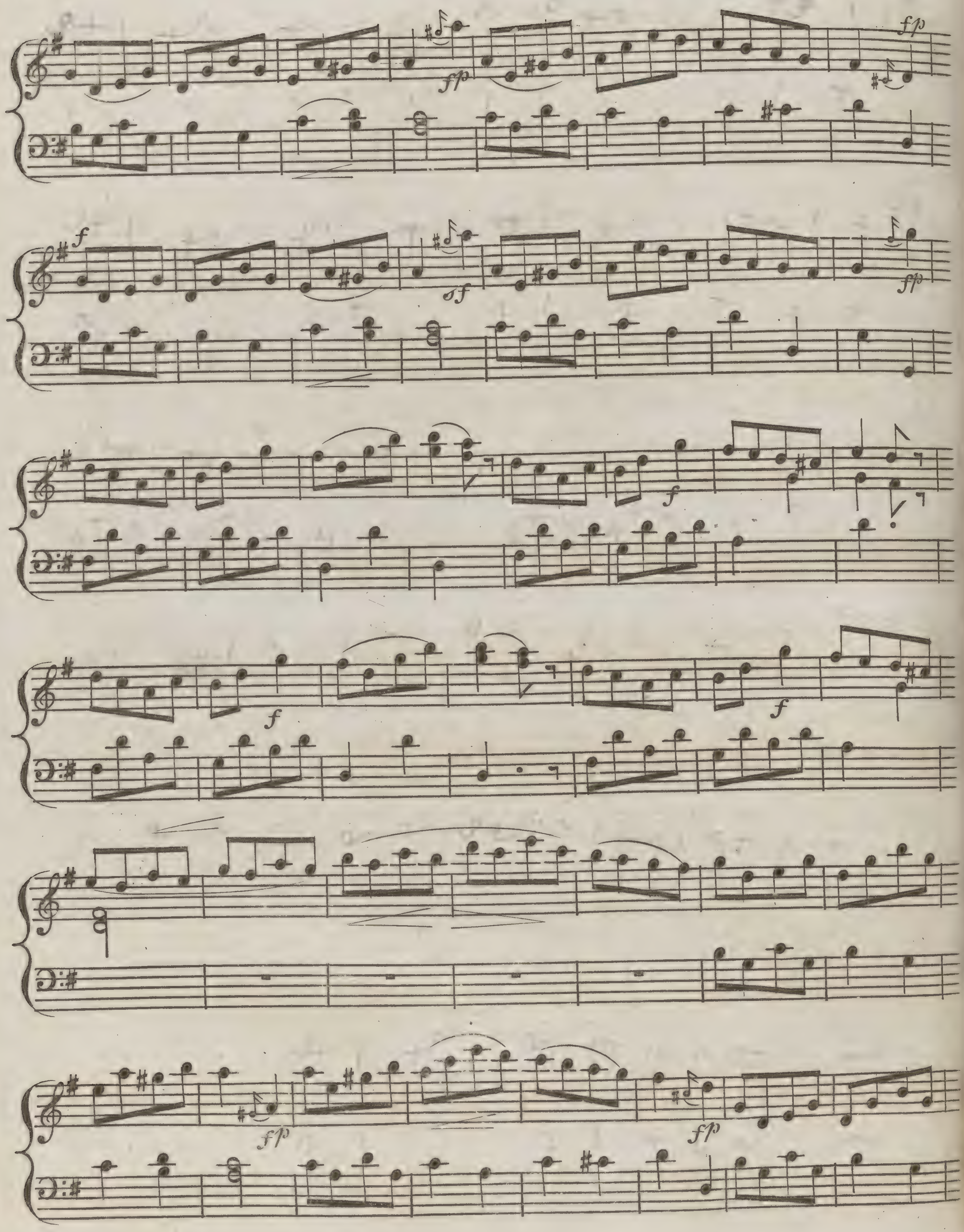

f
p
Cres:
p
p
f

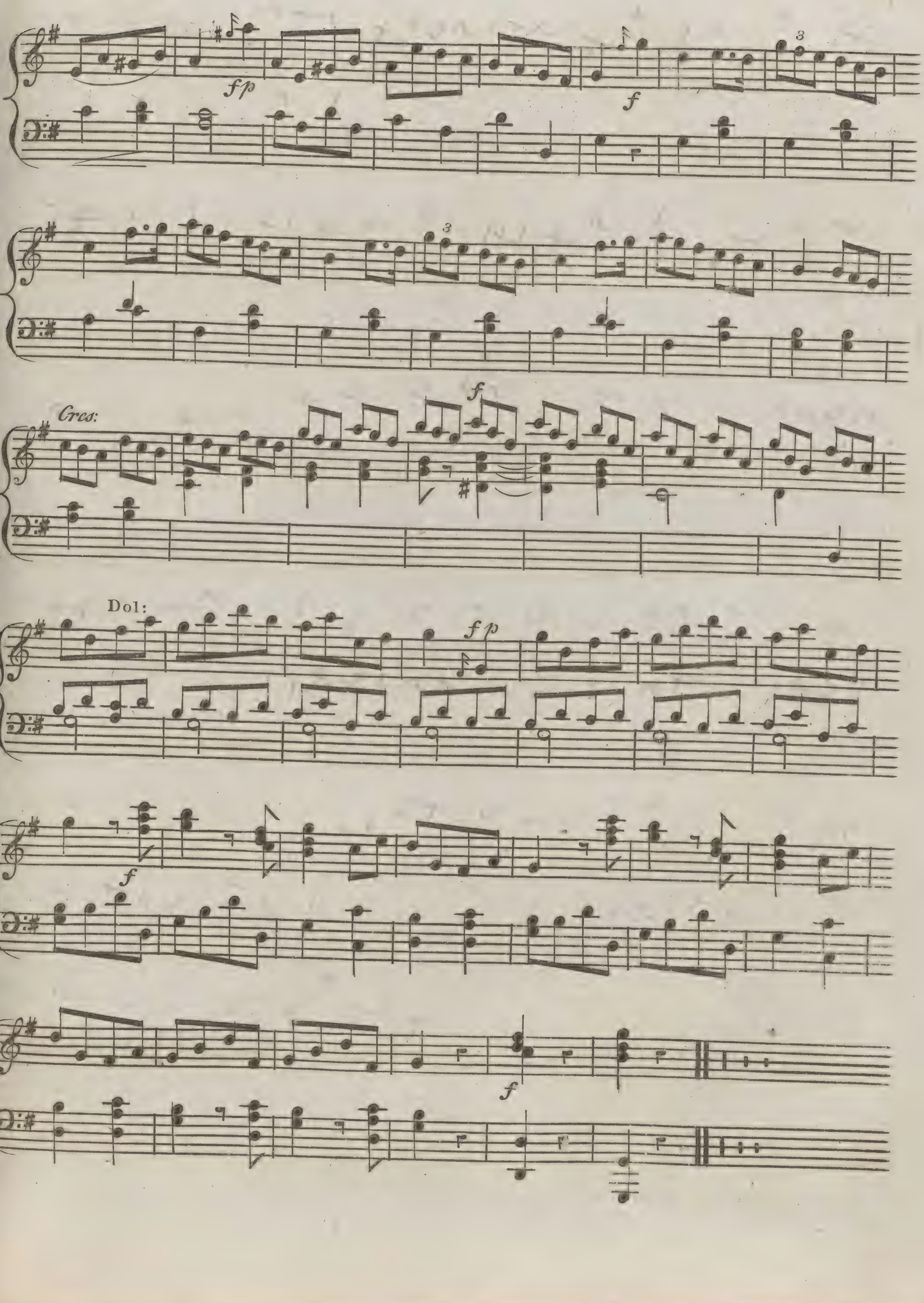
Rondo





Volti Sub:


fp
fp
f
sf
fp
f
f
f
fp
fp


fp
f
3
Cres:
f
Dol:
fp
f
f

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Composed by Wm. Reeve

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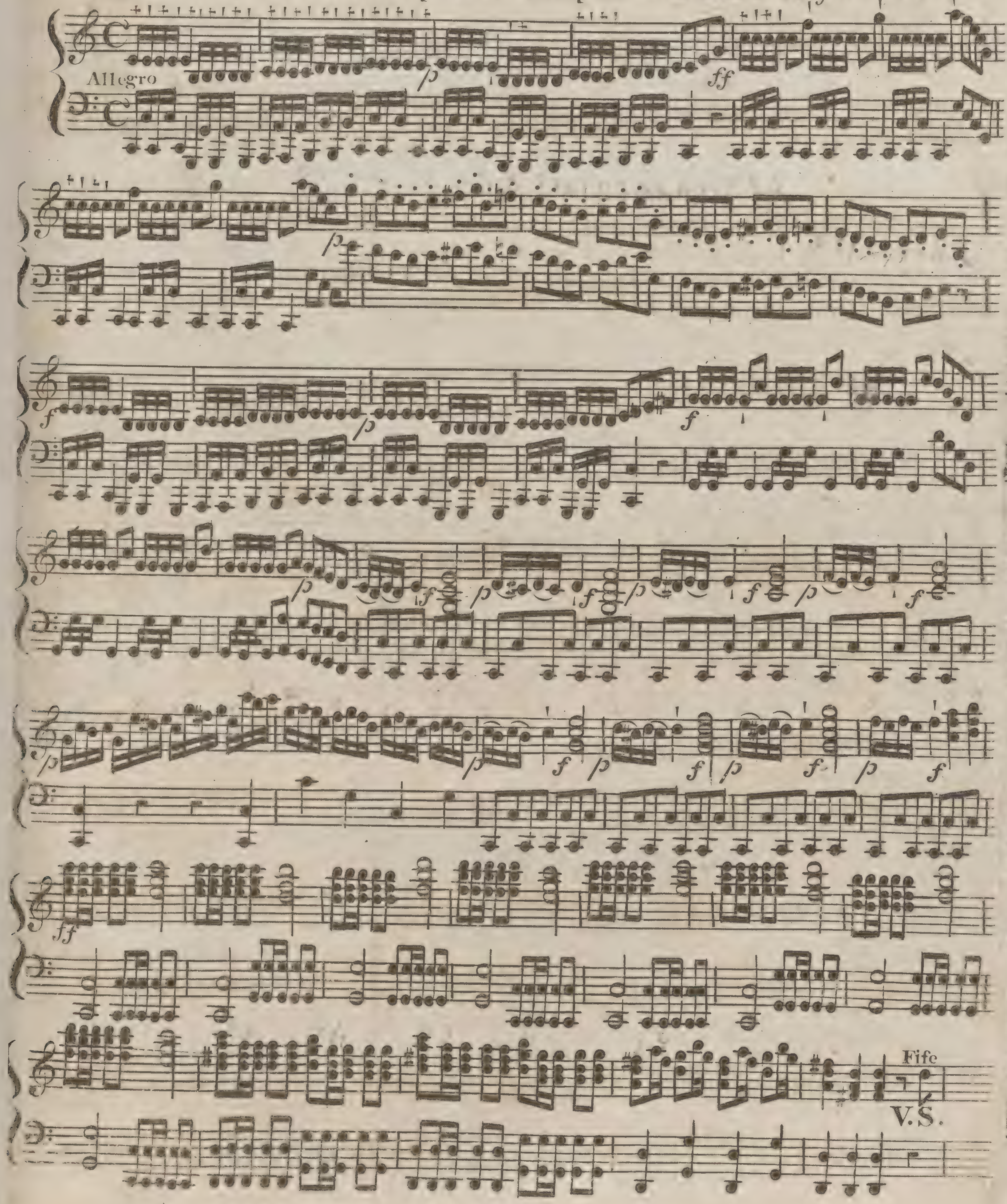
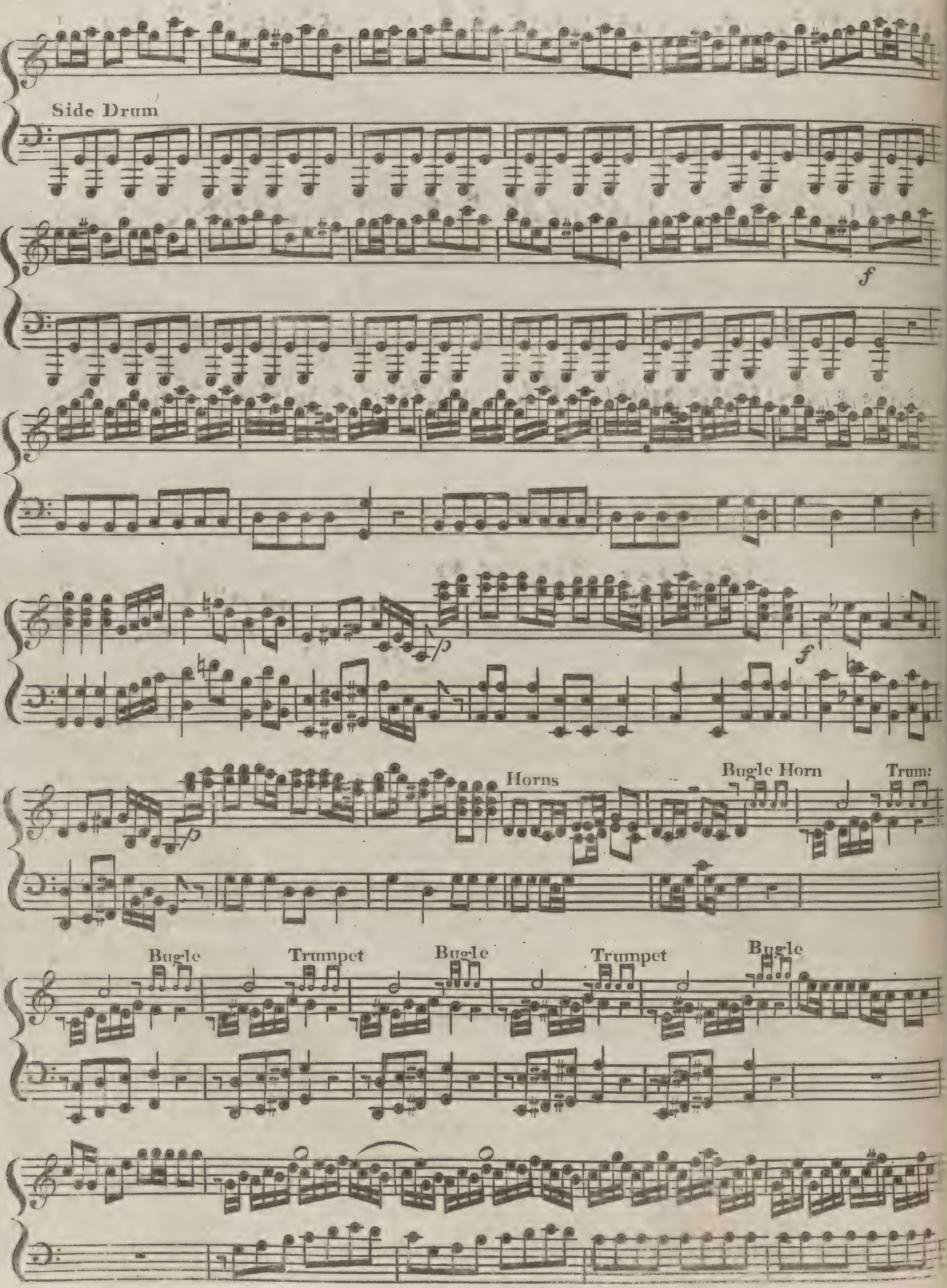
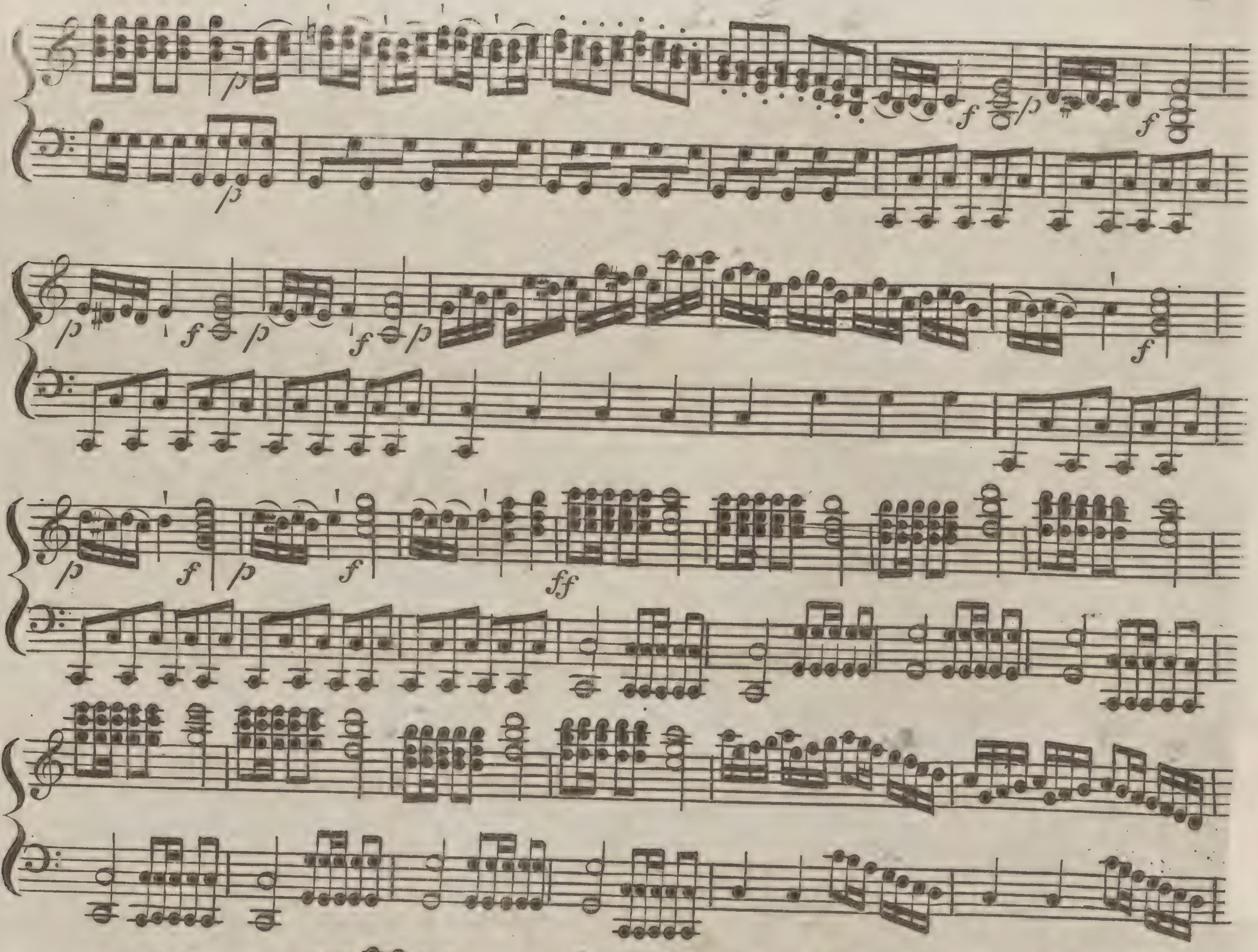
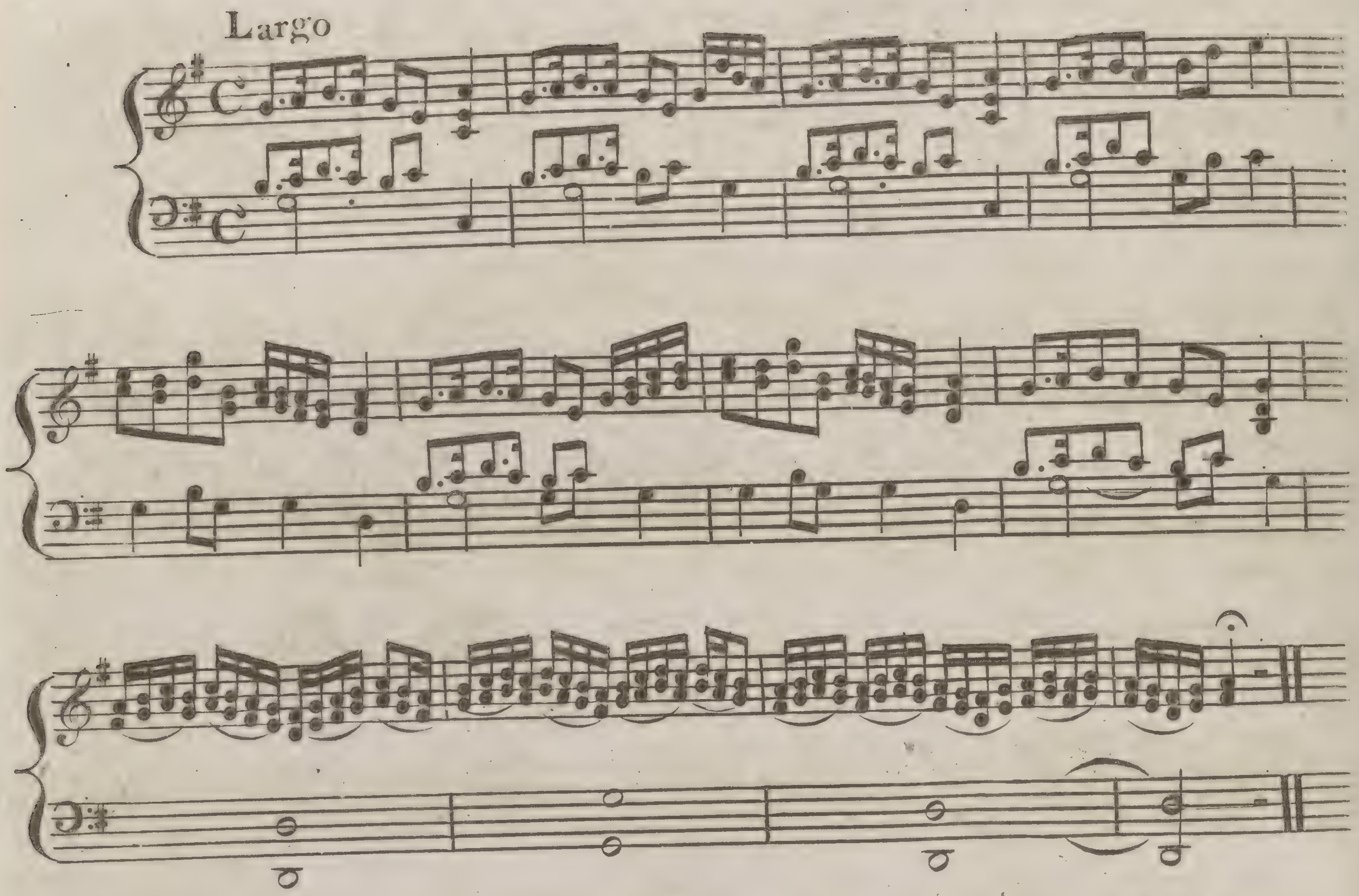
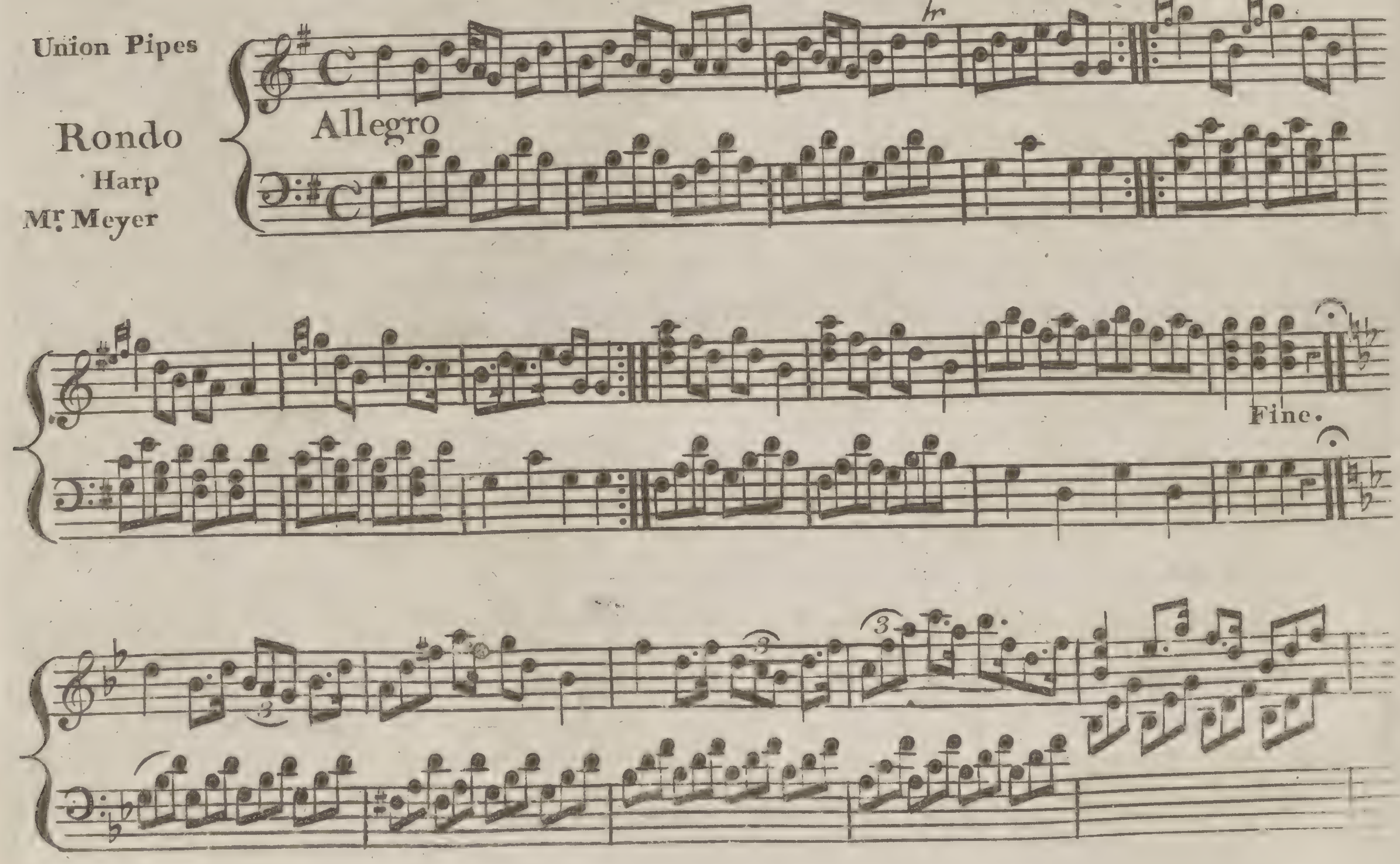


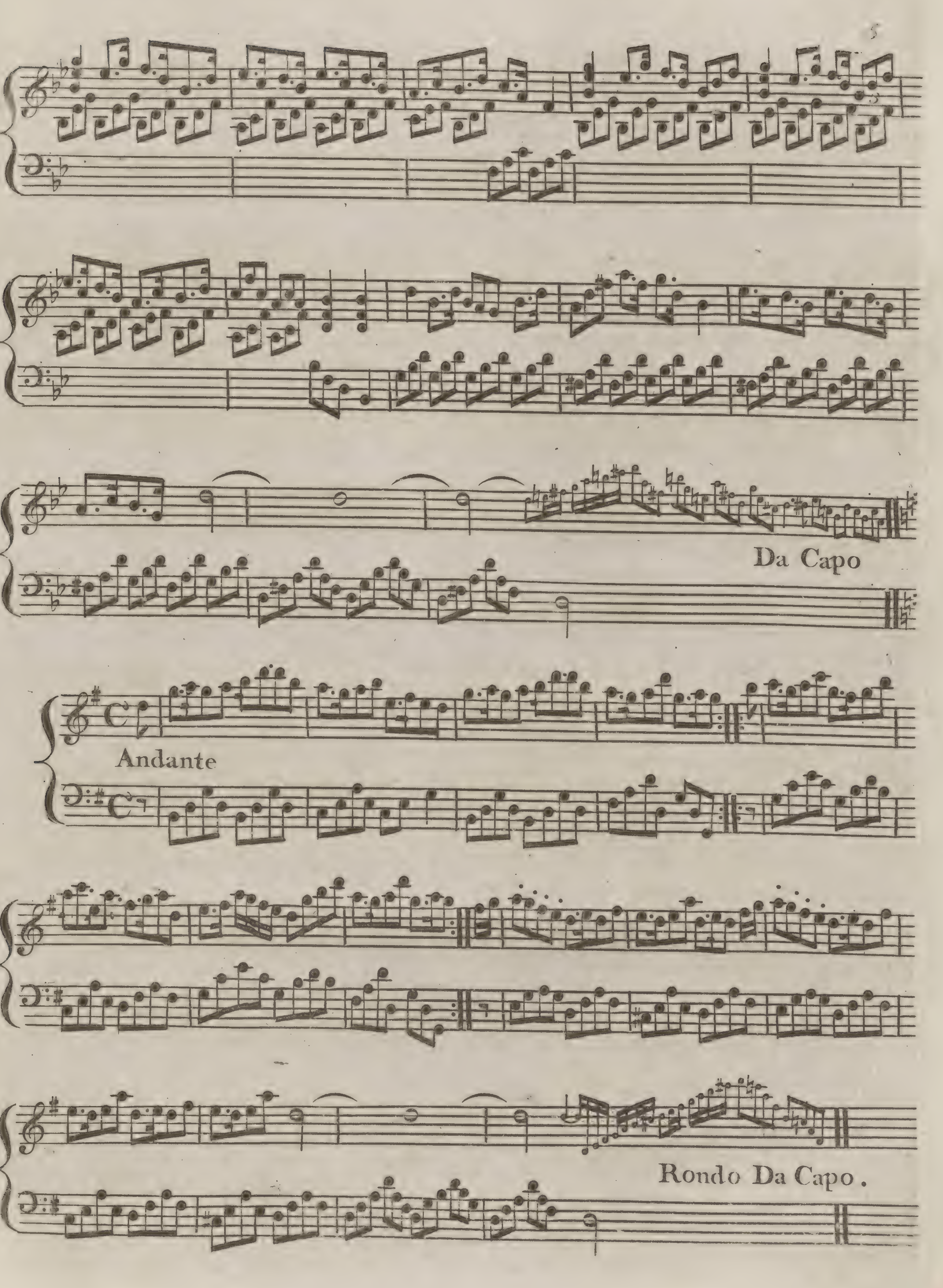
854


Side Drum
f
p
f
p
Horns
Bugle Horn
Trum:
Bugle
Trumpet
Bugle
Trumpet
Bugle


p
p
f
p
f
p
f
p
f
p
f
p
f
p
f
ff
Fifes
Fifes
Drum
tutti
Drum
tutti
V.S.

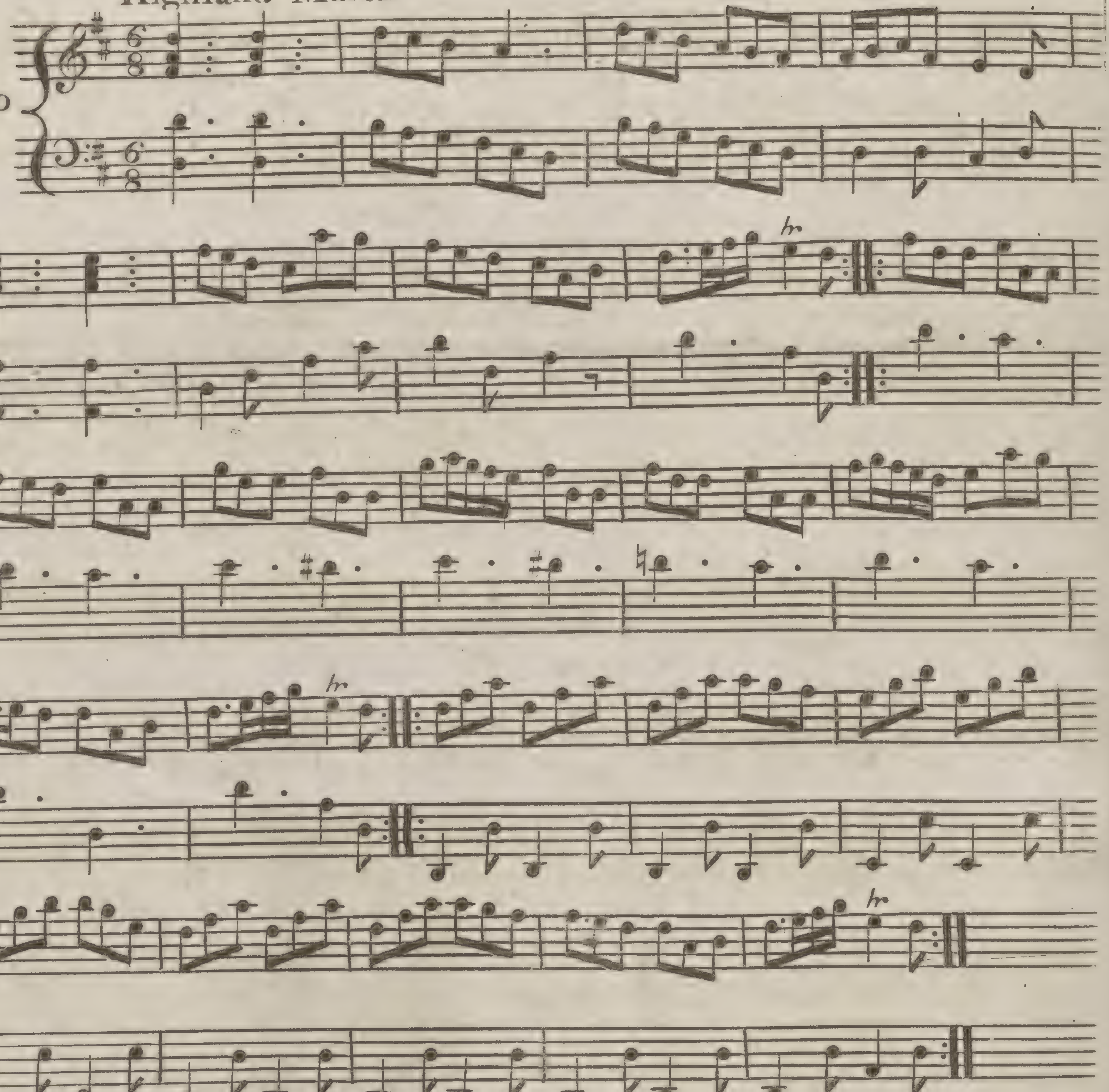

Largo


Union Pipes
Rondo
Harp
Mr. Meyer
Allegro
tr
Fine.
3
3
3


Da Capo
Andante
Rondo Da Capo.

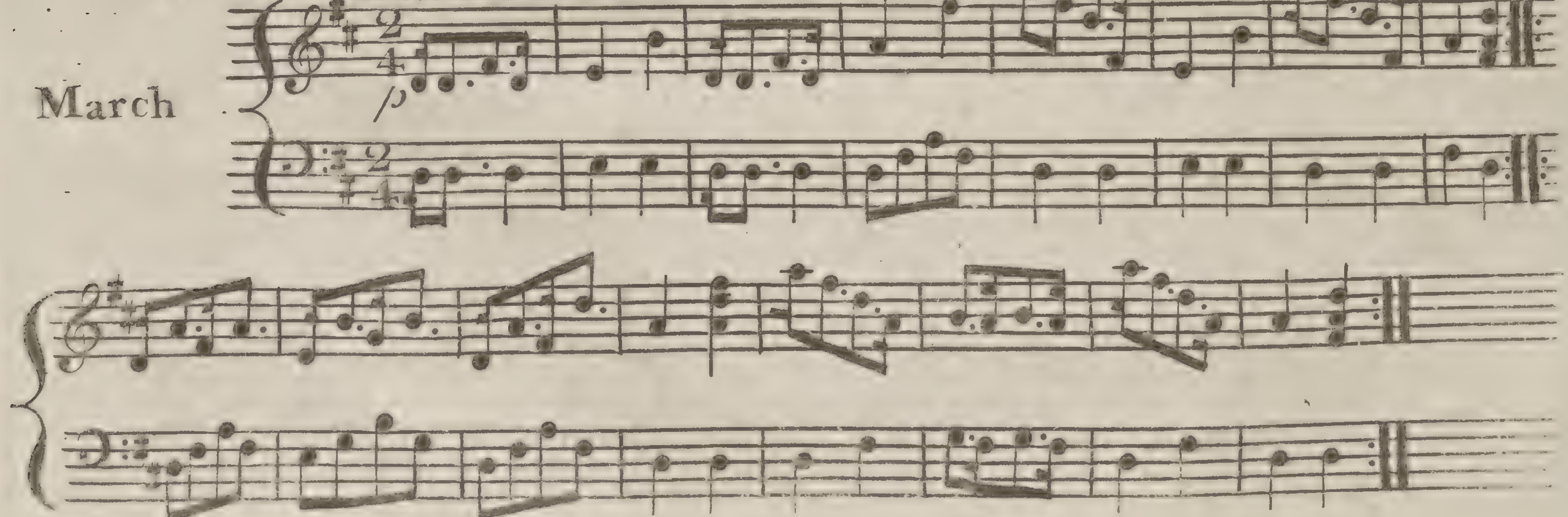
Highland March

Allegro

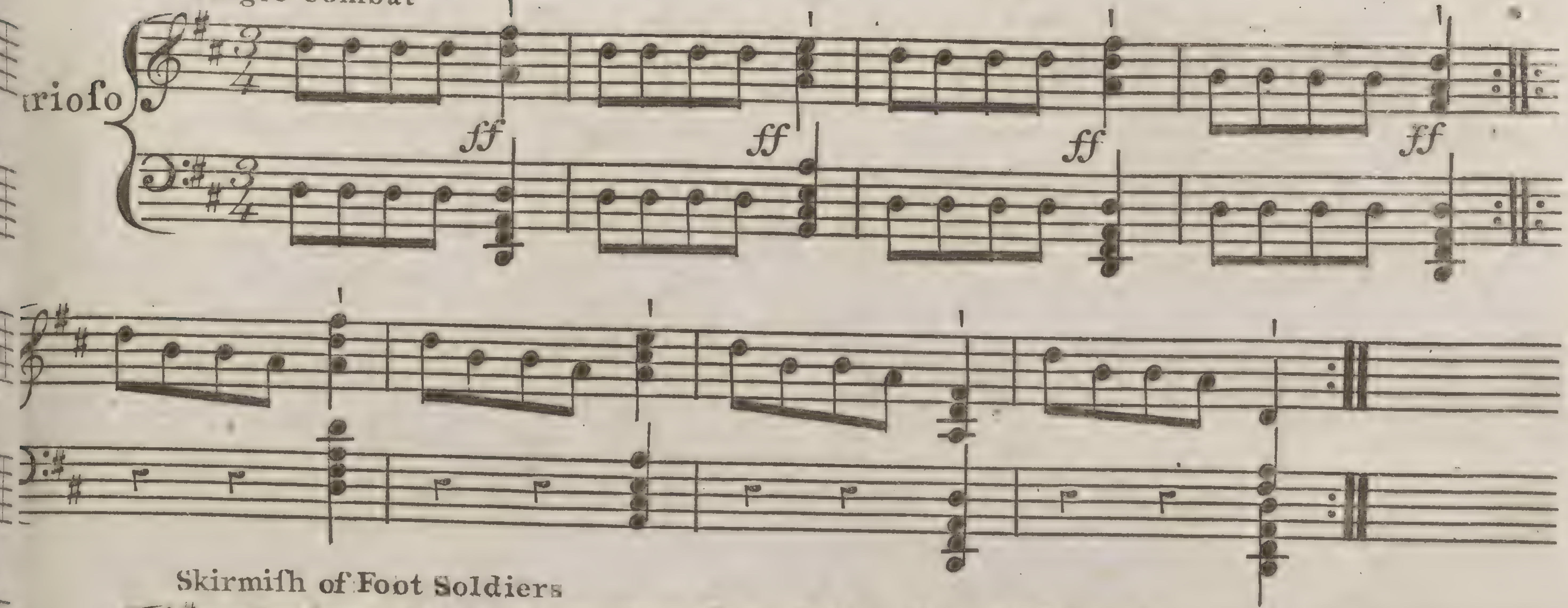


Battle Piece

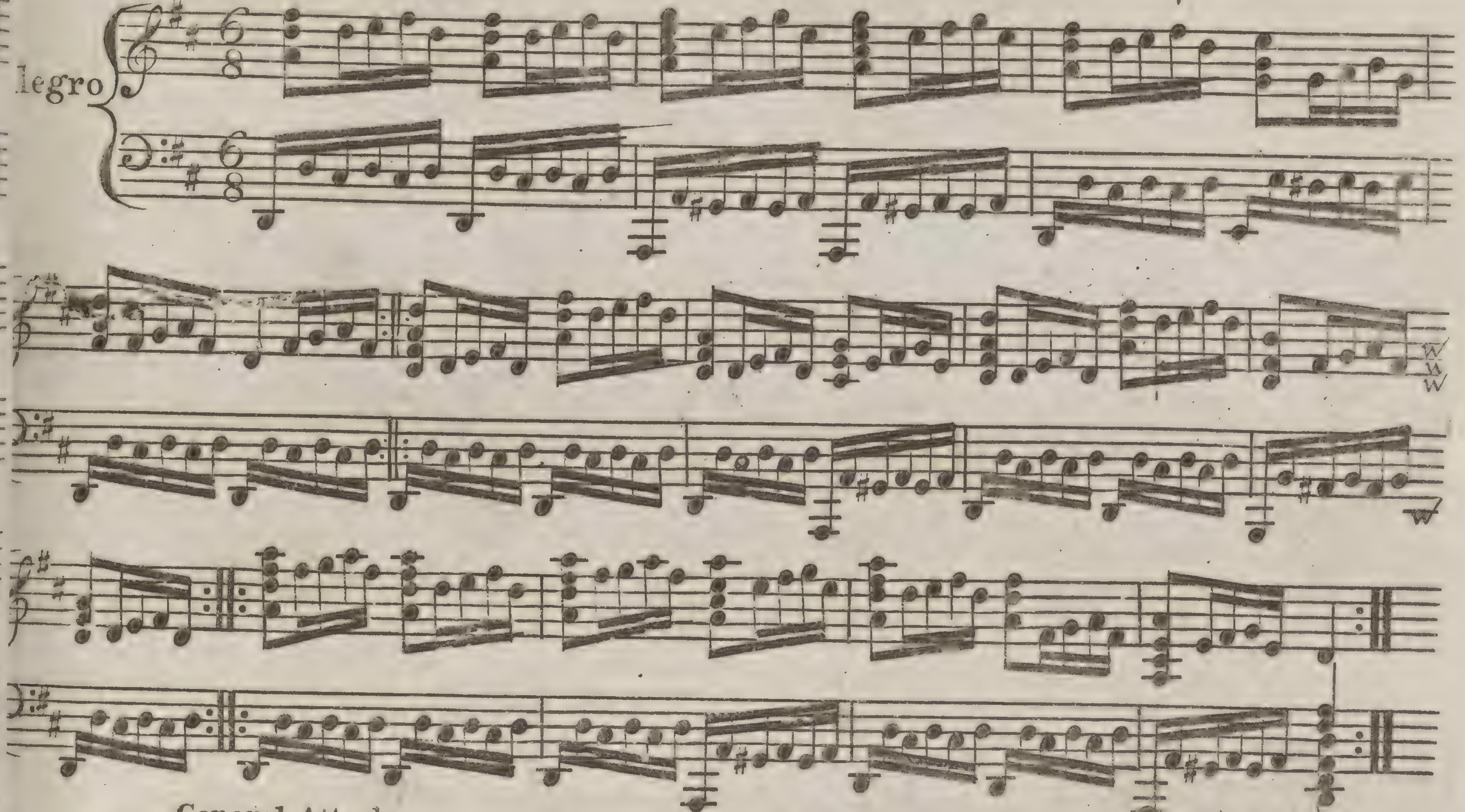
March



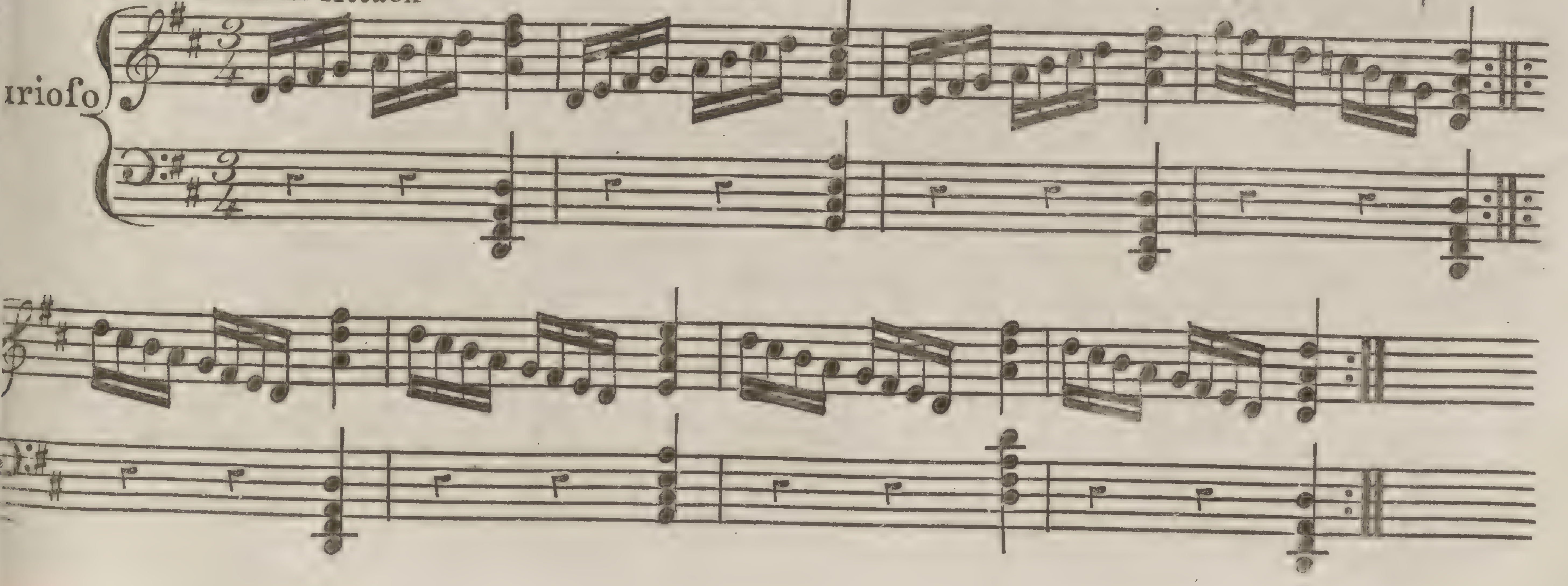
Single Combat



Skirmiſh of Foot Soldiers



General Attack



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[illegible] Overtures …… 8	12	0
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[illegible] …… 1	21	0
Boccherini's …… 2	7	6
Colletts	10	6
Emanuel's	6	0
Graaſs …… 11	10	6
Haydn's …… Op 15	7	6
Malderes …… 1	10	6
Pugnani's …… 4 and 8 each	15	0
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Richter's	10	6
…… 3d ſet	15	0
Schwindl's …… 1	10	6
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Malderes Seven, each	2	0
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Blackmoor	2	0
Carattaco …… Bach	3	6
Deſerter	2	0
Elfrida	2	0
Elopement	2	0
Fairy Prince …… Dr Arne	2	0
Inſtitution of the Garter	2	6
King Arthur	2	0
Nannette & Lubine	2	0
Maid of Oaks	2	6
Poll[illegible] …… Dibdin	2	0
Roſe …… Dr Arne	2	0
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Aviſons	1	0
Barthelemons	7	0
Giardini's …… Op 15	21	0
Tartini's	10	6
Single Concertos for Violins Principale		
Aviſon's from Scarlatti	2	6
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FOR CONCERTS		
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Cocchi's Quintets	5	0
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Stannard's Marches	3	0
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VIOLIN MUSIC		
Quintets for Violins &c		
Galleotti's Minuets	3	6
Reinards Quintets	10	6
Quartots for Violins &c		
Abel's	10	6
Bach's	10	6
Bem's	8	0
Berretta's	8	0
Cirri's …… 10 and 13 each	10	6
Giordani's …… 2	10	6
Haydn's …… Op 7 and 9 each	10	6
Kammell's Op 4 and 12 each	10	6
Rauzzini's …… 2	10	6
Richter's	10	6
Trios for two Violins & Baſs		
Abel's	5	0
A, B, C, D.	2	0
Aguss's …… 4 and 6 each	10	6
Alberlini's	5	0
Alleſſandri's	10	6
Bach Abel's & Kammells	10	6
Barbella's	10	6
Barsanti's …… 6	7	6
Boni's	5	0
Campioni's …… 7	7	6
Cannaletti's	5	0
Capeletti's	4	0
Chiesa's	10	6
Cirri's …… 4 and 6 each	10	6
Cramers	10	6
Deller's	10	6
Eight Italian	6	0
Flaclon's	5	0
Freake's …… 7	10	6
Galleotti's 1st Set	7	6
…… 2d Set …… 4	7	6
Graaſs …… 10	6	0
Guerini's …… 8	5	0
Haydn's …… 3	6	0
Humbl's 2 3 4 5 & 7 Set each	7	6
…… Op 7	7	6
Iraces	21	0
Kammel's …… 3 and 7 each	10	6
…… Notturnos …… 6	10	6
Kotzwara's Trios …… 5	7	6
Lates's …… 5	7	6
Leach's	5	0
Lidarti's …… 1st & 2d Set each	7	6
Lidel's …… 1	10	6

VIOLIN MUSIC		
Trios Continued.		
Maghorini's	5	0
Meneſini's …… 1	5	0
Miſlewecks	10	6
Nosori's …… 10	7	6
Peschi's …… Op 2	7	6
Pugnati's …… 1	6	0
…… 9	10	6
Raimondi's	6	0
Ricci's …… 3	10	6
Sabbatini's …… 1	5	0
Schwindl's …… 5	7	6
Smith's	10	6
Toesch's Conversation	7	6
Vento's	10	6
Vttini's …… 1	5	0
Zannetti's …… 1	5	0
Zappa's …… 2 and 4 each	10	6
Zuccarts	5	0
Trios fr. a Violin Tenor & Baſs		
Boccherini's	10	6
Niſſen's	10	6
Radiger's	8	0
Duets for Two Violins		
Avolio's	5	0
Bach's	5	0
Barthelemon's …… 4	10	6
Boccherini's	7	6
Campioni's	6	0
Fisher's	7	6
Francisconi's	5	0
Giardini's …… 13	10	6
Guerini's …… 5	5	0
Humbl's	5	0
Kammel's …… 11	10	6
Lales's …… 1	1	0
Manini's	5	0
Mazzanti's …… 1	7	6
Mazzinghi and Nardini's	5	0
Nardini and Pla's	5	0
Neferi's …… 11	5	0
Peschi's	6	0
Rambach's …… 6	6	0
Sabbatini's	1	6
Syrmen's …… 1	7	6
Duets for a Violin and Tenor		
Bloke's …… Op 2	10	6
Le Brun's …… 1	10	6
Schwindl's	7	6
Duets fr. a Violin & Violoncello		
Asplmayr's	5	0
Campioni's	5	0
Celestino's	10	6
…… 3	6	0
Cirri's …… 12	10	6
Kotzwara's …… Op 7	7	6
Schroeter's	6	0
Schwindl's …… 6	7	6
Solos for a Violin.		
Celestino's …… 2	10	6
Collett's	5	0
Dauvbry's …… 8	6	0
Fistings …… 8	6	0
Fisher's …… 2 Sets each	10	6

VIOLIN MUSIC		
Solos continued		
Jones's	5	0
Lang's …… two	1	6
Lates's …… 3	4	0
Lolli's …… Op 1	7	6
Nardini's Solo	1	0
Noſeri's …… 11	6	0
Pieltain's	10	6
Pizzolato's	5	0
Stamitz	5	0
Stralico's	7	6
Tartini's	7	6
Zanetti's Solo	0	6
Miſcellaneous Pieces fr. a Violn		
Mac Gibbons Scoch Tunes with Variations	7	6
Mac Glashan's Reels	5	0
Mac Lean's Scotch Tunes with Variations	5	0
Pocket book for the Violin	5	0
Siret's Airs with Variatns	2	0
Tartini's Variations to Corelli's Gavot	2	6
Vivaldi's Cuckoo Concerto	0	6
…… 3 5 and 12th Concerto …… each	0	6
VIOLONCELO MUSIC		
Barelli's Divertiments	3	6
Cervetto's Duetts …… 2	10	6
Cirri's Solos …… 7	10	6
…… Duetts …… 8	10	6
…… Solos …… 11	6	0
…… Concertos …… 11	10	6
Eiſſeri's Solos	10	6
Garth's Concertos …… 1	10	6
Giordani's Duetts …… 18	7	6
Monchan's Airs	7	6
Paxton's Solos …… Op 1	10	6
BASSOON MUSIC		
Alcock's Duetts	1	0
Barreti's Do.	3	0
Hargrave's Concertos	10	6
Schier & Buhler's Do.	5	0
Schoberl's Duetts	4	0
GER: FLUTE MUSIC		
Concertos for a Ger. Flute		
Fischer's 1st 2d 3d and 7th …… each	4	0
Giordani's …… 6 …… 3	12	
…… Single each	2	
Giordani's …… 19	15	
Pla's	3	0
Reinard's …… Op 3	10	6
Toeschi's	12	0
Wendling's	2	0
Miſcellaneous Works for a German Flute		
Airs & Marches 2 Colls. ea.	6	0
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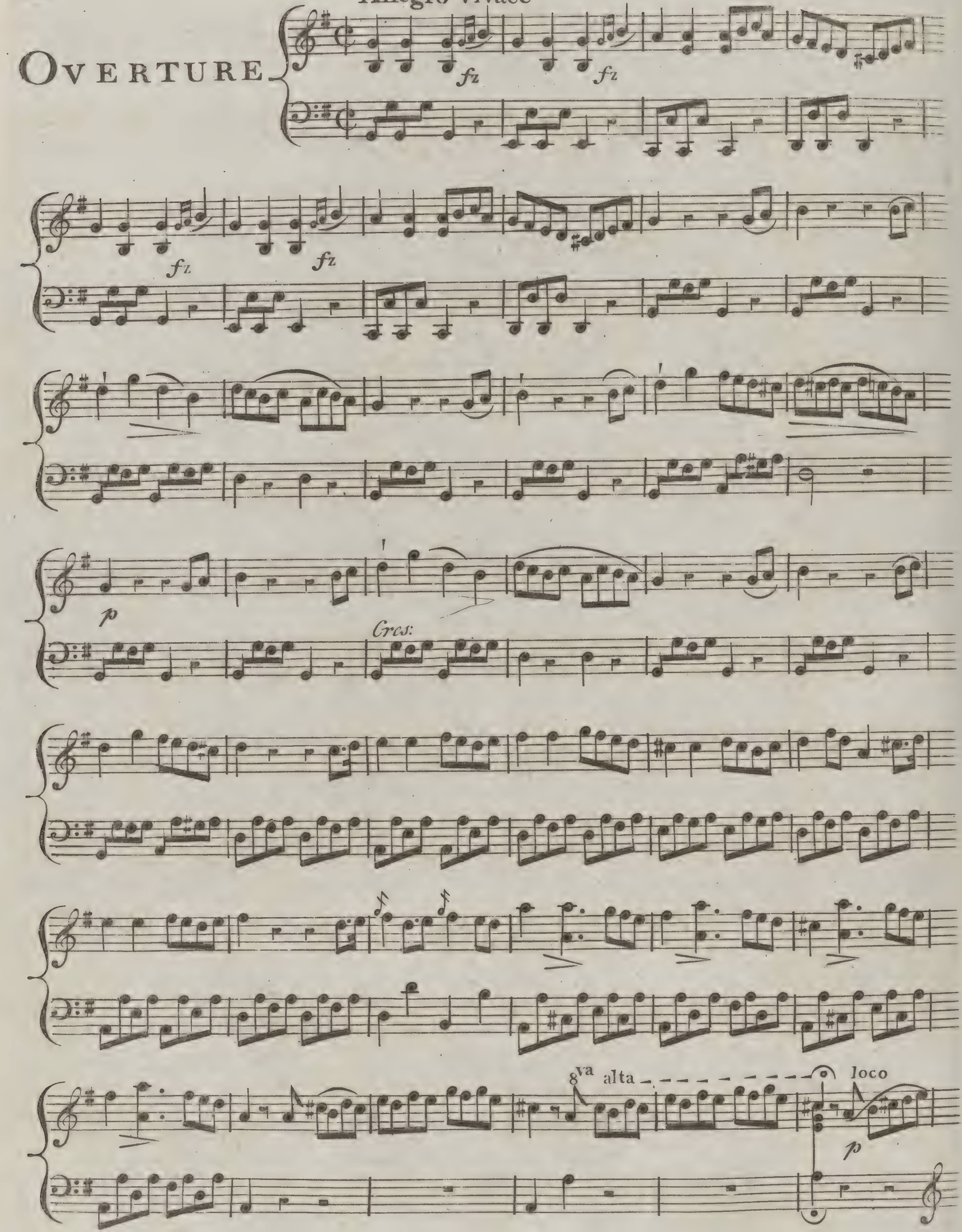

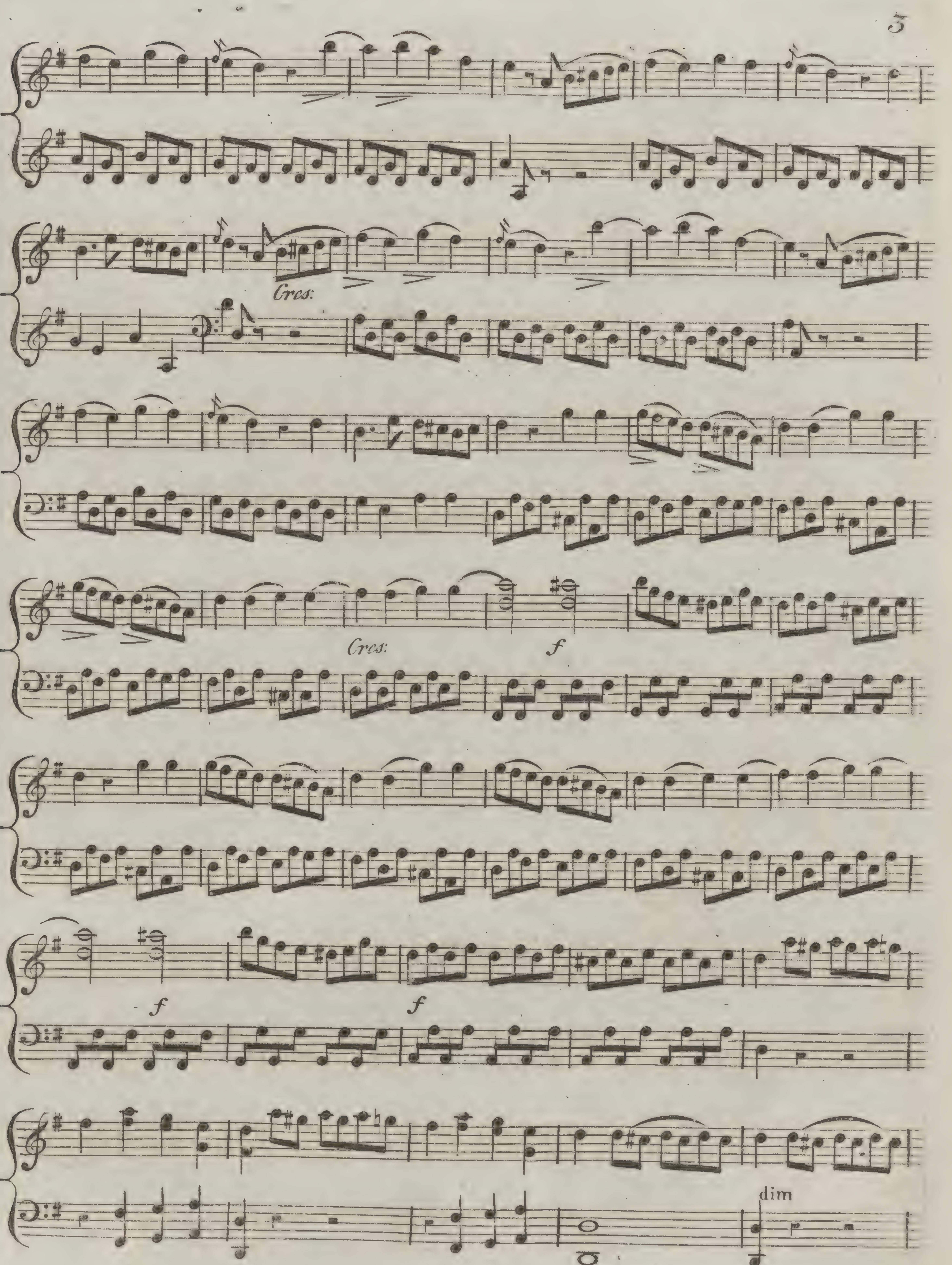
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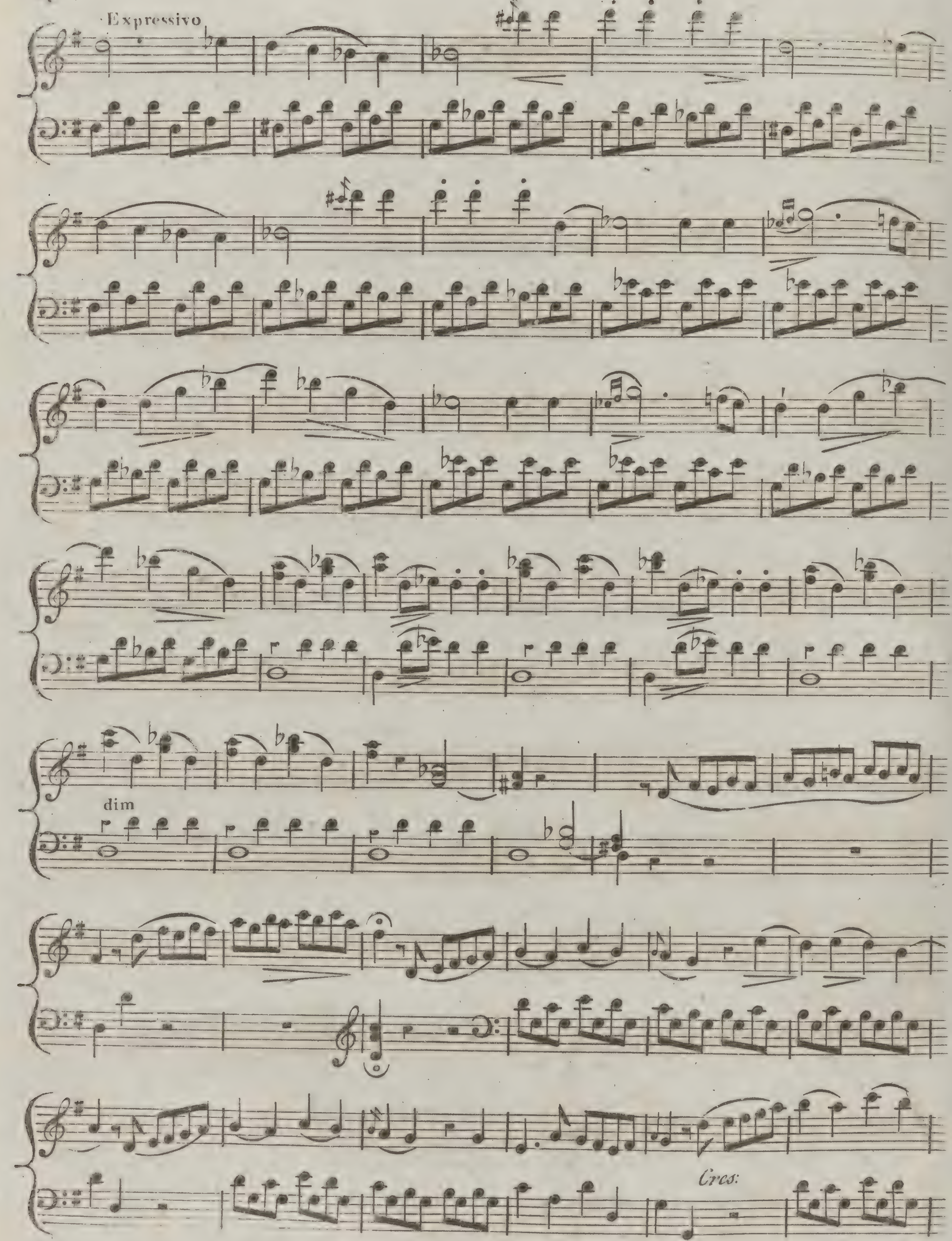
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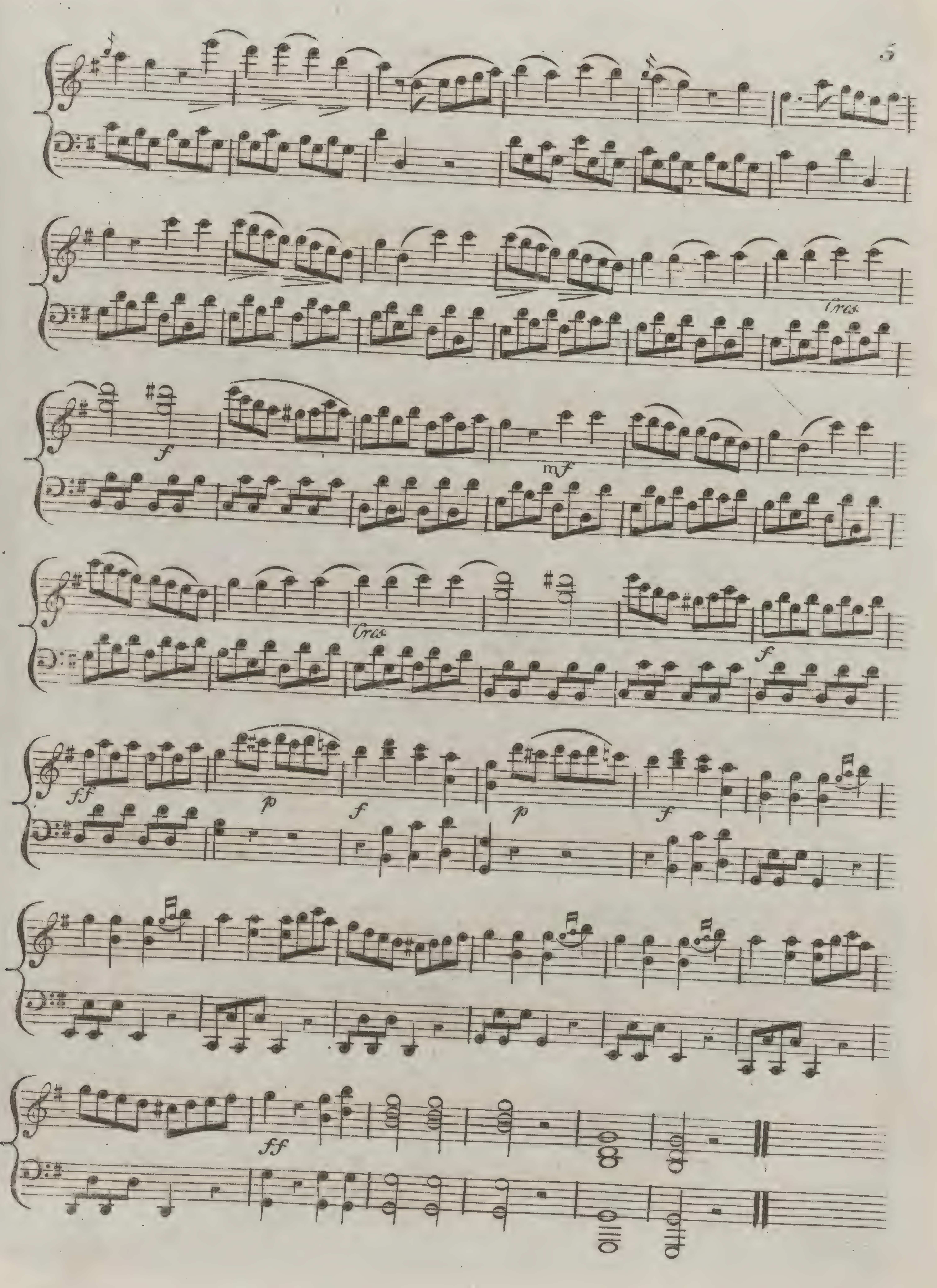
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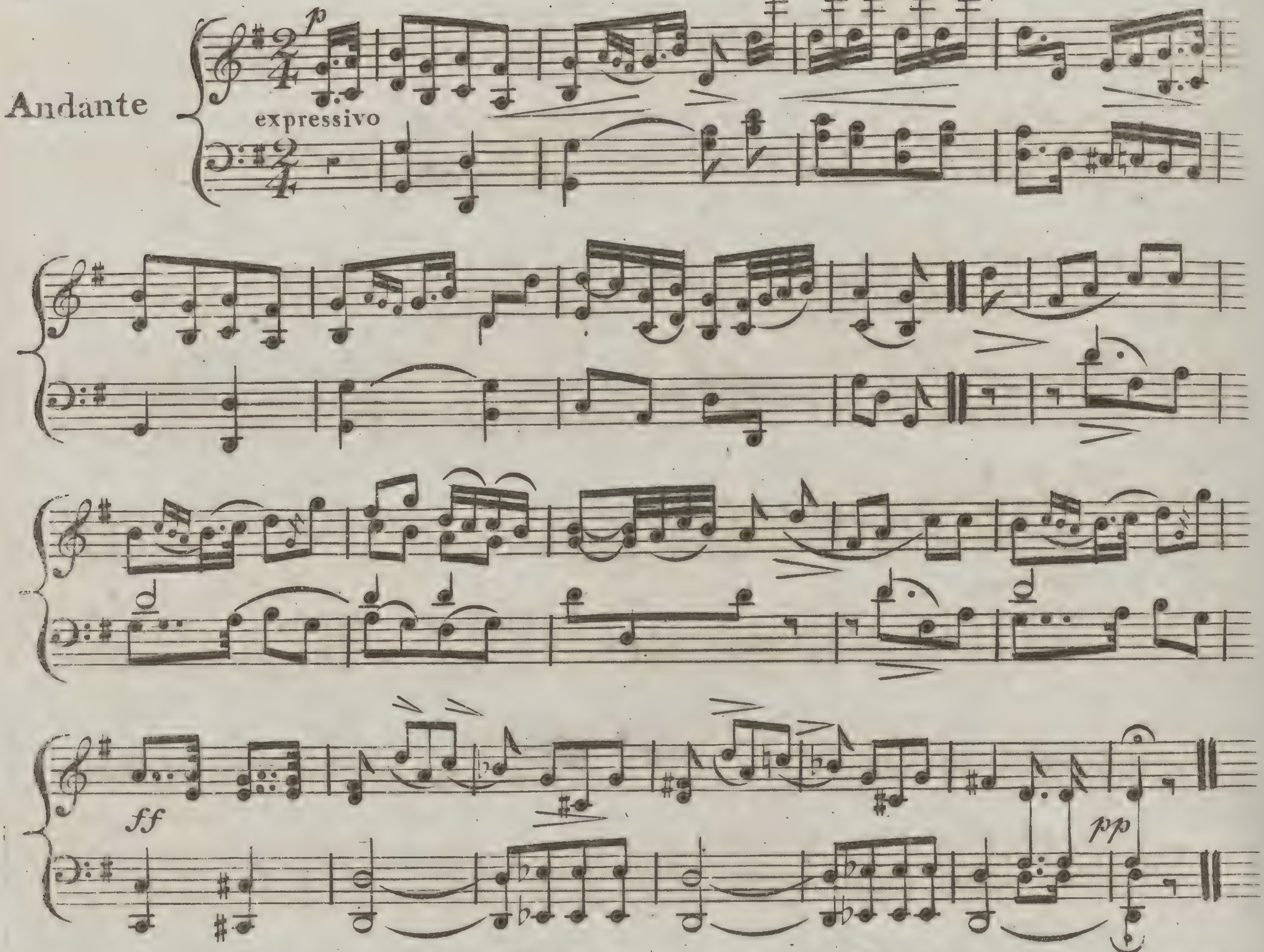
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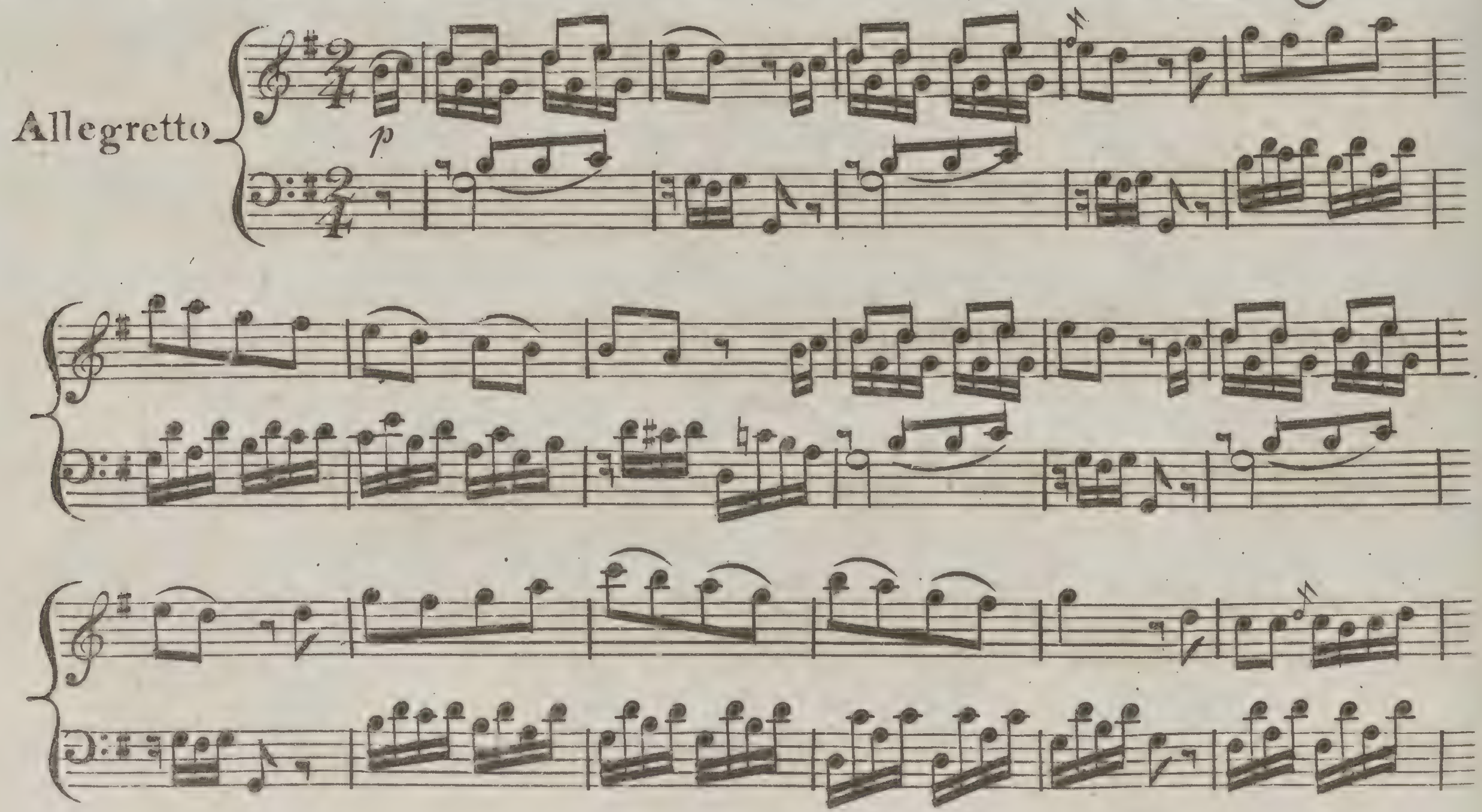
Allegretto
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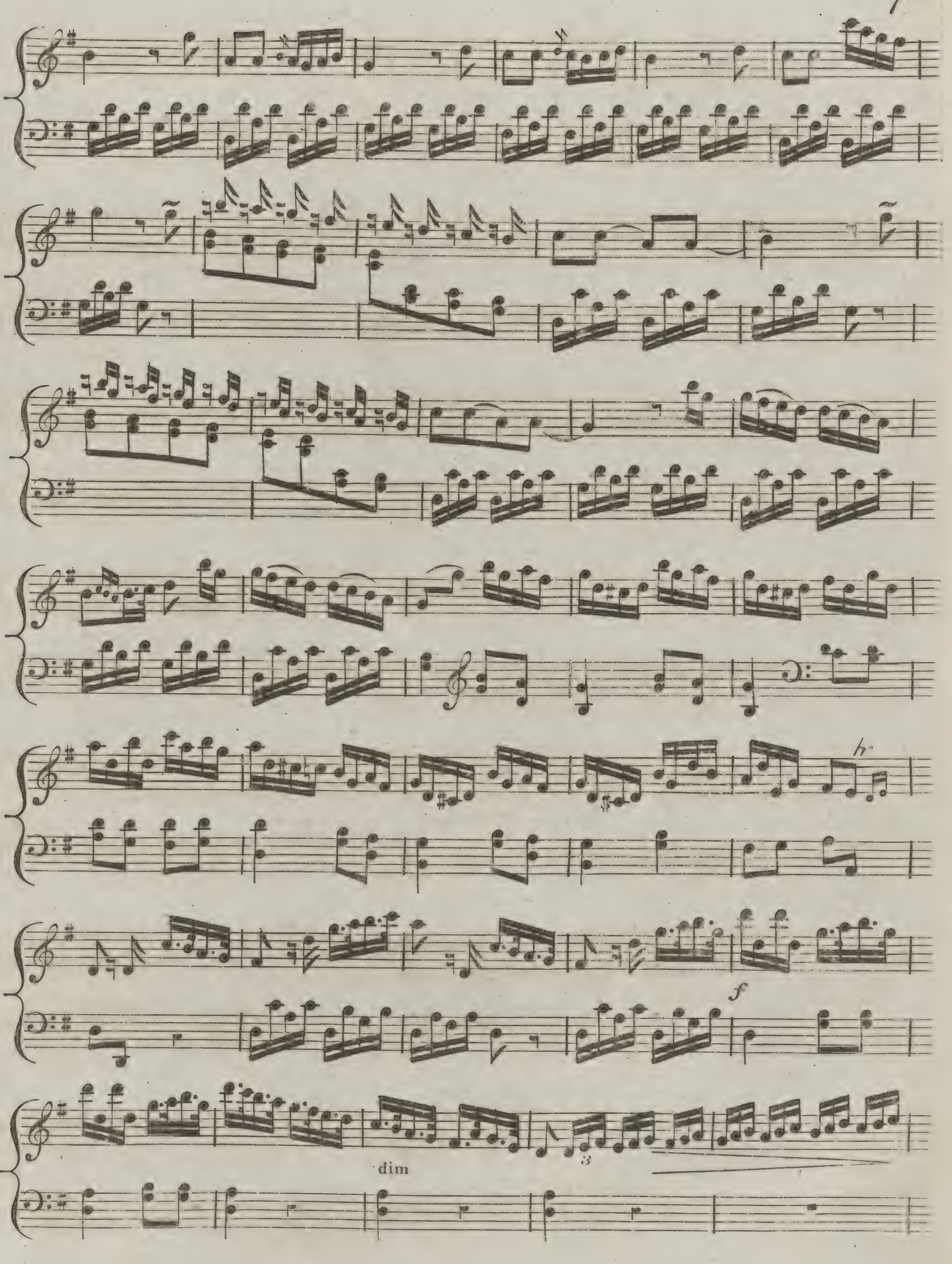
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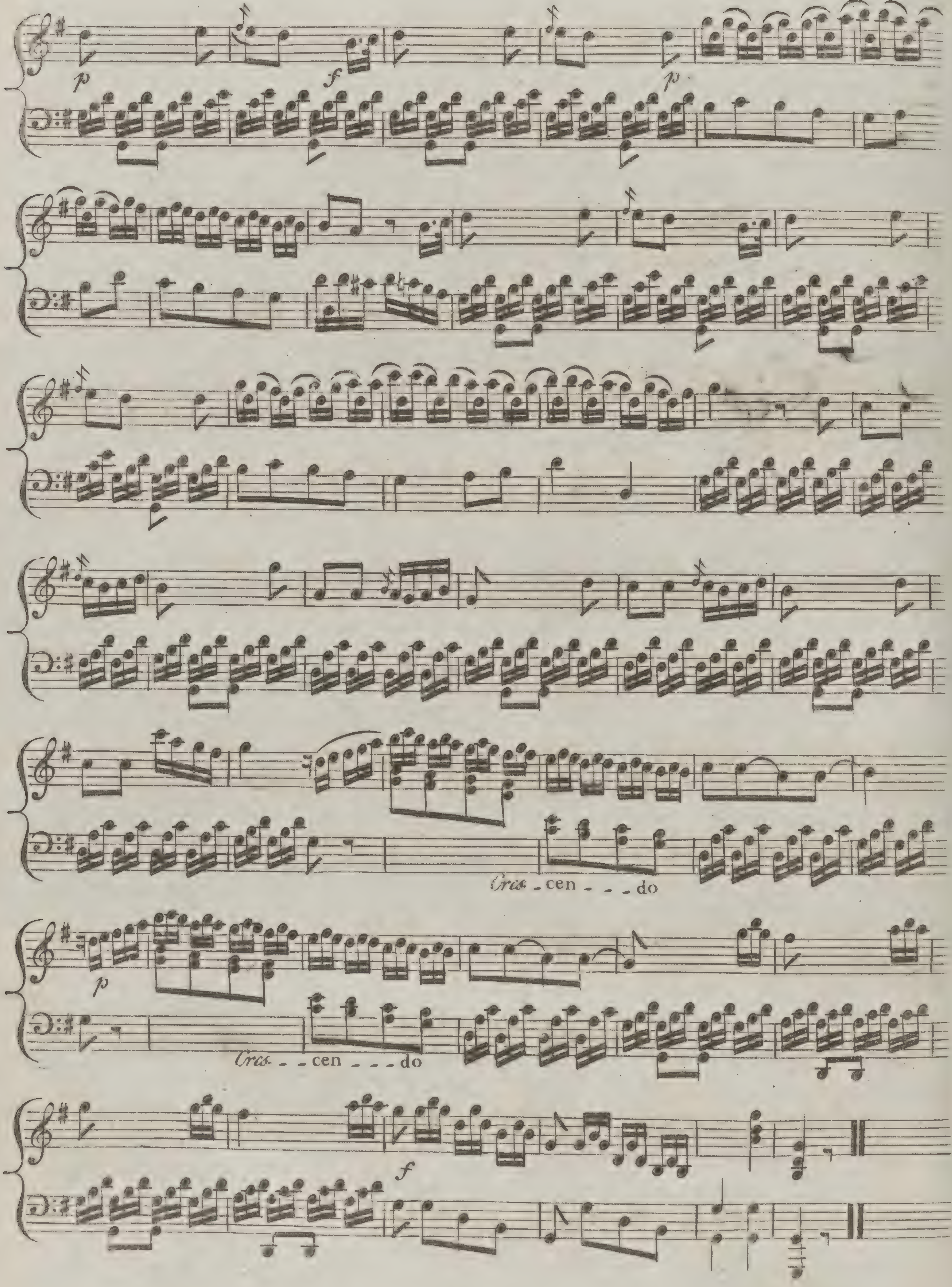
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Cres - - cen - - - do
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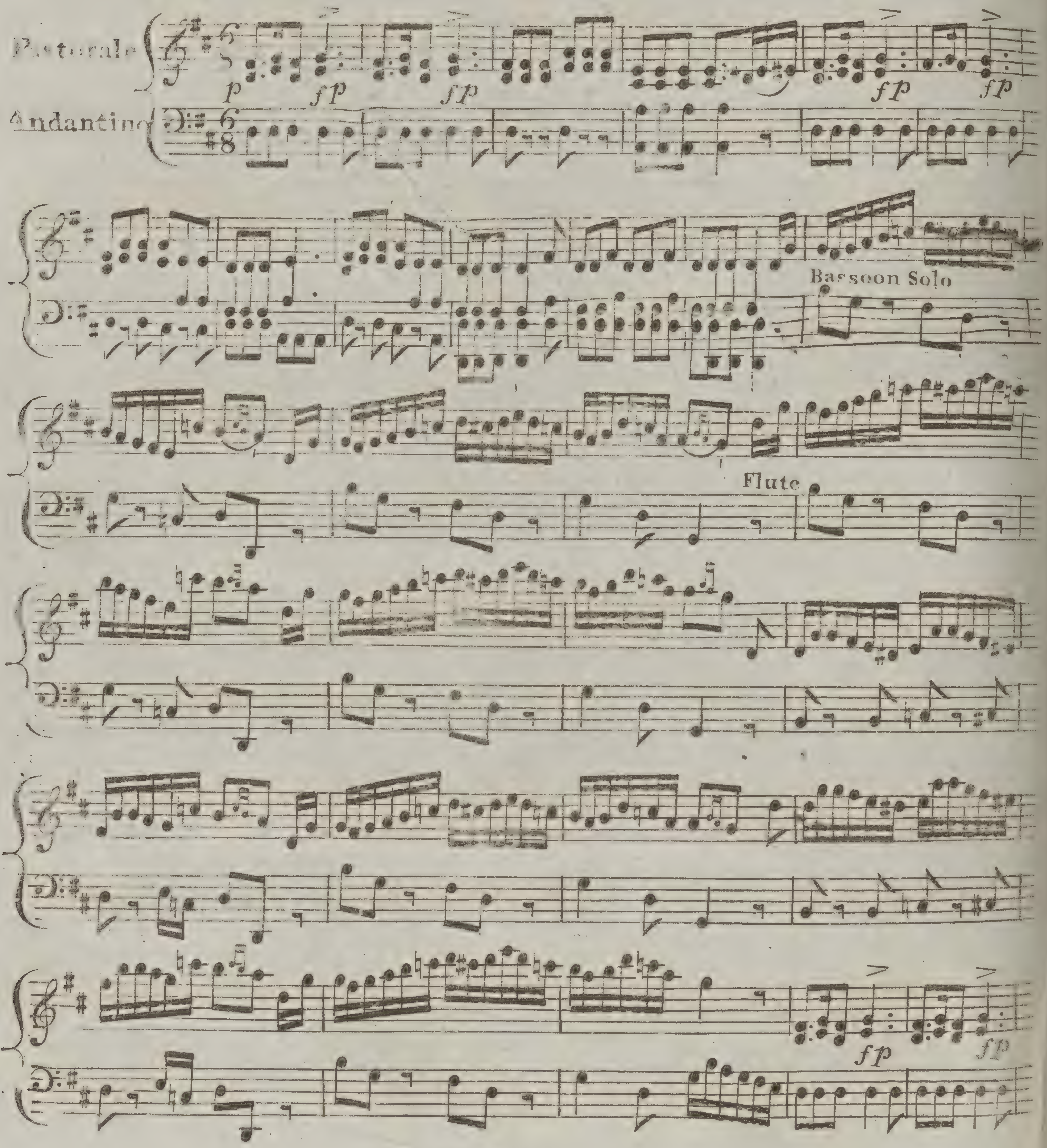

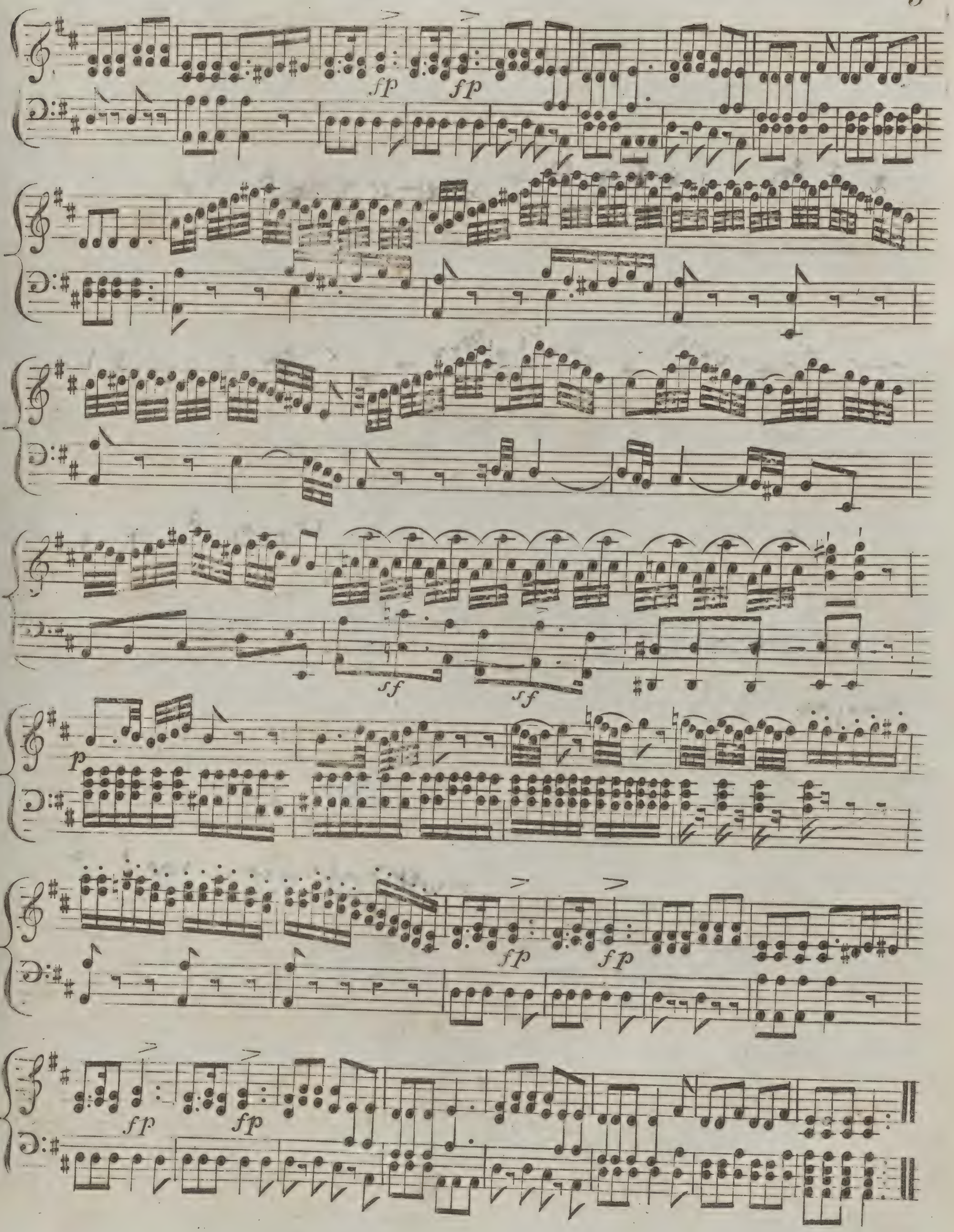
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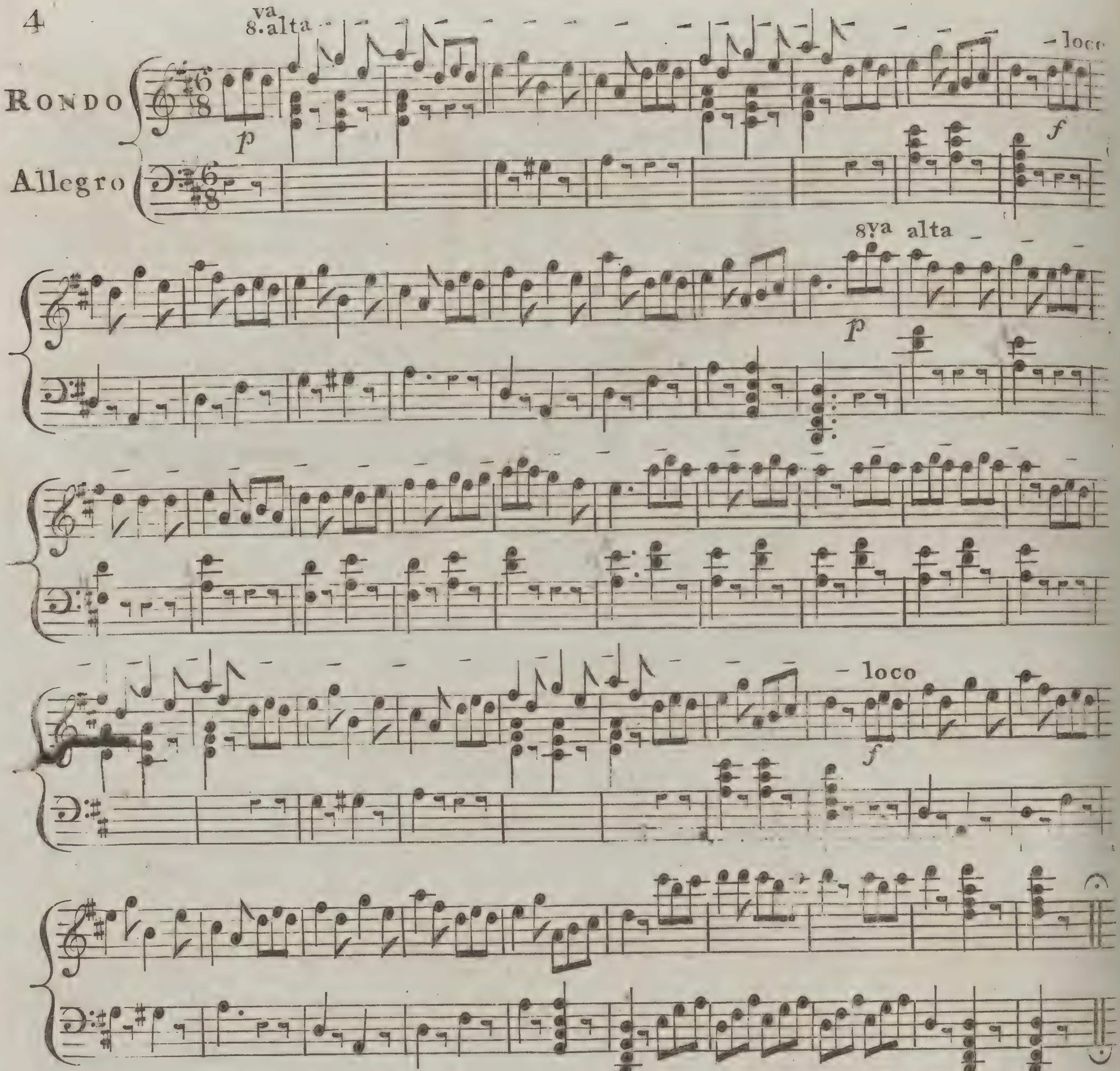
8.va alta
loco
Rondo
Allegro
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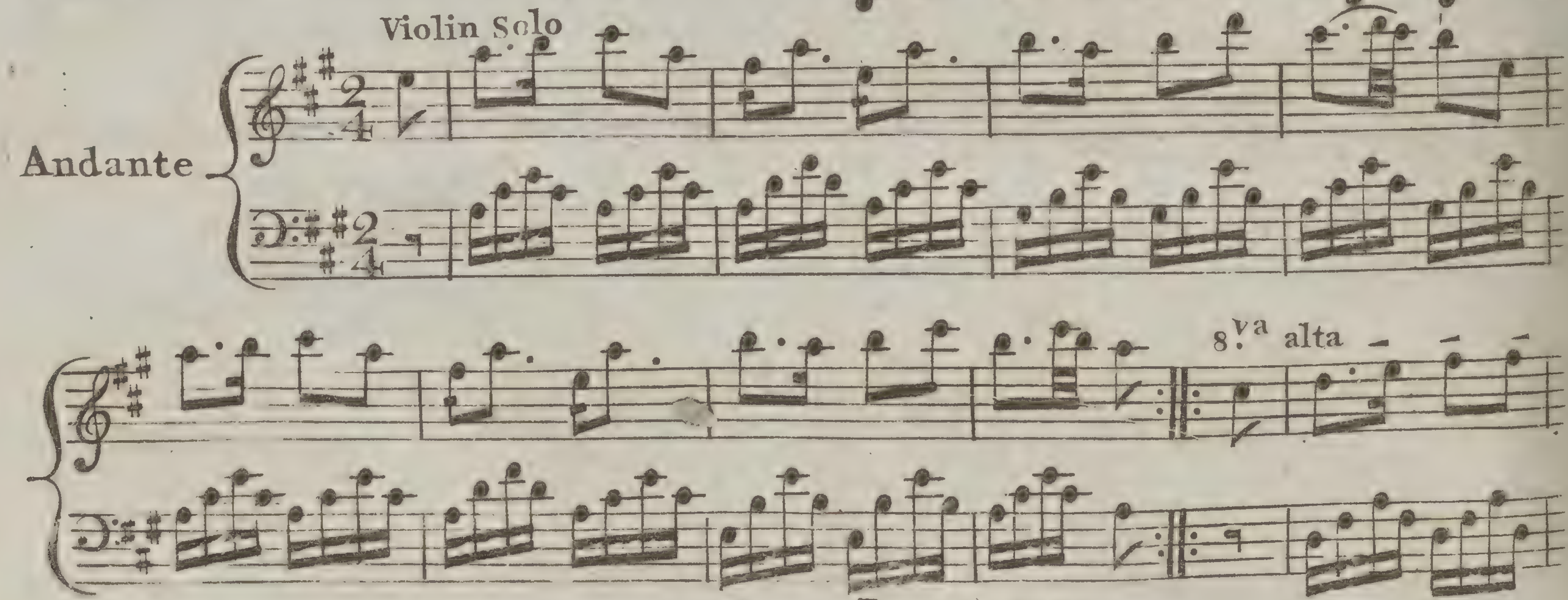
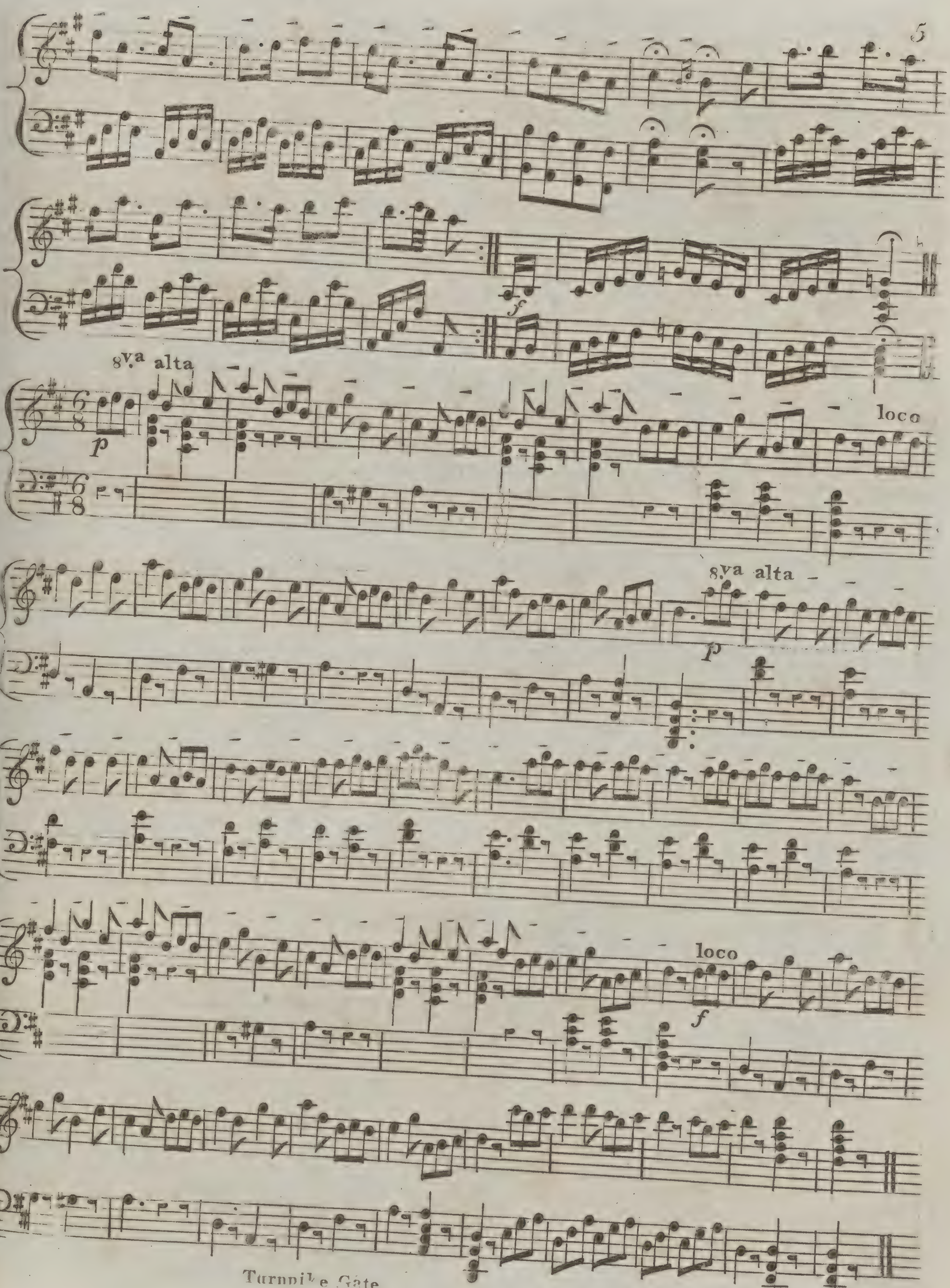
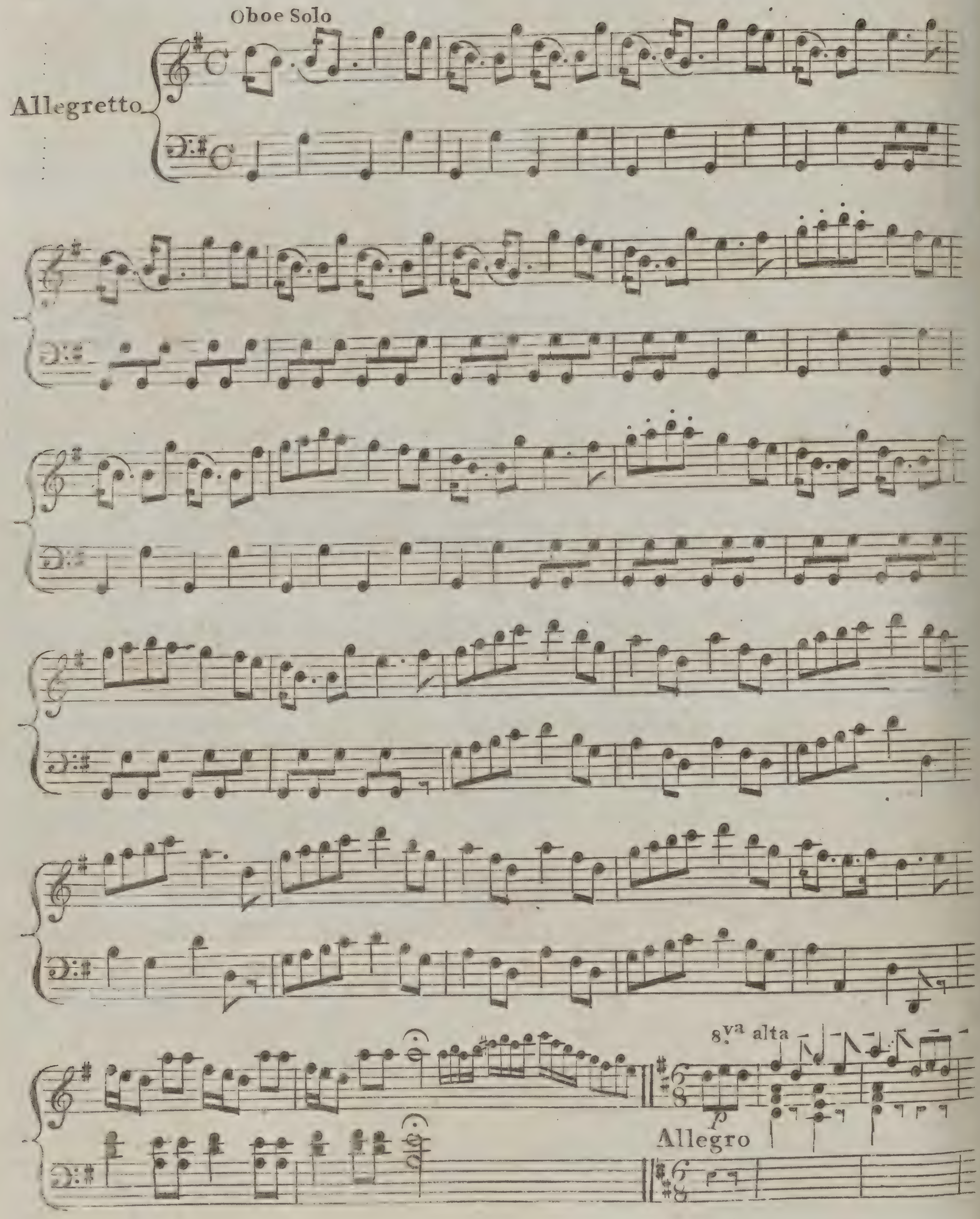
8va alta
p
loco
f


Violin Solo
Andante
8.va alta



Turnpike Gate


Oboe Solo
Allegretto
8va alta
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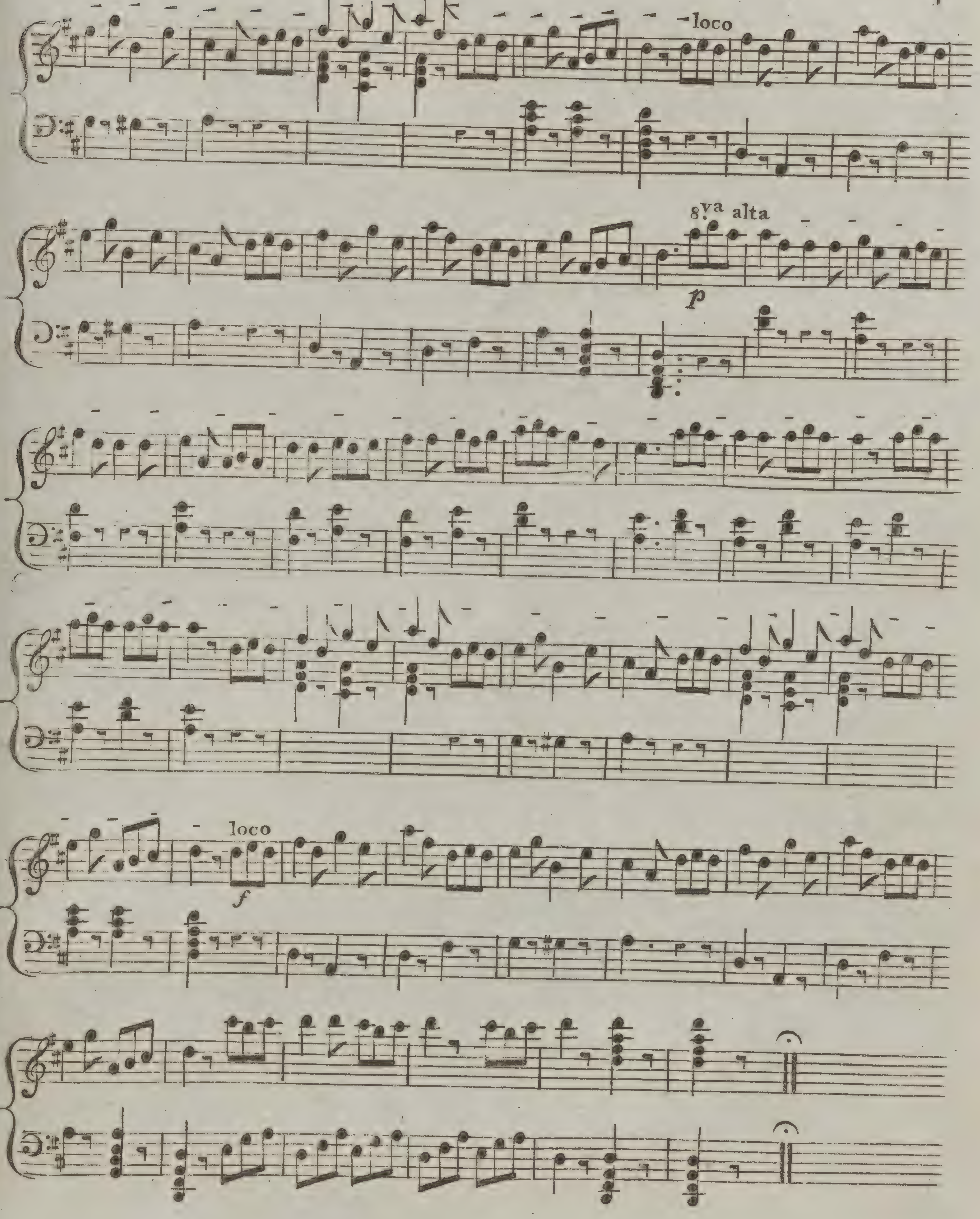
Allegro


loco
8va alta
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loco
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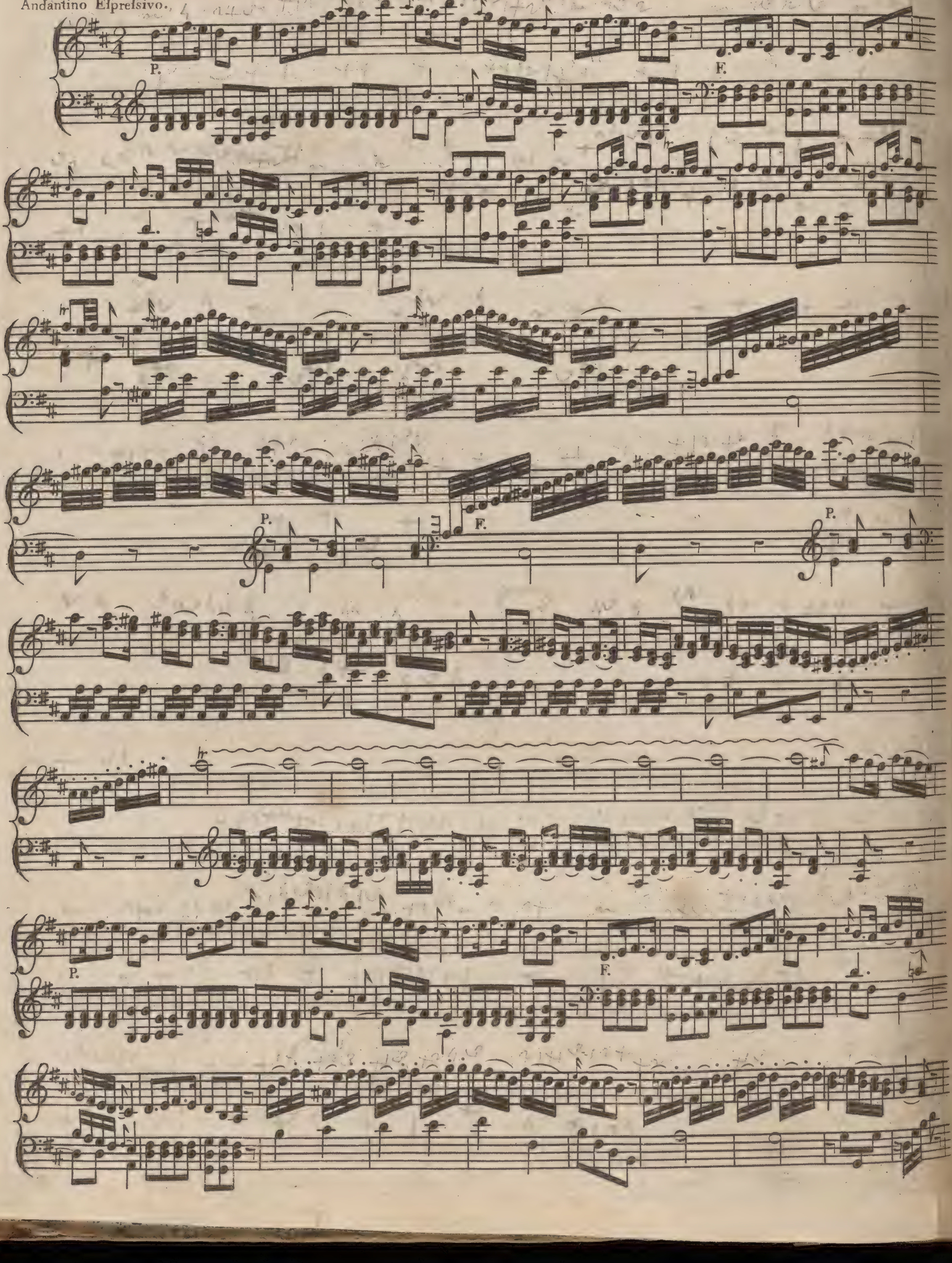

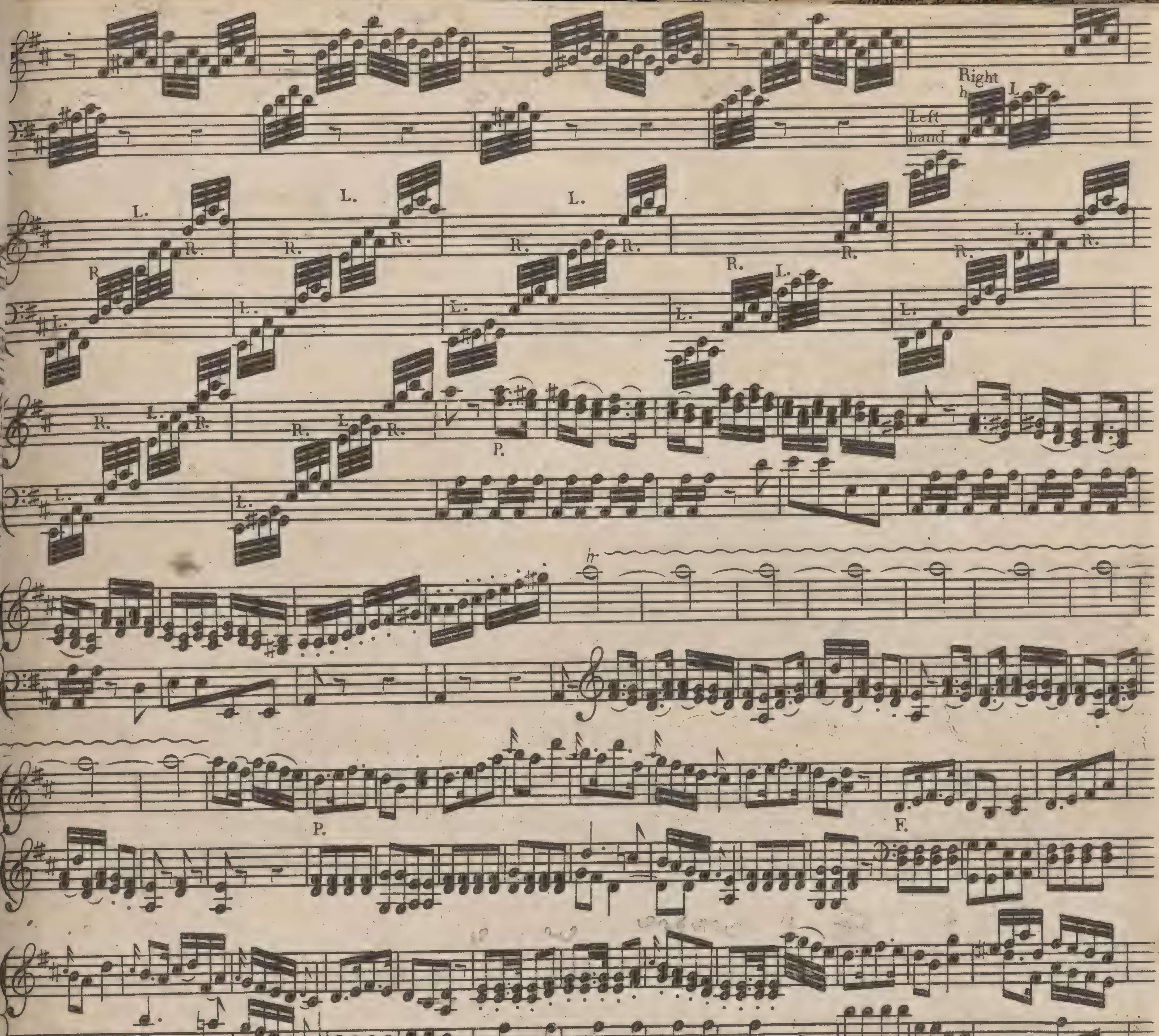

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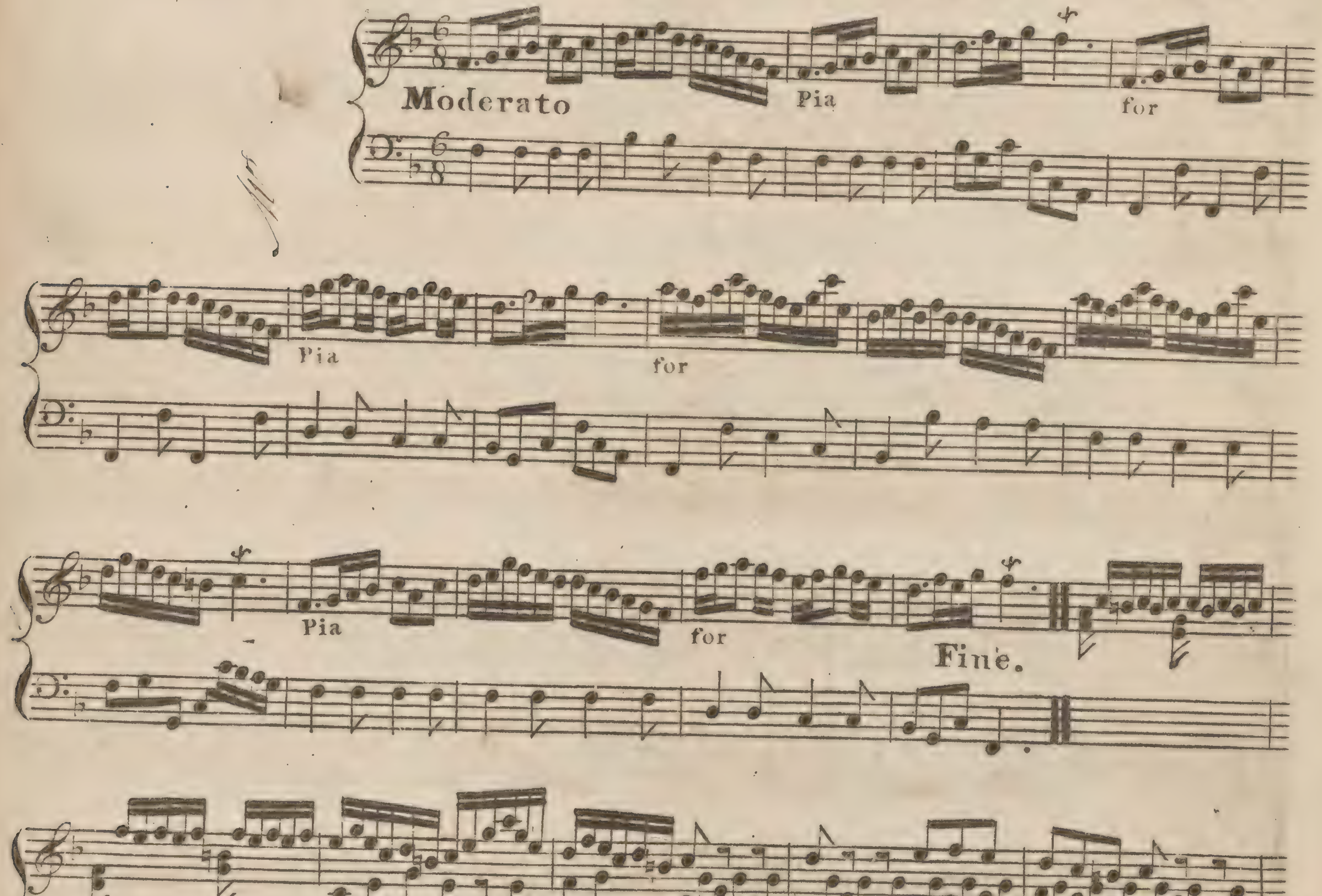

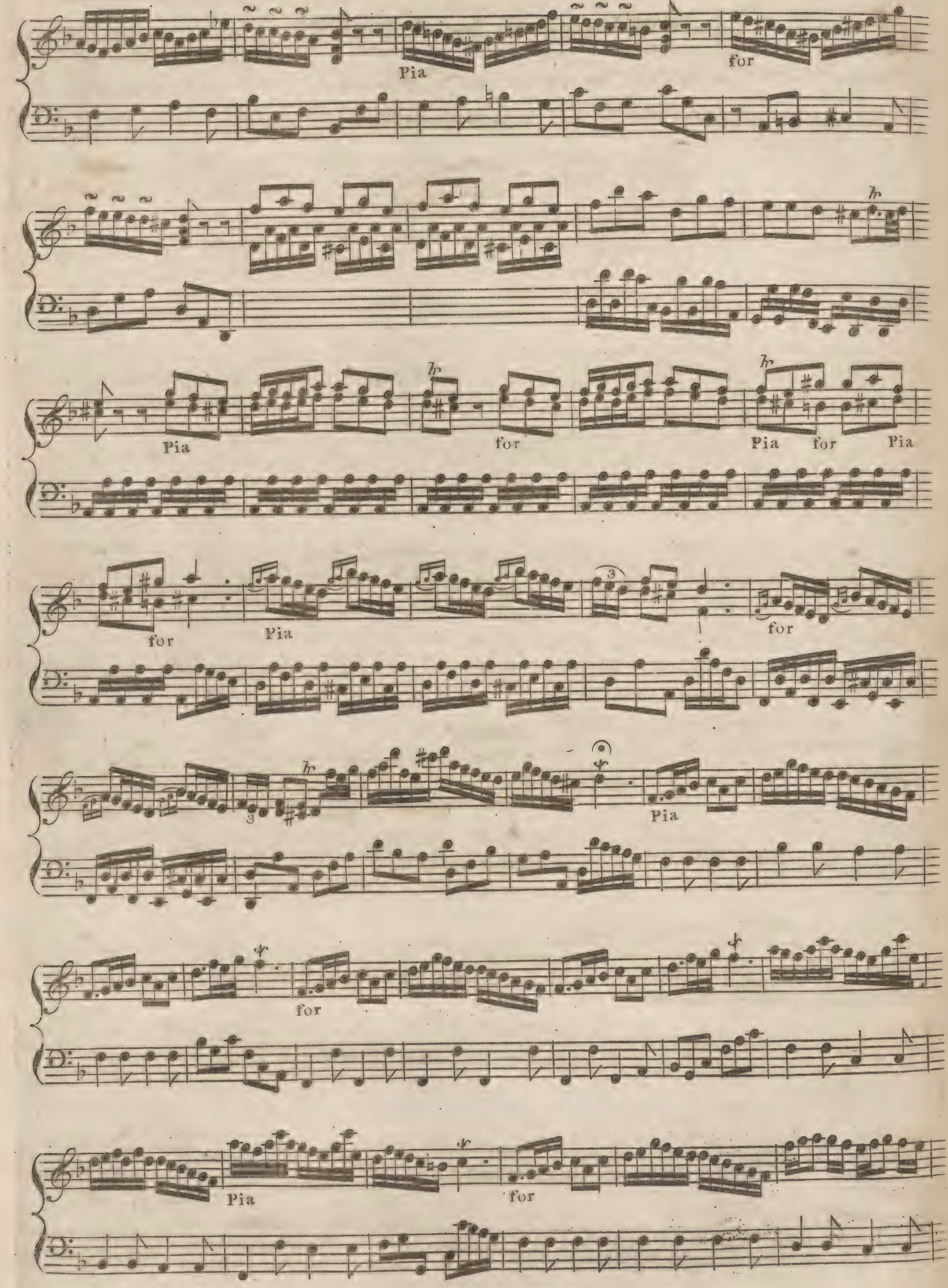
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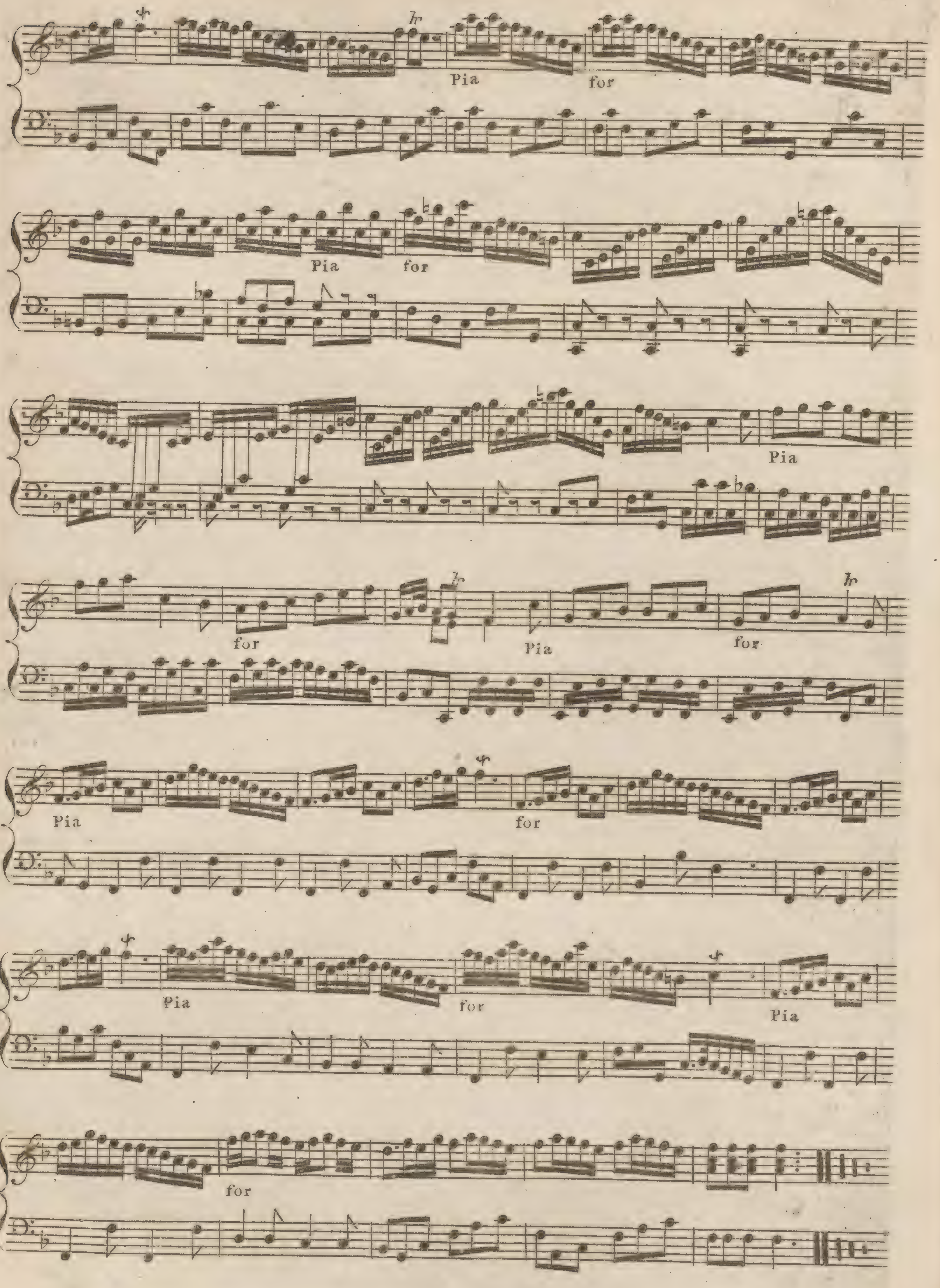
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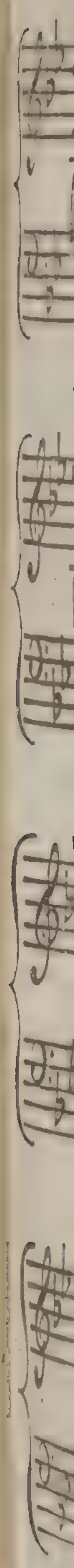

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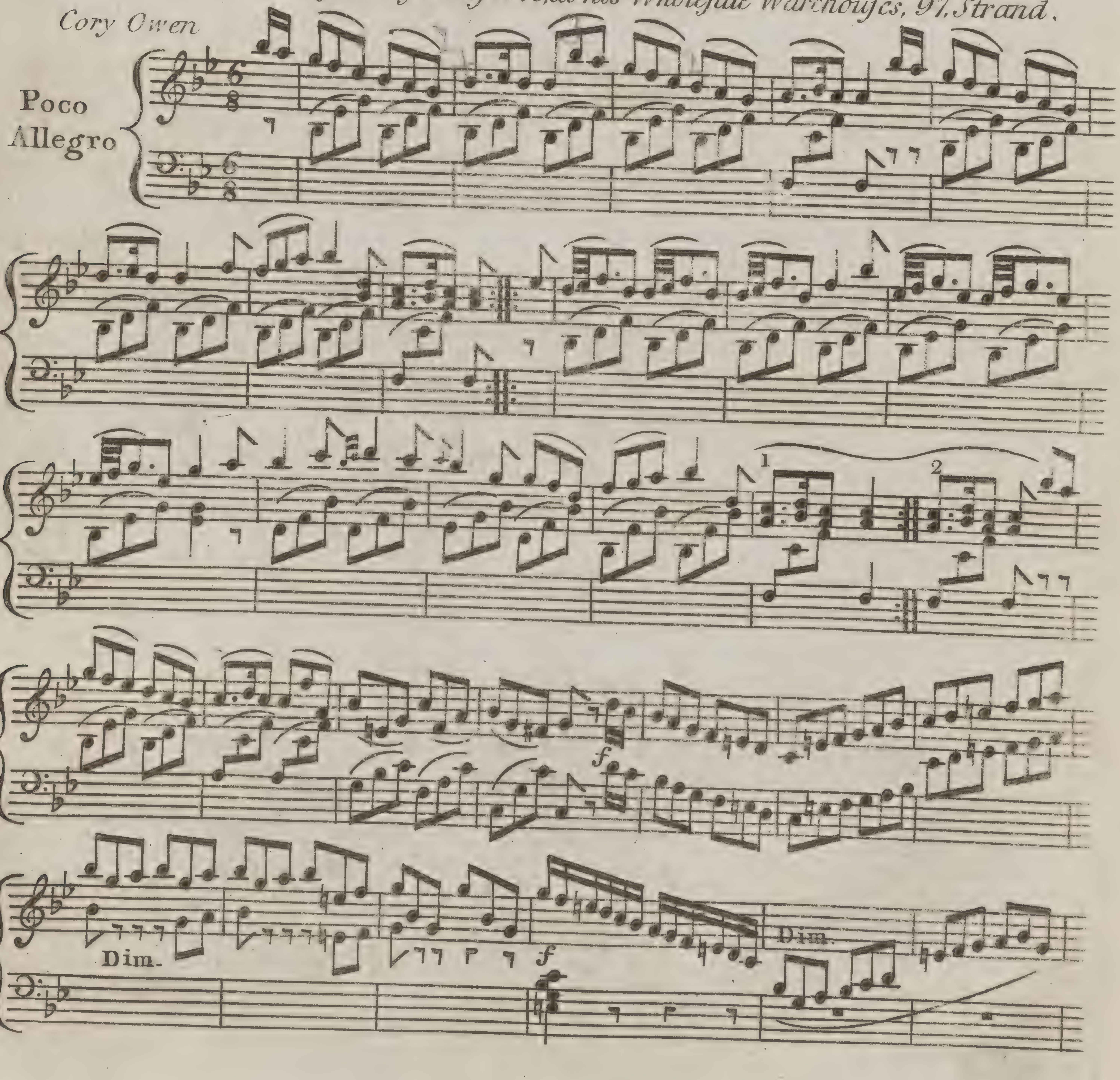

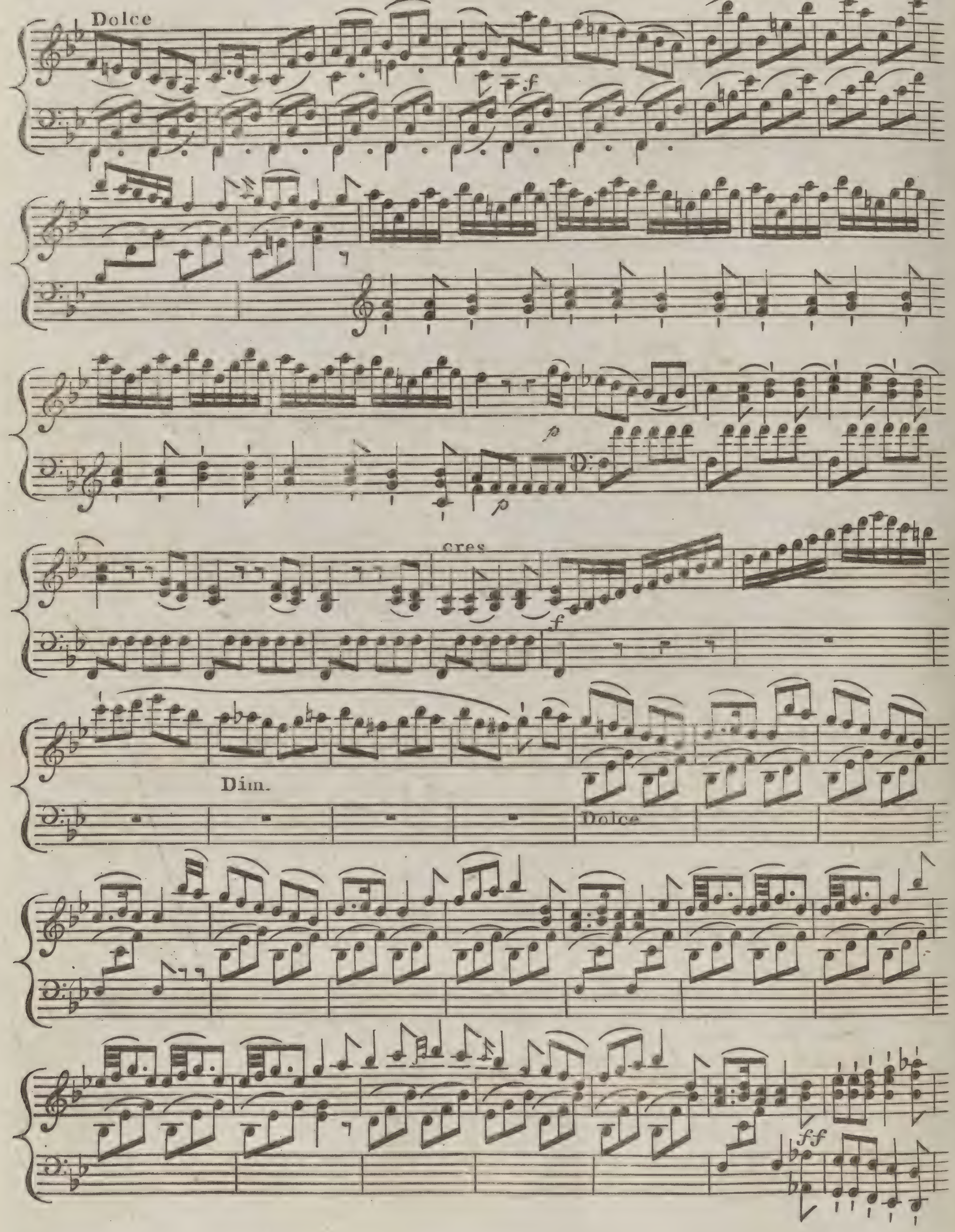
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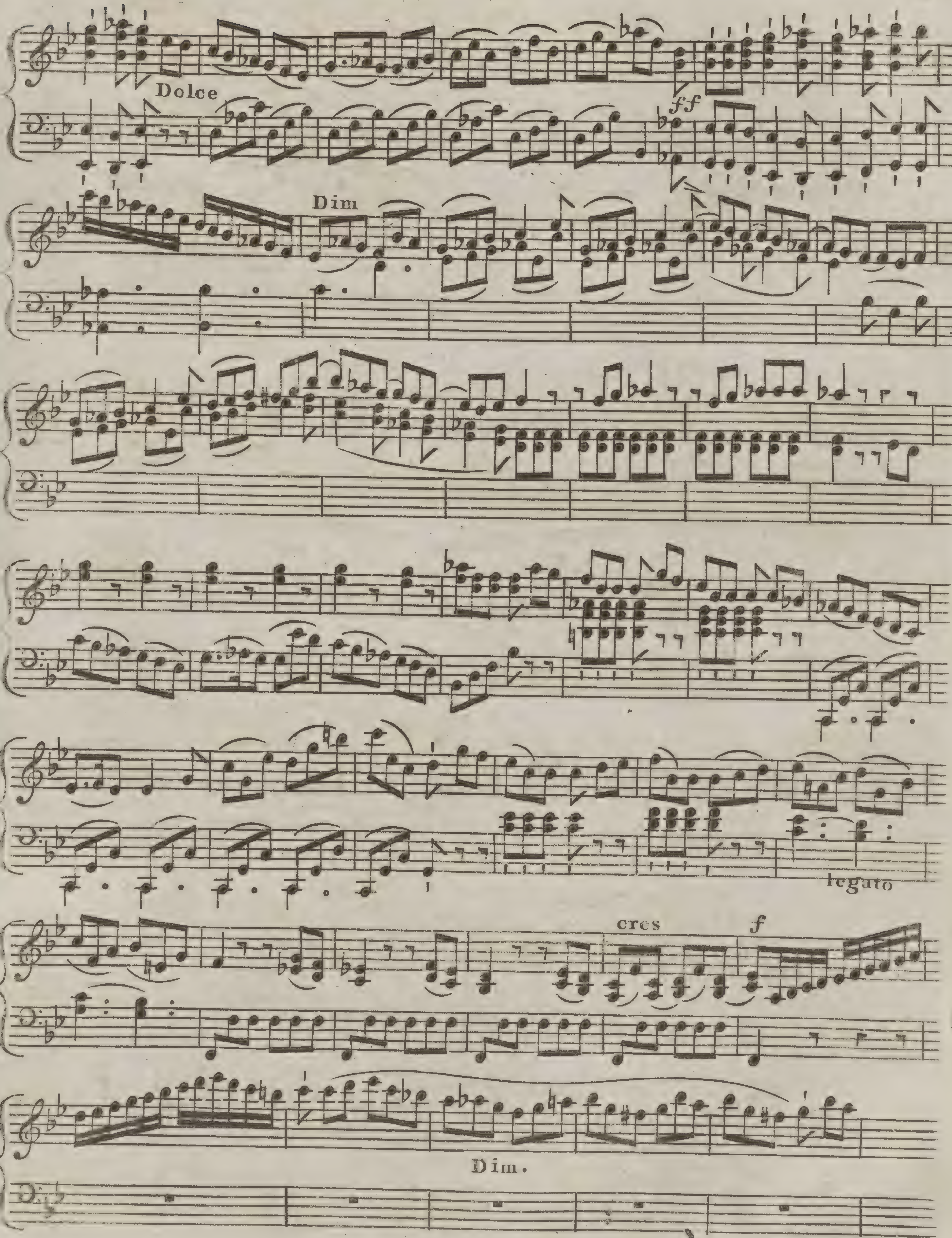
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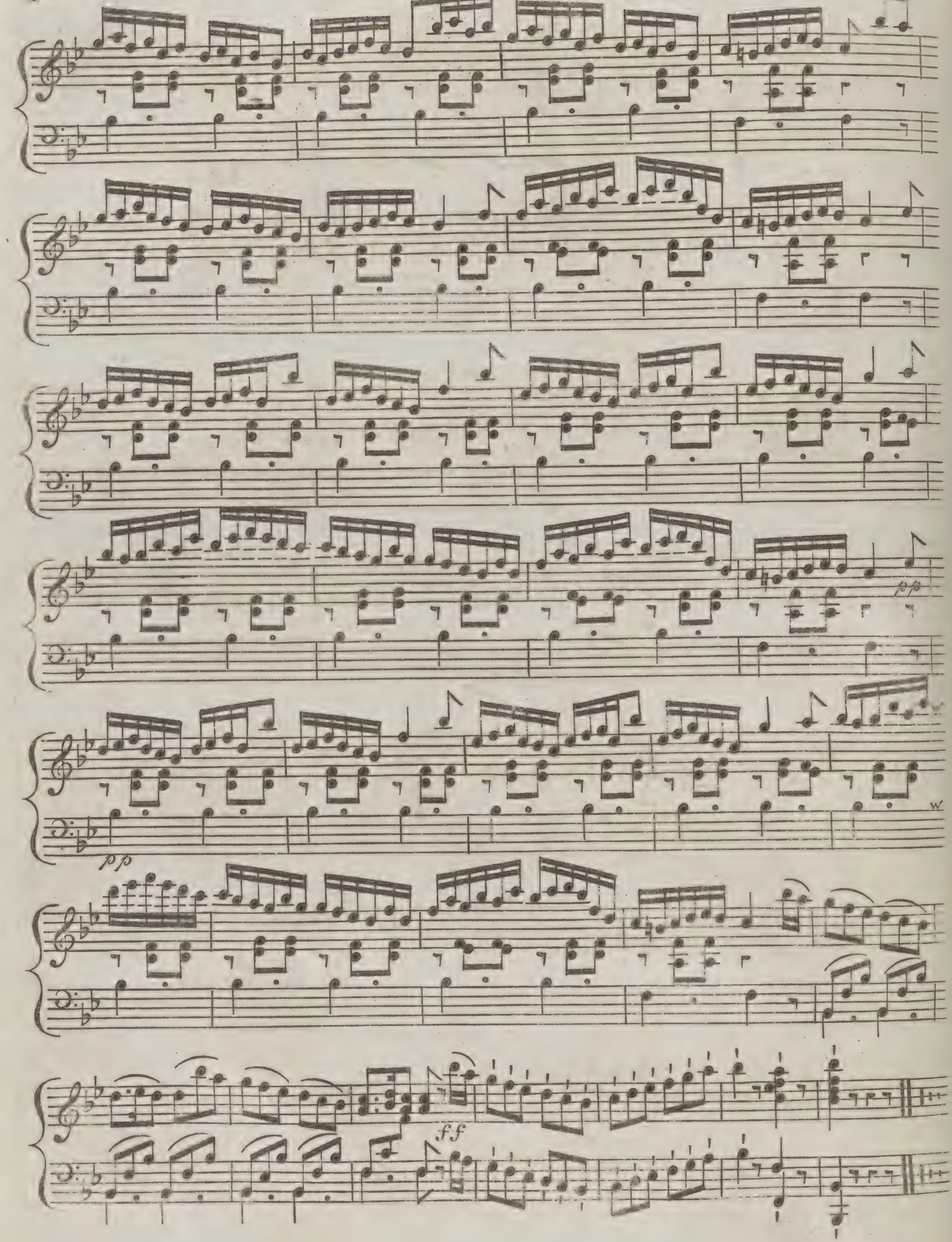
pp
pp
w
ff

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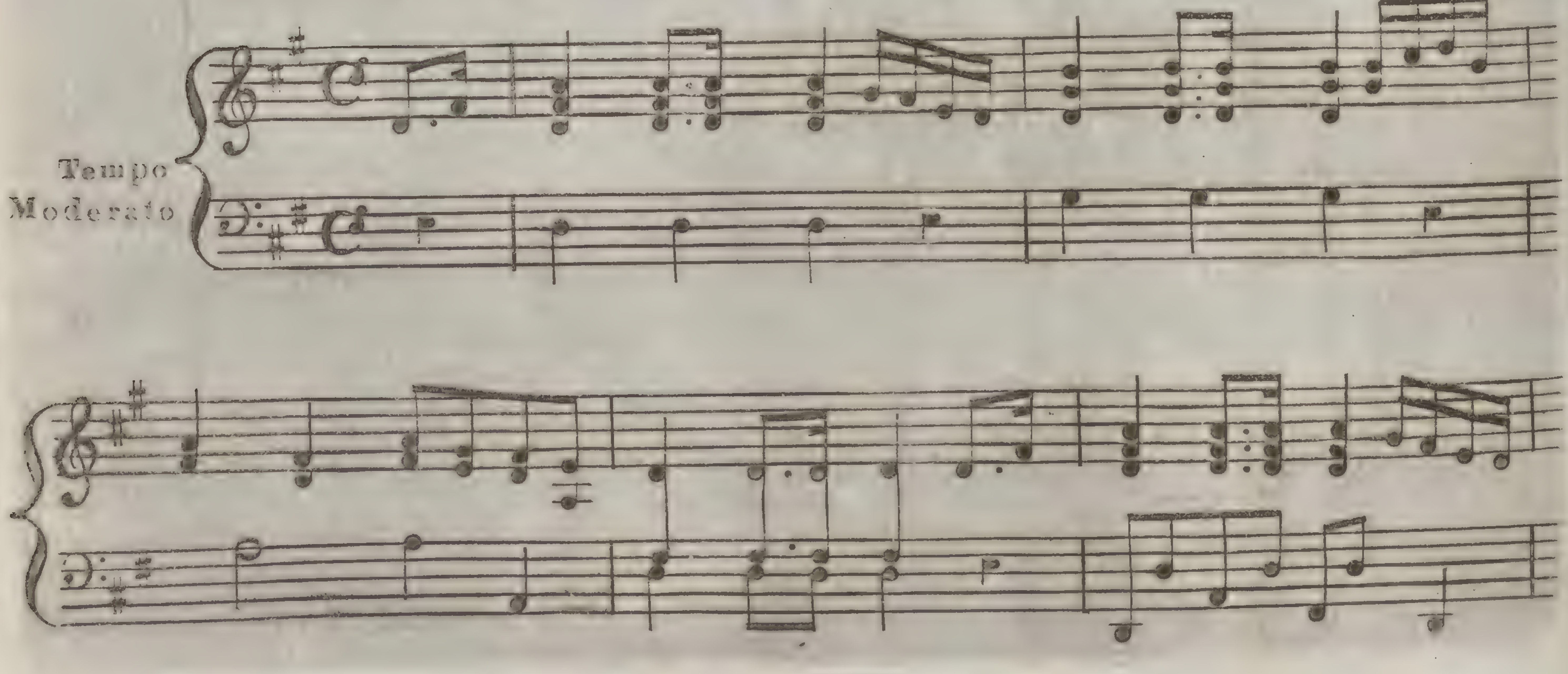
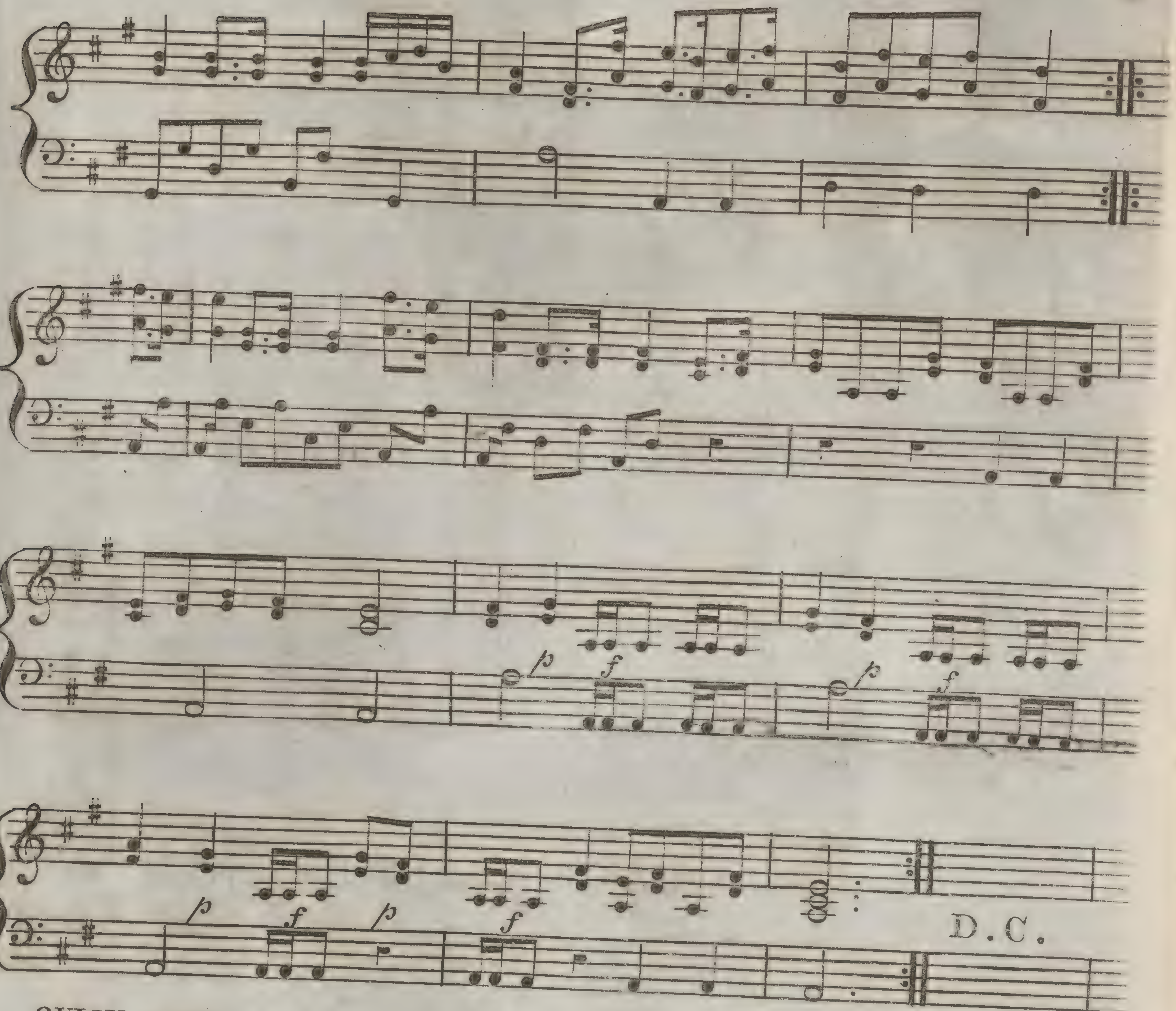
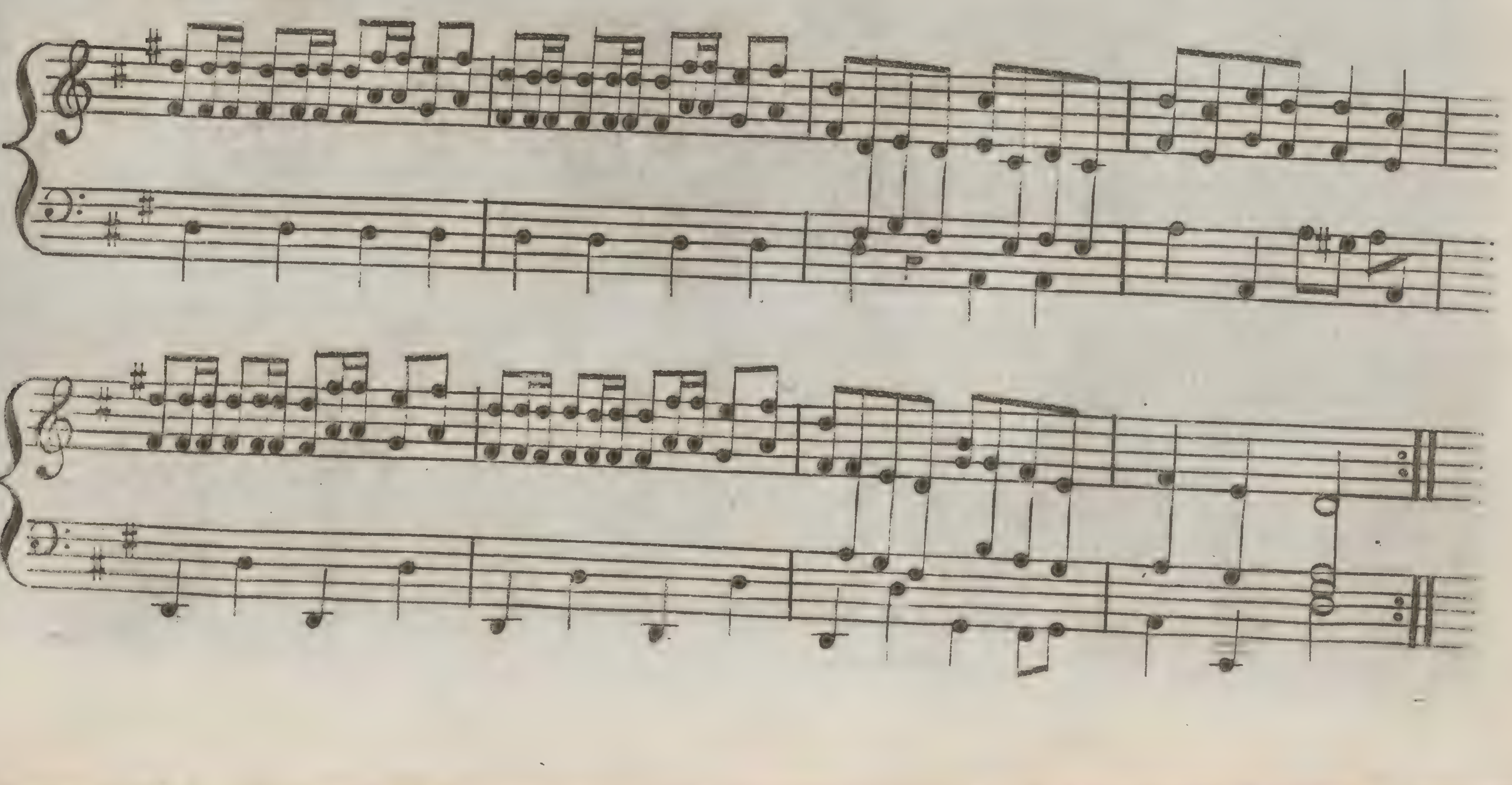




QUICK STEP,



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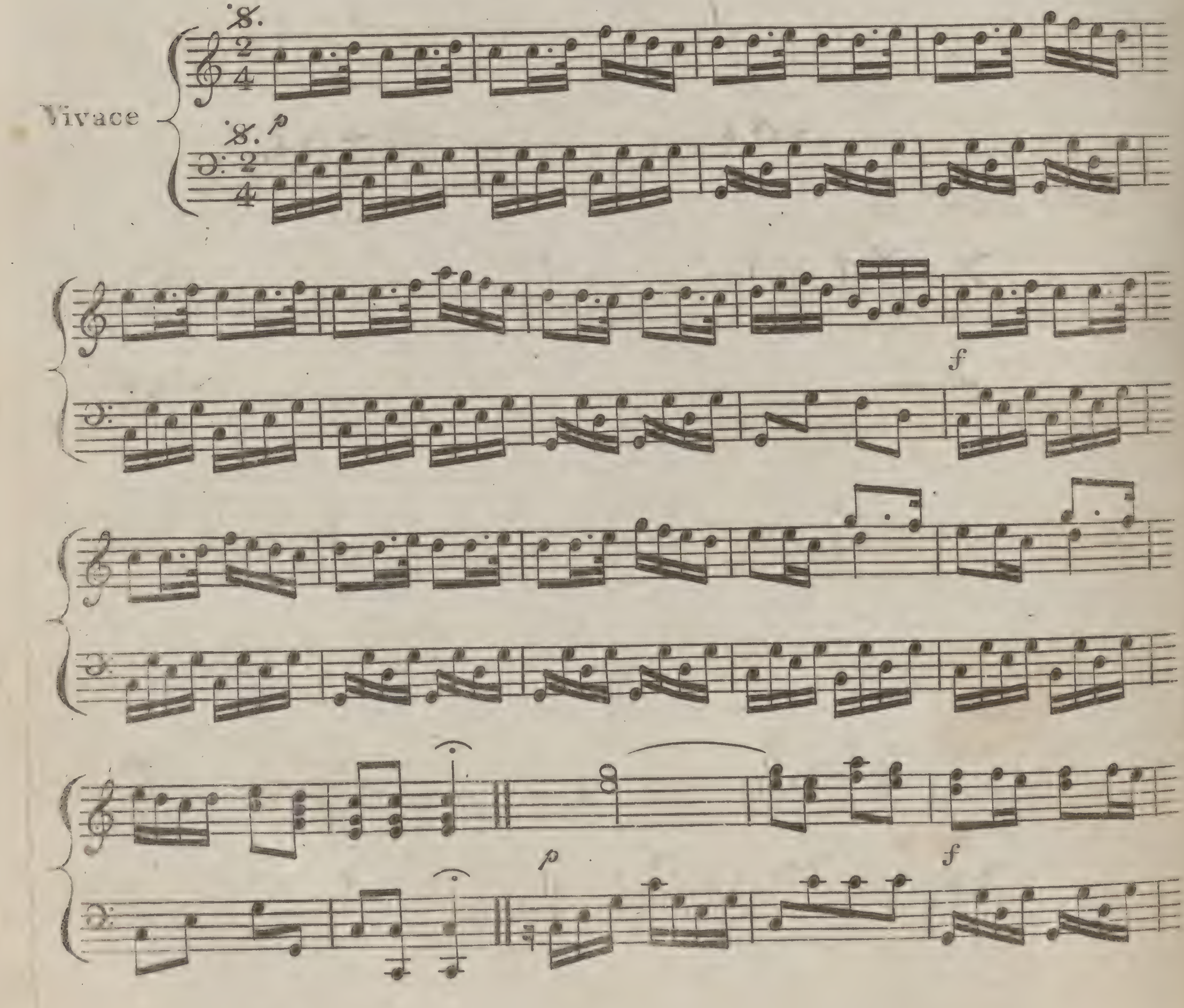

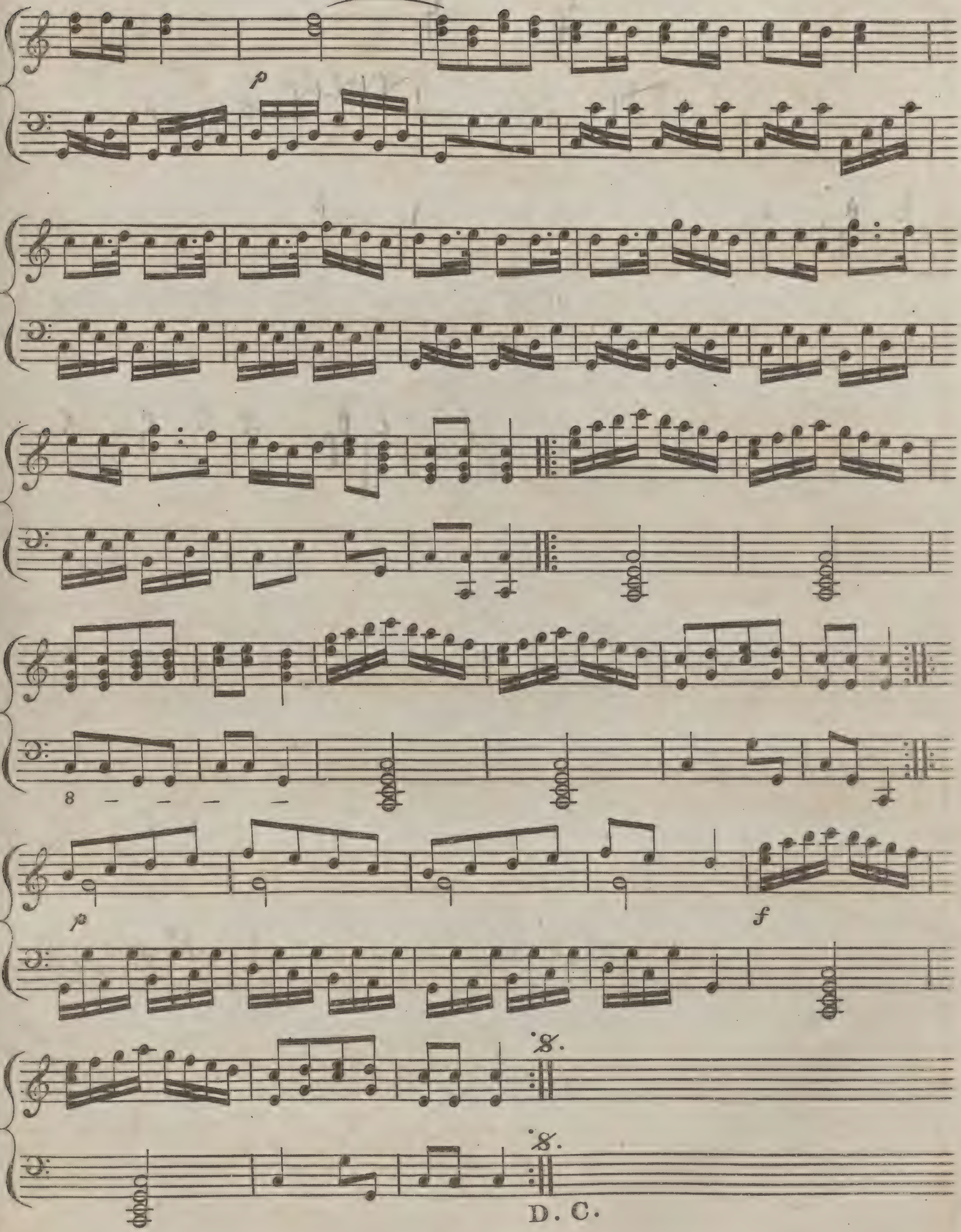
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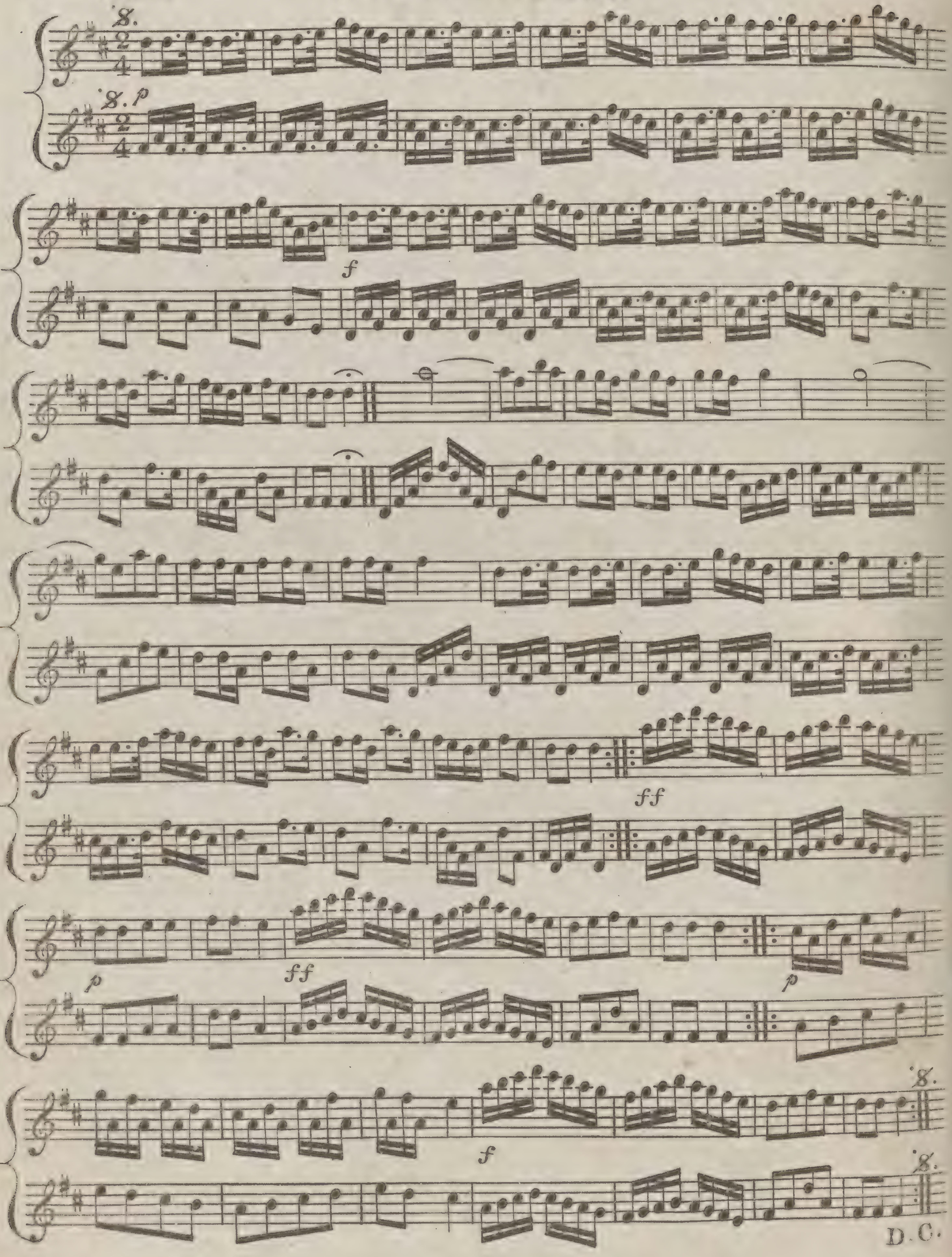
D. C.

Vivace For two German Flutes.



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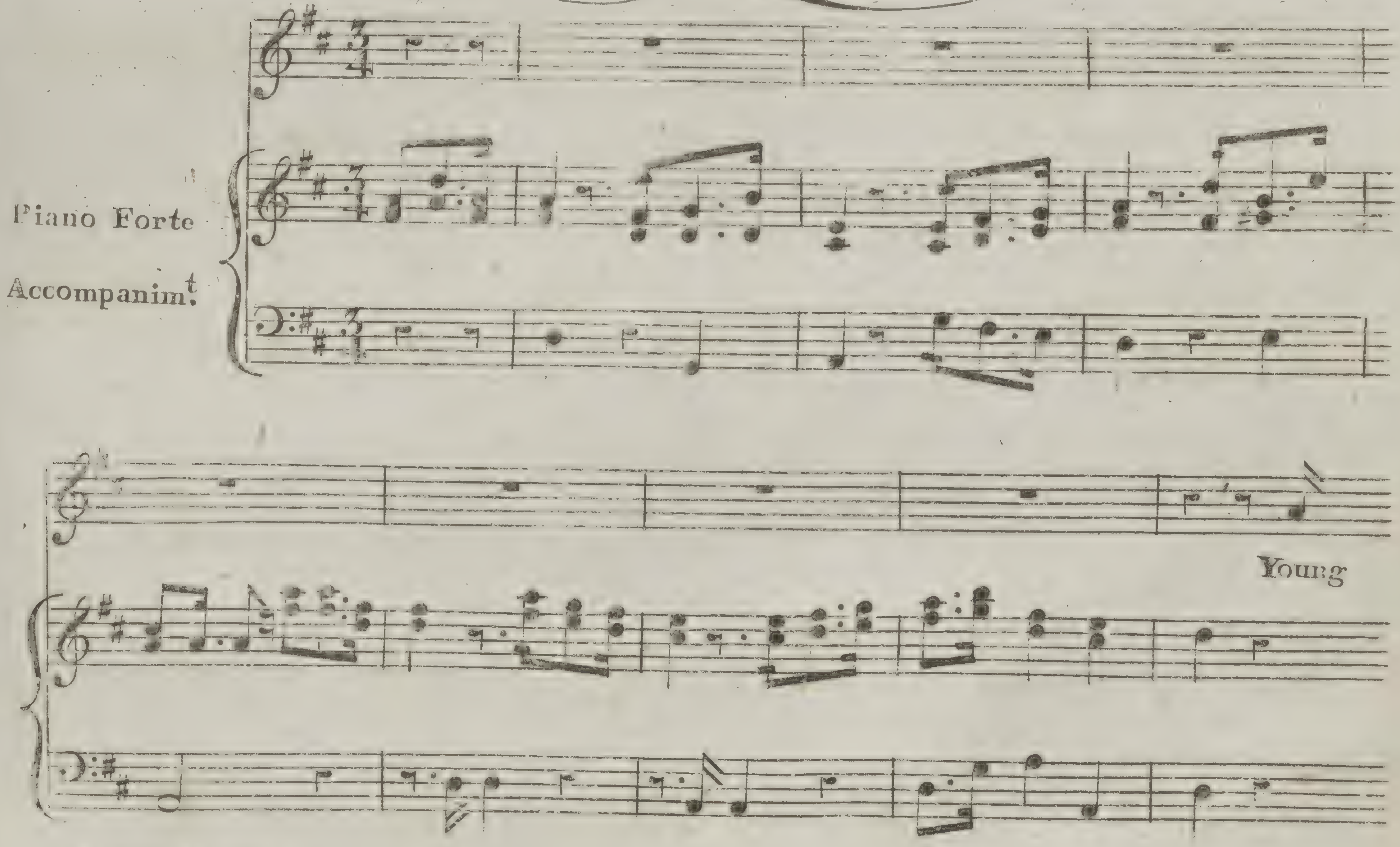
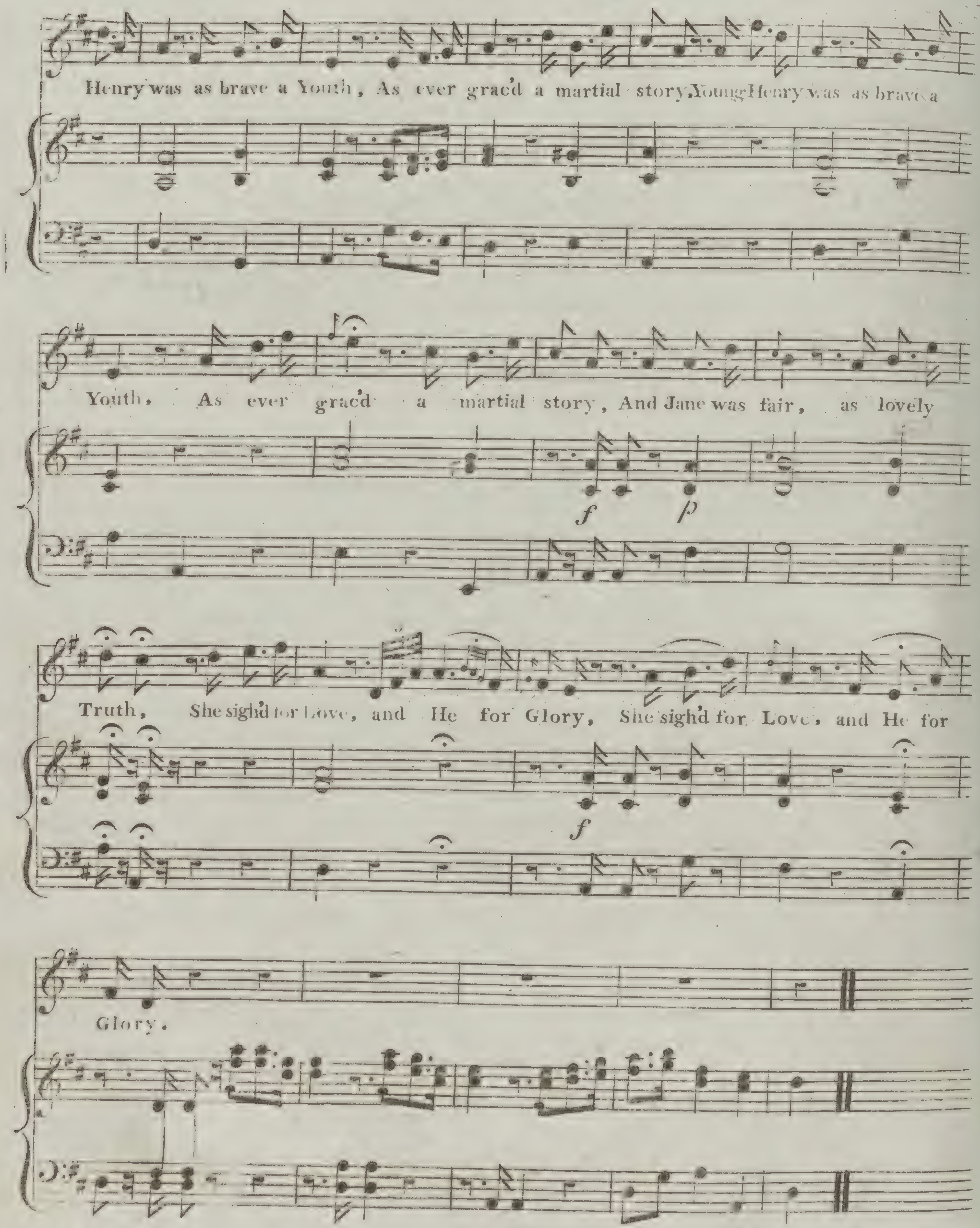
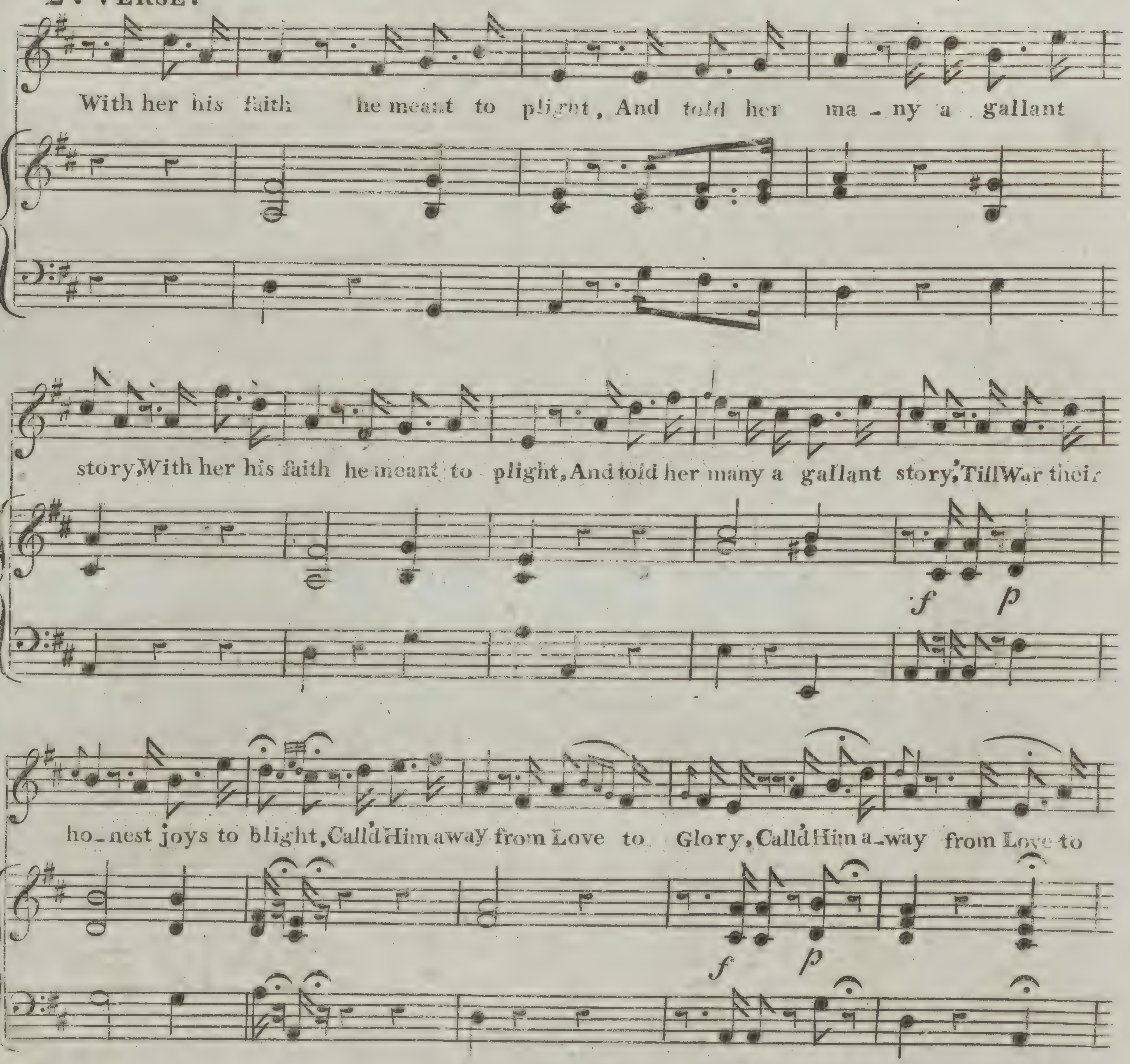


J. Hirs

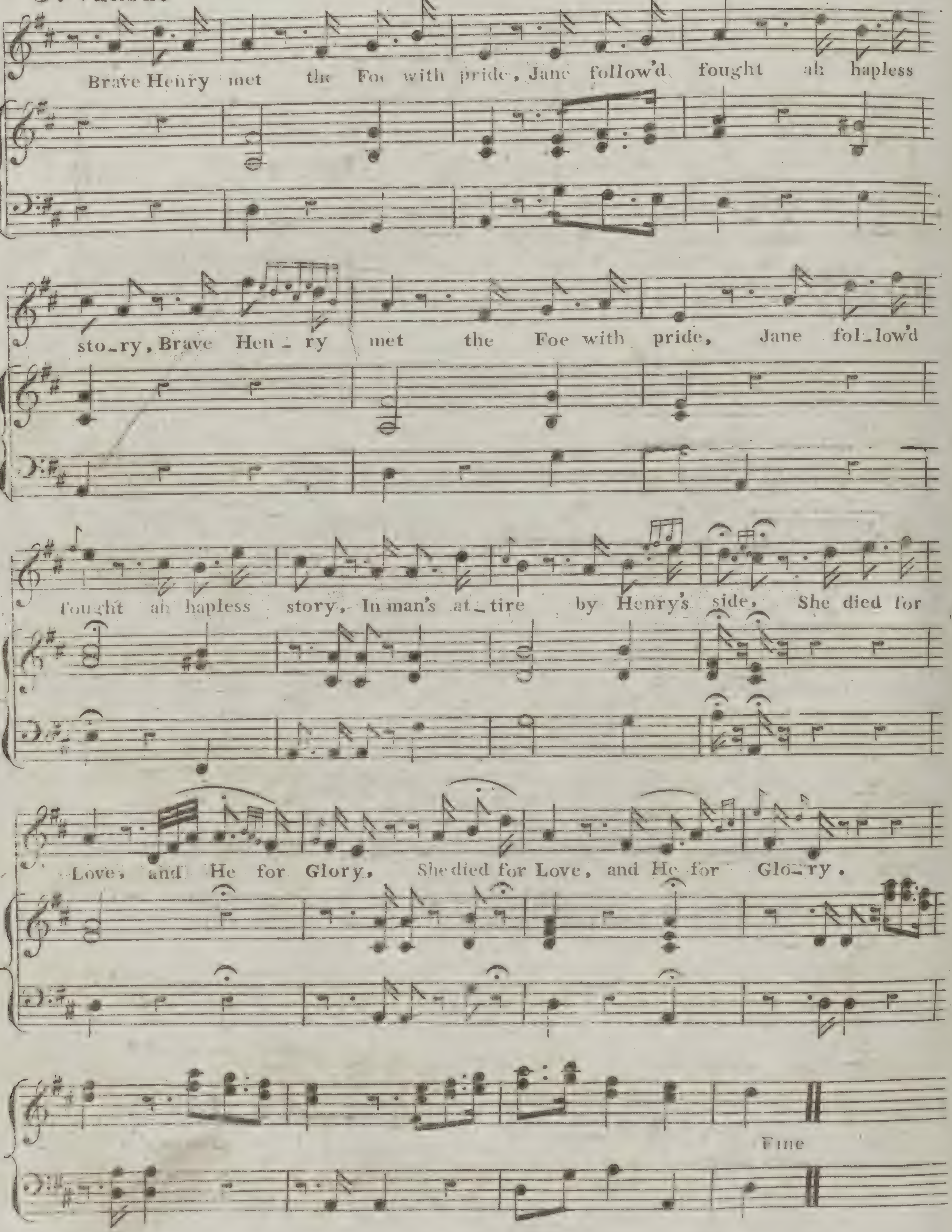
E76


Henry was as brave a Youth, As ever grac'd a martial story, Young Henry was as brave a
Youth, As ever grac'd a martial story, And Jane was fair, as lovely
Truth, She sigh'd for Love, and He for Glory, She sigh'd for Love, and He for
Glory.
f
p
f

2d. VERSE.


With her his faith he meant to plight, And told her ma-ny a gallant
story, With her his faith he meant to plight, And told her many a gallant story, Till War their
ho-nest joys to blight, Call'd Him away from Love to Glory, Call'd Him a-way from Love to
Glory.
f
p
Segue

3^{d}. VERSE.


Brave Henry met the Foe with pride, Jane follow'd fought ah hapless
story, Brave Hen_ry met the Foe with pride, Jane fol_low'd
fought ah hapless story, In man's at_tire by Henry's side, She died for
Love, and He for Glory, She died for Love, and He for Glo_ry.
Fine

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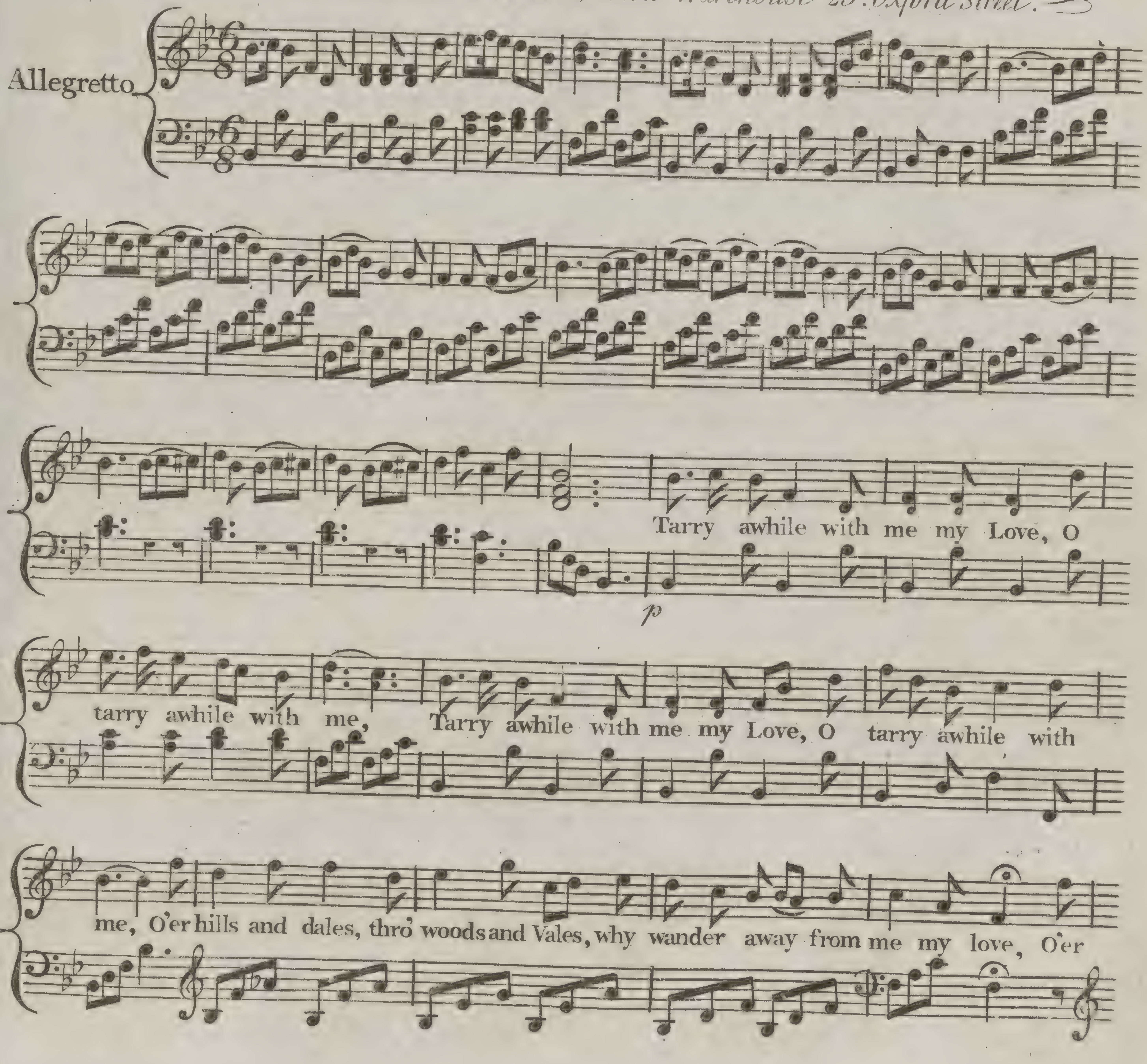
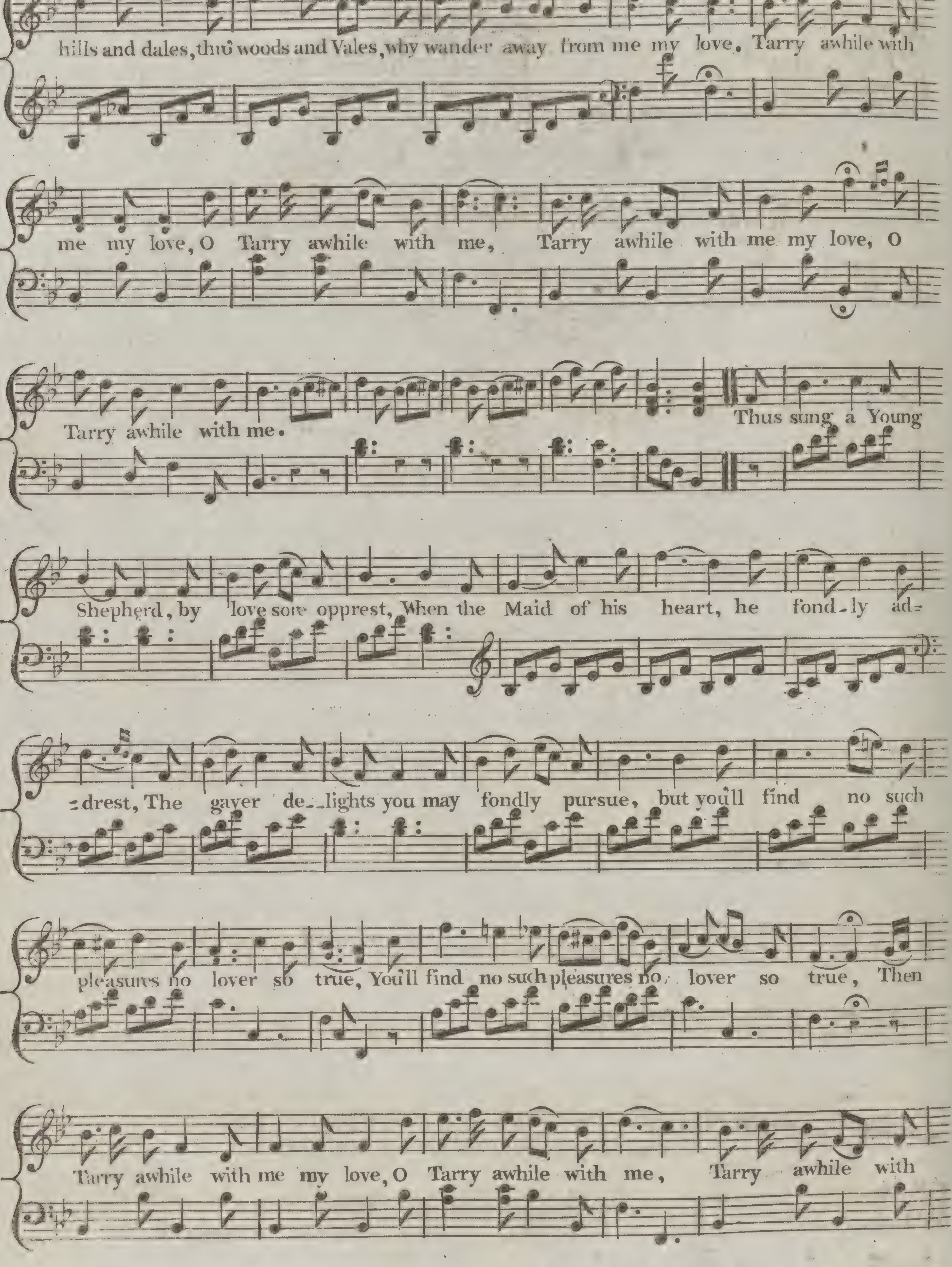
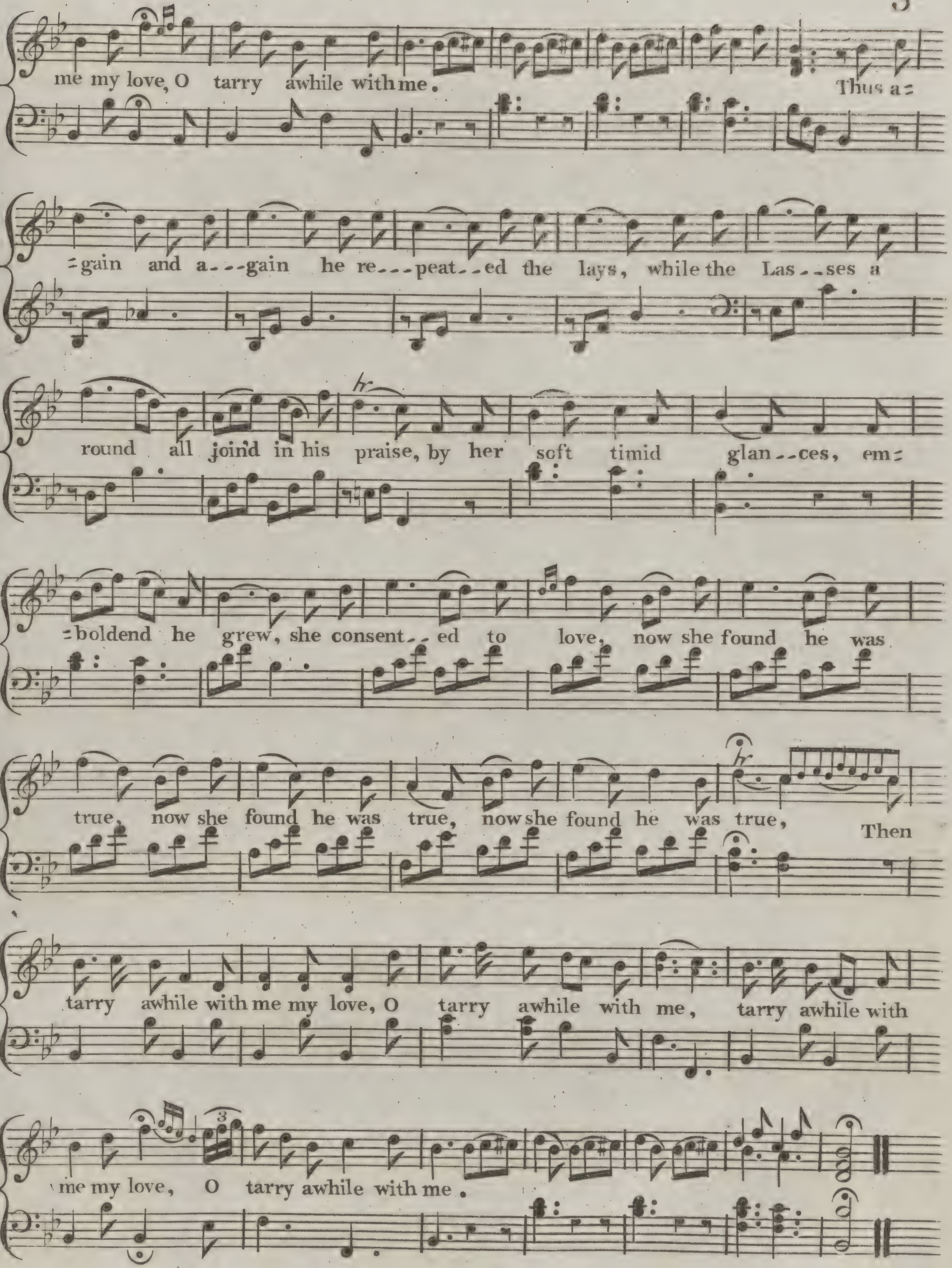

Allegretto
p
Tarry awhile with me my Love, O tarry awhile with me, Tarry awhile with me my Love, O tarry awhile with me, O'er hills and dales, thro' woods and Vales, why wander away from me my love, O'er


hills and dales, thrō woods and Vales, why wander away from me my love, Tarry awhile with
me my love, O Tarry awhile with me, Tarry awhile with me my love, O
Tarry awhile with me. Thus sung a Young
Shepherd, by love sore opprest, When the Maid of his heart, he fond-ly ad-
-drest, The gayer de-lights you may fondly pursue, but you'll find no such
pleasures no lover so true, You'll find no such pleasures no lover so true, Then
Tarry awhile with me my love, O Tarry awhile with me, Tarry awhile with


me my love, O tarry awhile with me. Thus a=
=gain and a=gain he re=peat=ed the lays, while the Las=ses a
round all join'd in his praise, by her soft timid glan=ces, em=
=boldend he grew, she consent=ed to love, now she found he was
true, now she found he was true, now she found he was true, Then
tarry awhile with me my love, O tarry awhile with me, tarry awhile with
me my love, O tarry awhile with me.

BEGONE DULL CARE

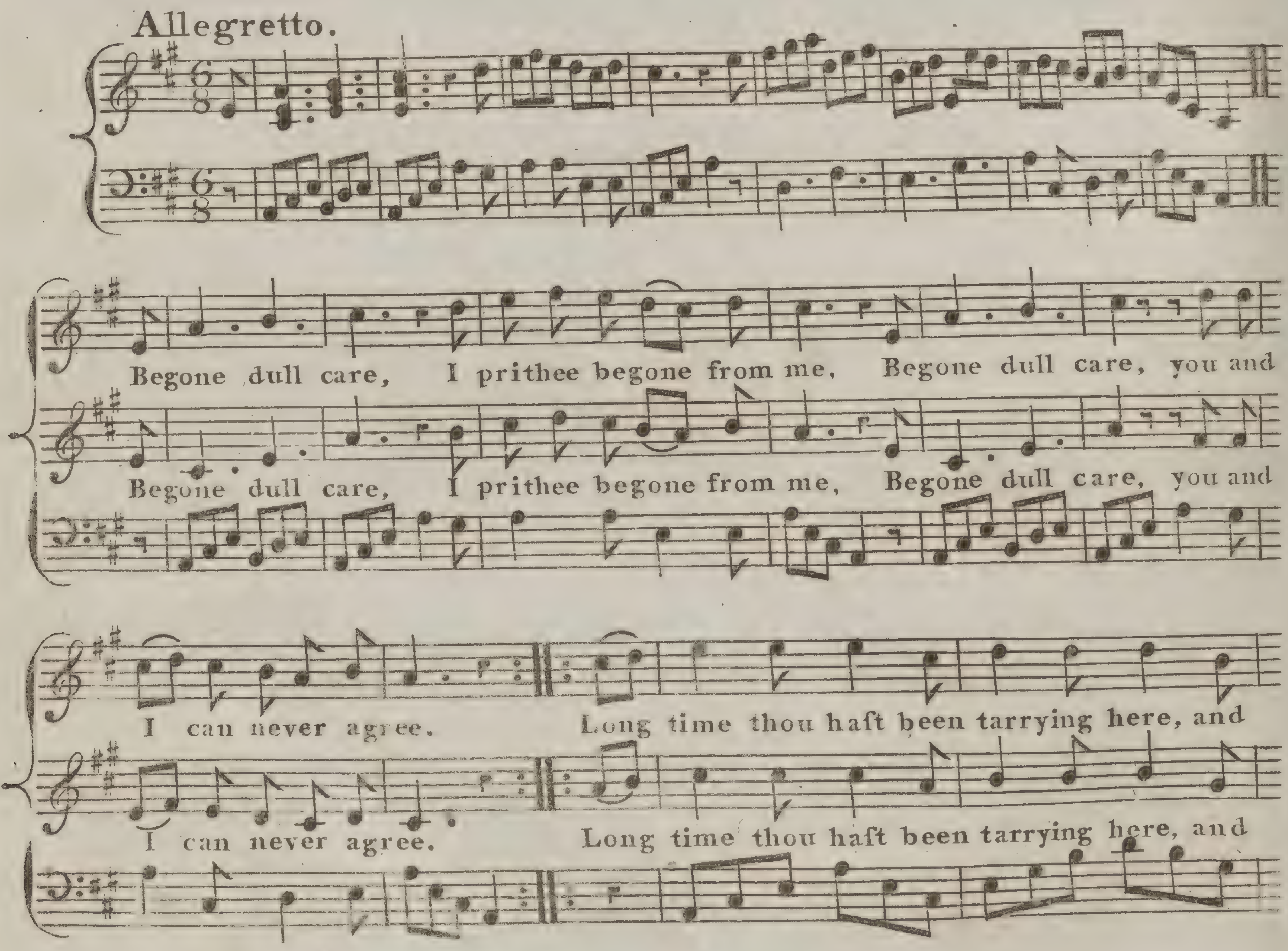
A FAVORITE DUETT,

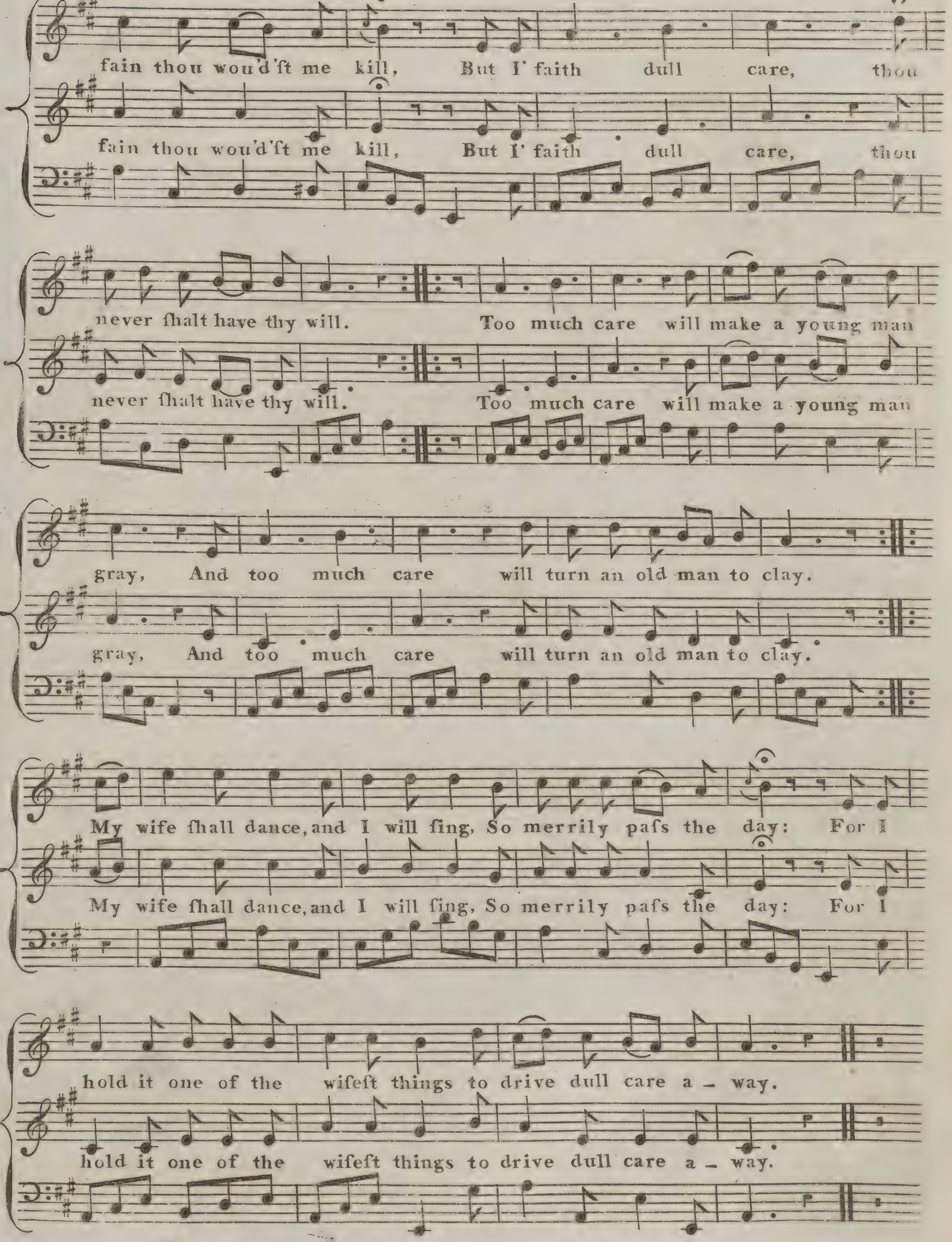
As Sung with great applause at
Harrison and Knyvett's
VOCAL CONCERTS.

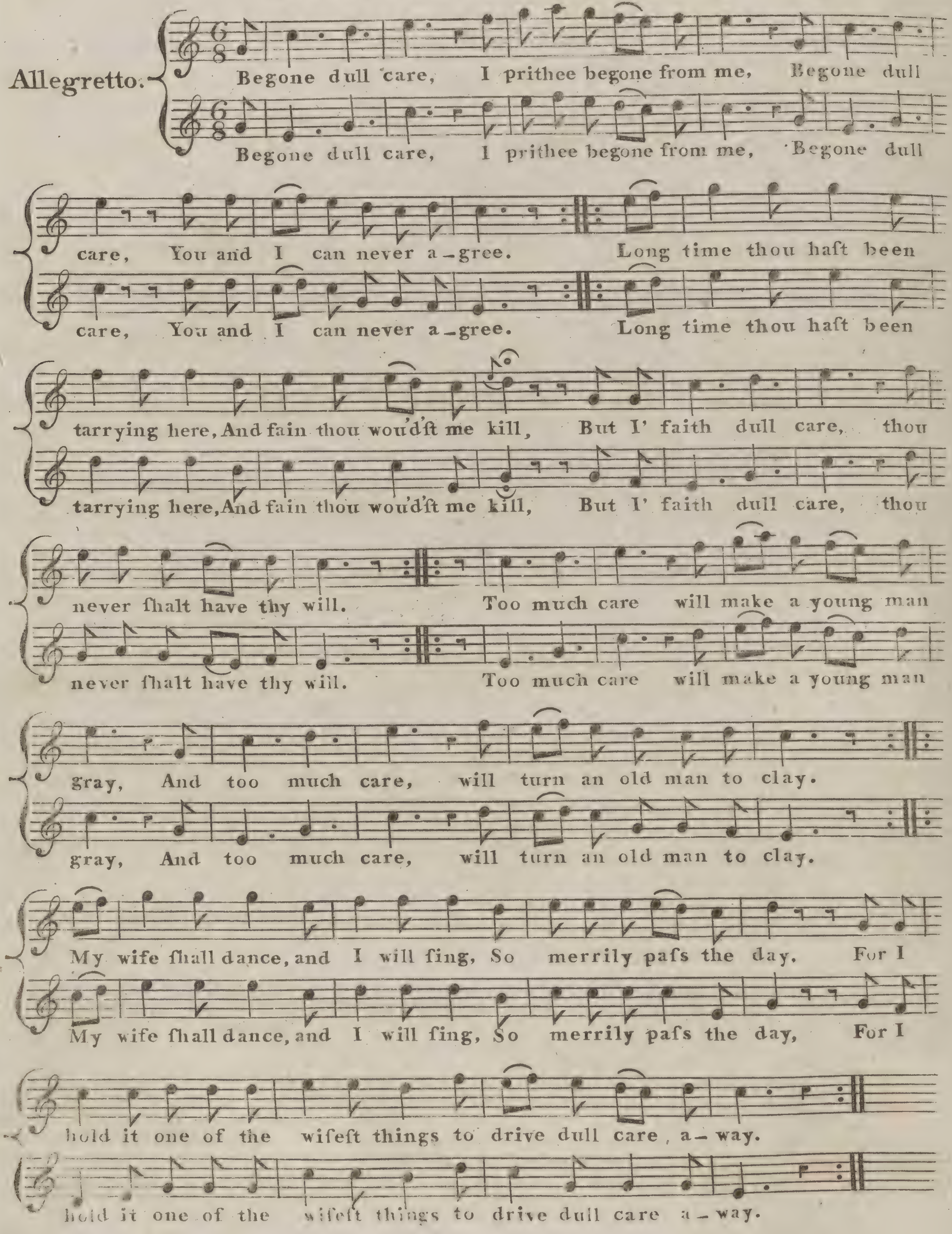
Ent.d at Stationers Hall. Price 1.s

LONDON

Printed by (MUZIO CLEMENTI) & C.o 26, Cheapside.


Allegretto.
Begone dull care, I prithee begone from me, Begone dull care, you and
Begone dull care, I prithee begone from me, Begone dull care, you and
I can never agree. Long time thou haſt been tarrying here, and
I can never agree. Long time thou haſt been tarrying here, and


fain thou wou'd'ſt me kill, But I' faith dull care, thou
fain thou wou'd'ſt me kill, But I' faith dull care, thou
never ſhalt have thy will. Too much care will make a young man
never ſhalt have thy will. Too much care will make a young man
gray, And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
gray, And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
My wife ſhall dance, and I will ſing, So merrily paſs the day: For I
My wife ſhall dance, and I will ſing, So merrily paſs the day: For I
hold it one of the wiſeſt things to drive dull care a _ way.
hold it one of the wiſeſt things to drive dull care a _ way.


Allegretto.
Begone dull care, I prithee begone from me, Begone dull
Begone dull care, I prithee begone from me, Begone dull
care, You and I can never a-gree. Long time thou haſt been
care, You and I can never a-gree. Long time thou haſt been
tarrying here, And fain thou woud'ſt me kill, But I' faith dull care, thou
tarrying here, And fain thou woud'ſt me kill, But I' faith dull care, thou
never ſhalt have thy will. Too much care will make a young man
never ſhalt have thy will. Too much care will make a young man
gray, And too much care, will turn an old man to clay.
gray, And too much care, will turn an old man to clay.
My wife ſhall dance, and I will ſing, So merrily paſs the day. For I
My wife ſhall dance, and I will ſing, So merrily paſs the day, For I
hold it one of the wiſeſt things to drive dull care, a-way.
hold it one of the wiſeſt things to drive dull care a-way.

London Printed & Sold by L. LAVENU, Muſic Seller to His
Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, 29 New Bond Street.

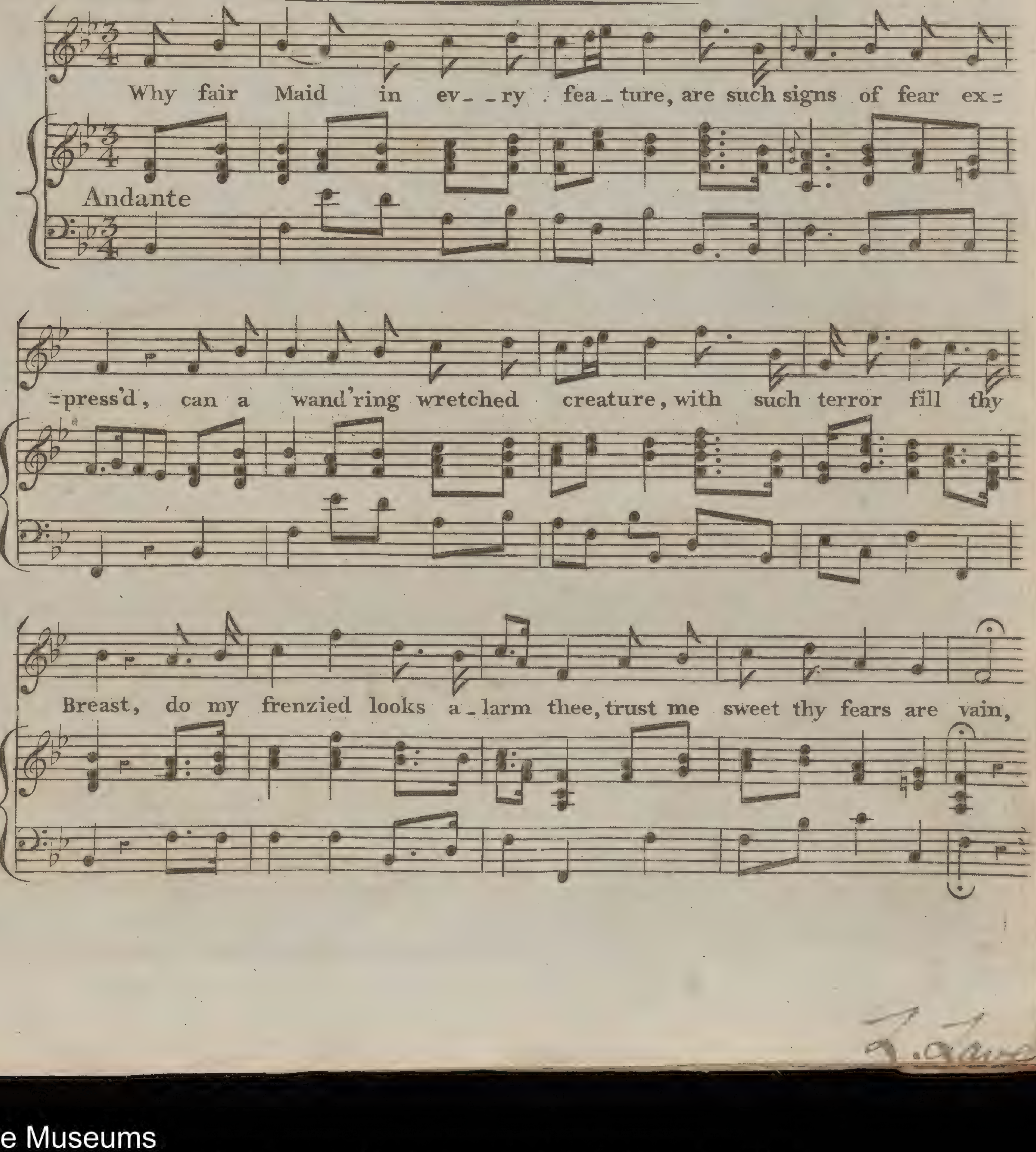
CRAZY JANE,

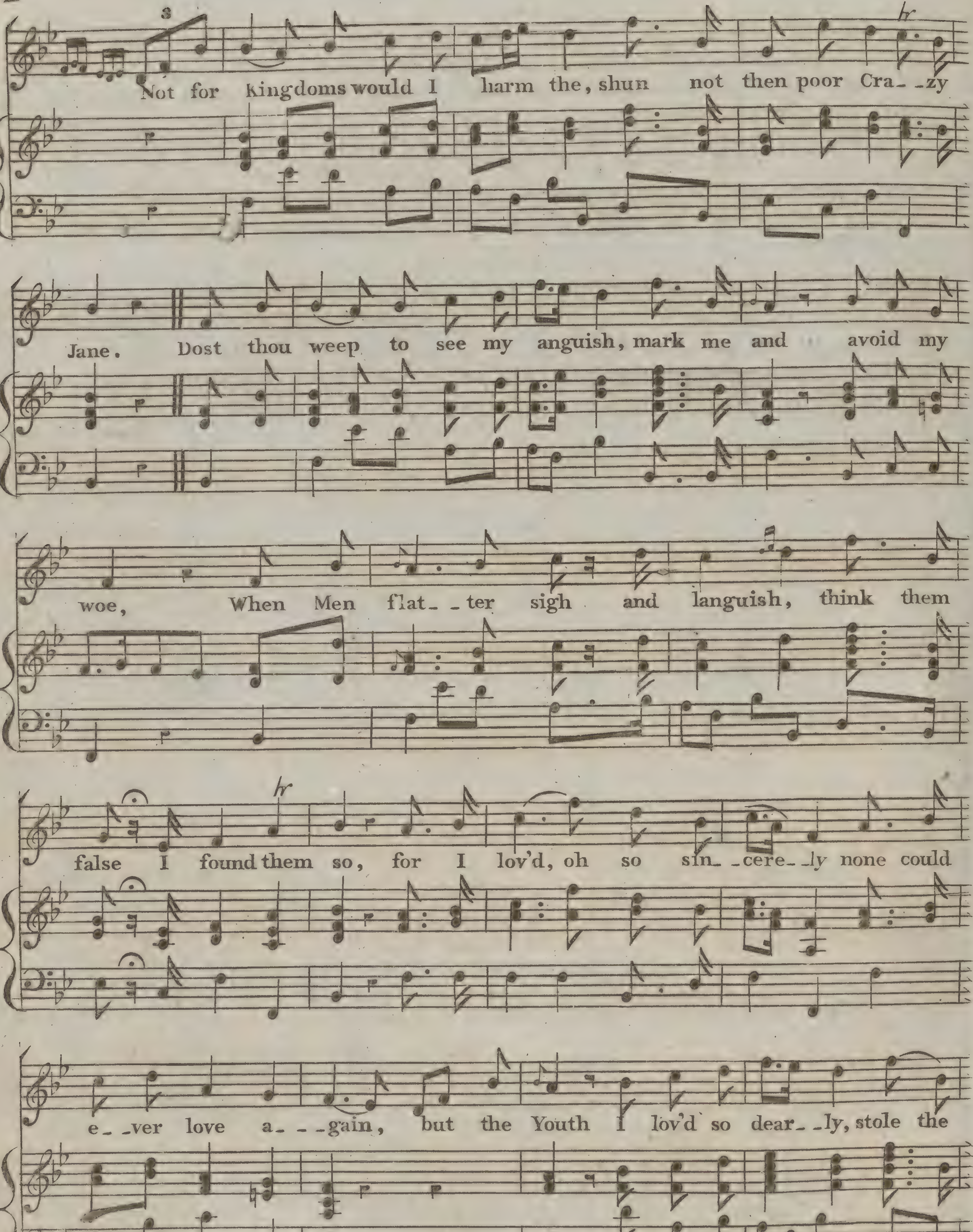
A Favorite Song,

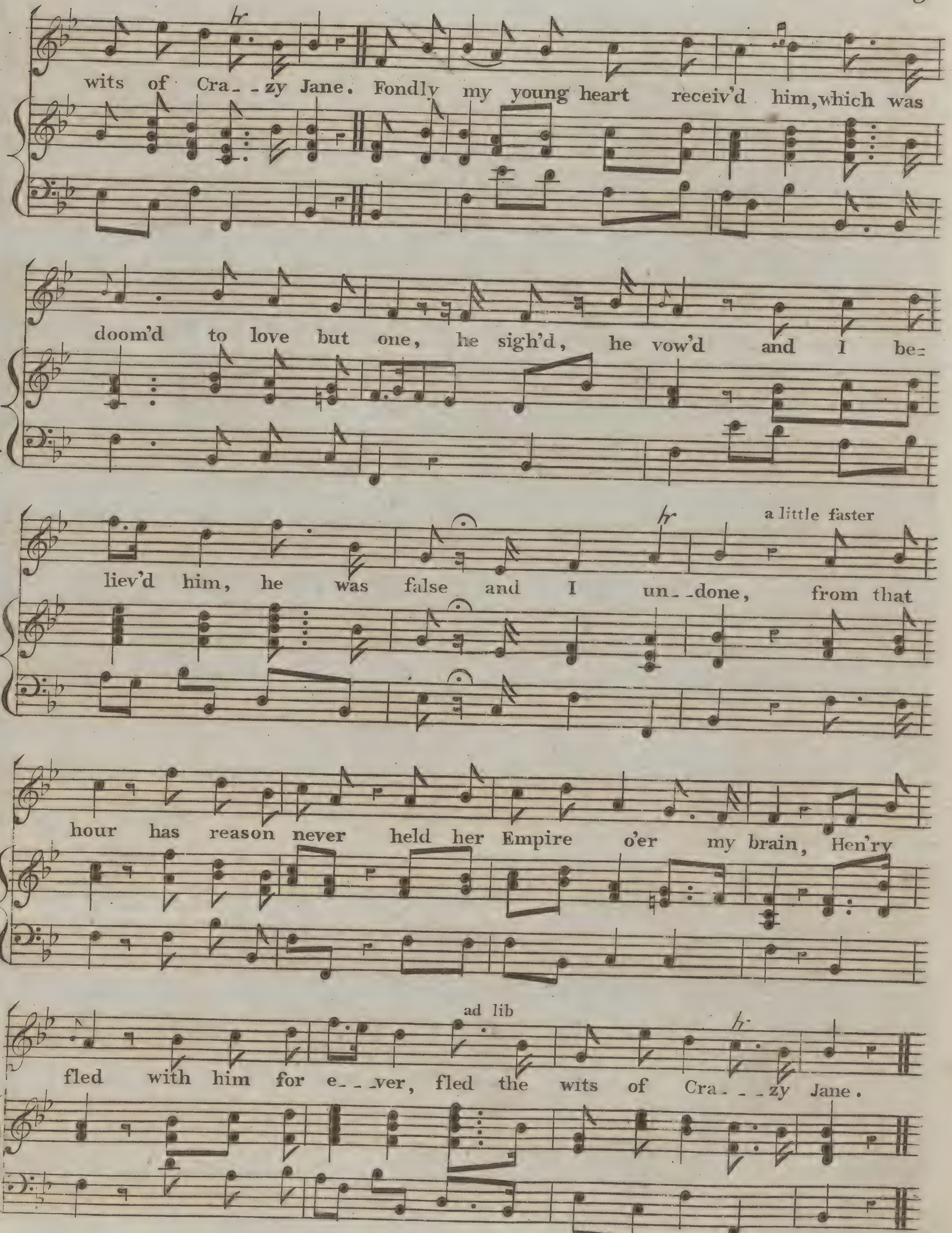
The Words by M. LEWIS, Esq.r and Set to Muſic
with an Accompaniment for the
HARP OR PIANO FORTE,
By Miſs Abrams.

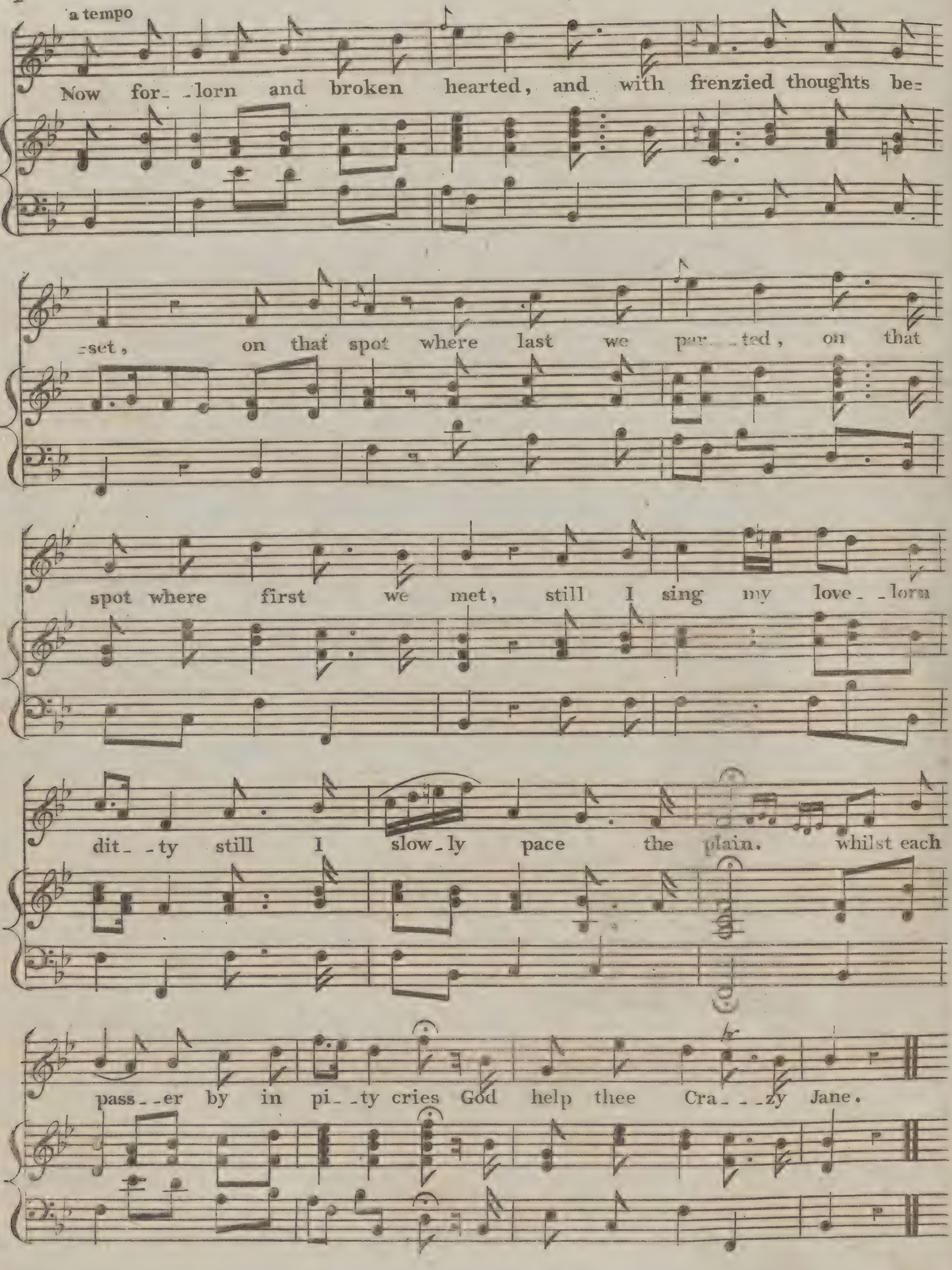
Pr. 1.s 6

Ent.d at Sta. Hall


Why fair Maid in ev--ry fea-ture, are such signs of fear ex-
Andante
-press'd, can a wand'ring wretched creature, with such terror fill thy
Breast, do my frenzied looks a-larm thee, trust me sweet thy fears are vain,


3
hr
Not for kingdoms would I harm the, shun not then poor Cra--zy
Jane. Dost thou weep to see my anguish, mark me and avoid my
woe, When Men flat--ter sigh and languish, think them
hr
false I found them so, for I lov'd, oh so sin--cere--ly none could
e--ver love a---gain, but the Youth I lov'd so dear--ly, stole the


wits of Cra--zy Jane. Fondly my young heart receiv'd him, which was
doom'd to love but one, he sigh'd, he vow'd and I be=
liev'd him, he was false and I un--done, from that
a little faster
hour has reason never held her Empire o'er my brain, Hen'ry
ad lib
fled with him for e--ver, fled the wits of Cra--zy Jane.

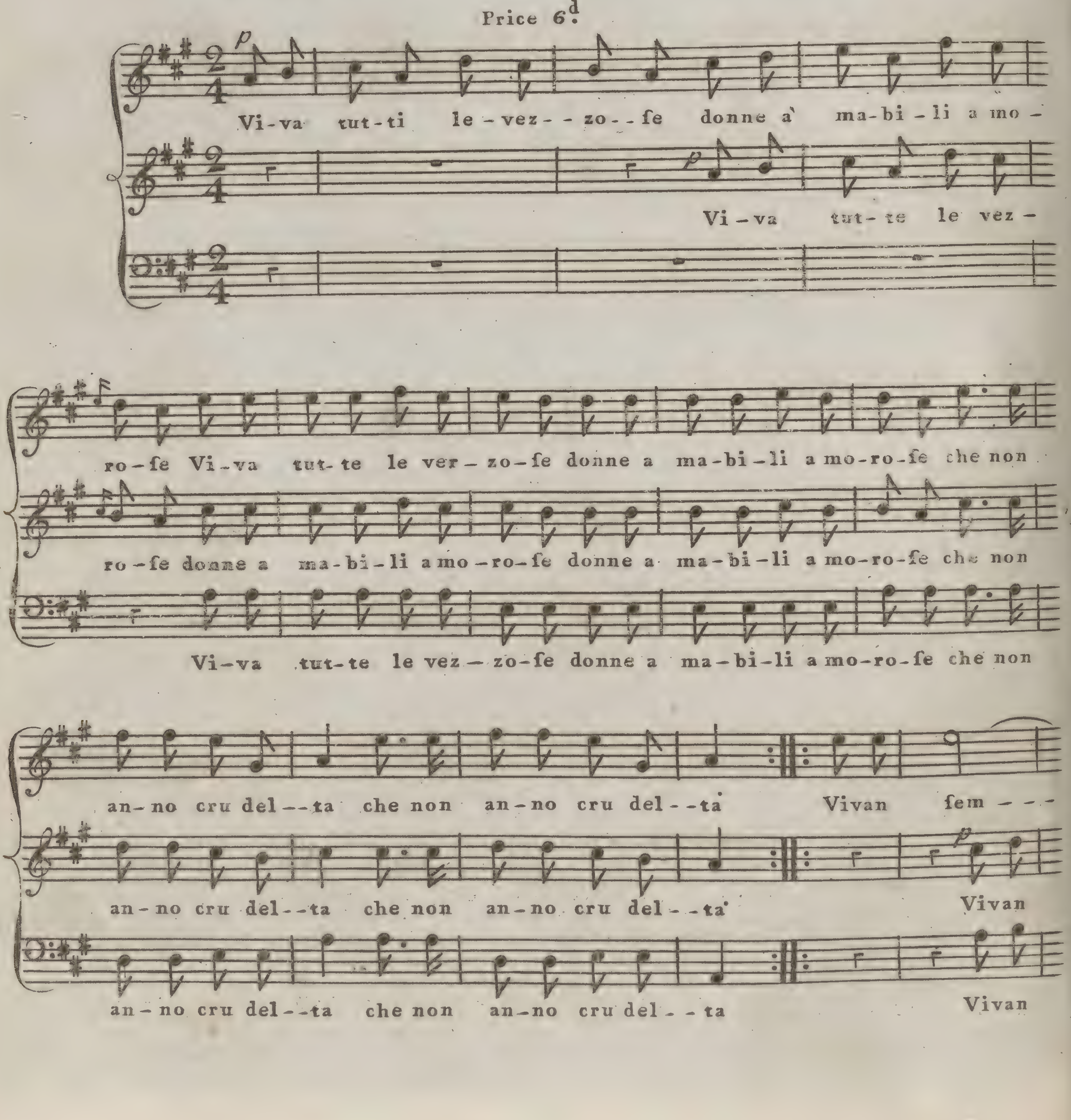

a tempo
Now for-lorn and broken hearted, and with frenzied thoughts be-
-set, on that spot where last we par-ted, on that
spot where first we met, still I sing my love-lorn
dit-ty still I slow-ly pace the plain. whilst each
pass-er by in pi-ty cries God help thee Cra-zy Jane.

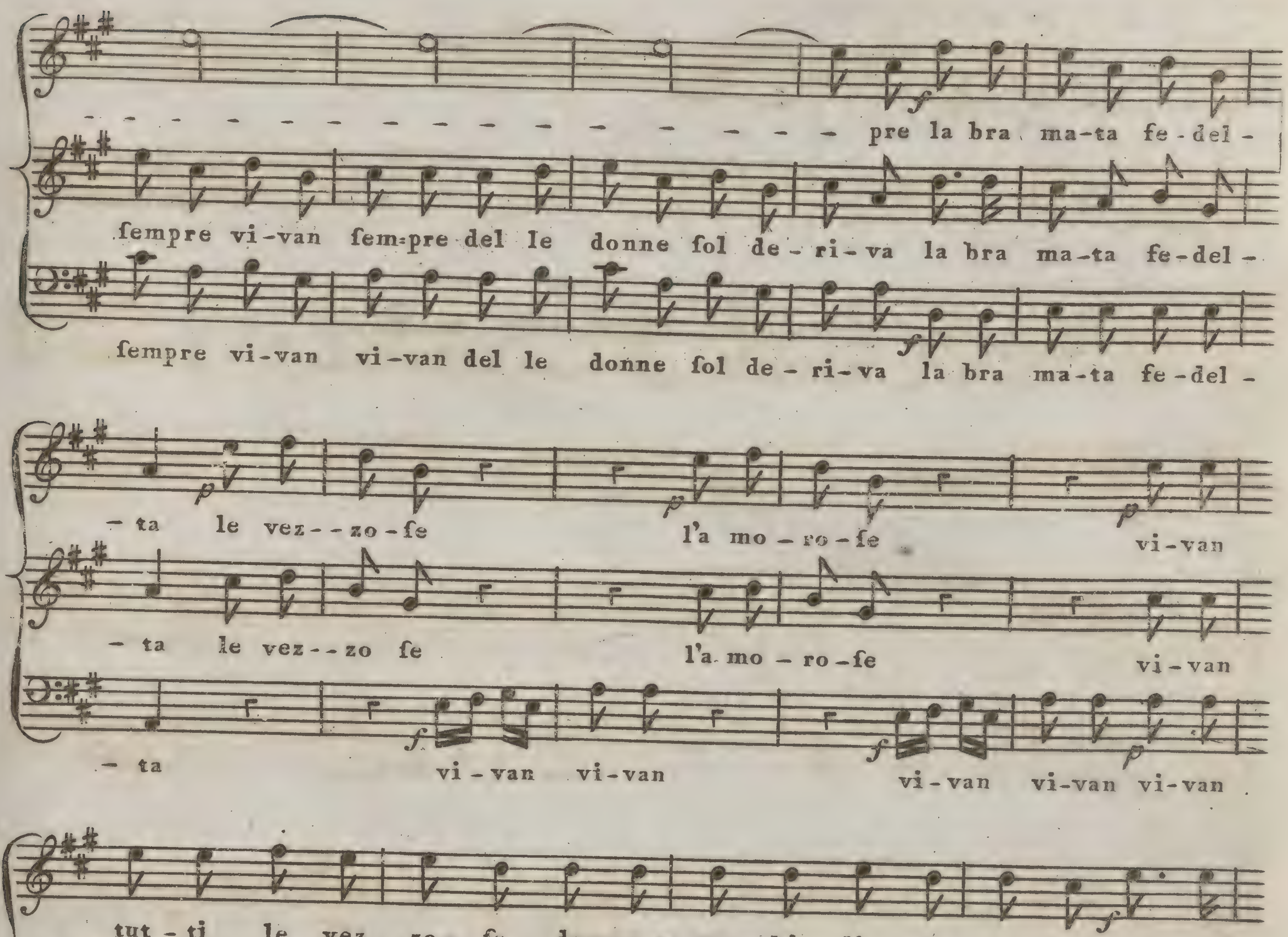
VIVA TUTTI LE VEZZOSE

A Favorite Terzetto

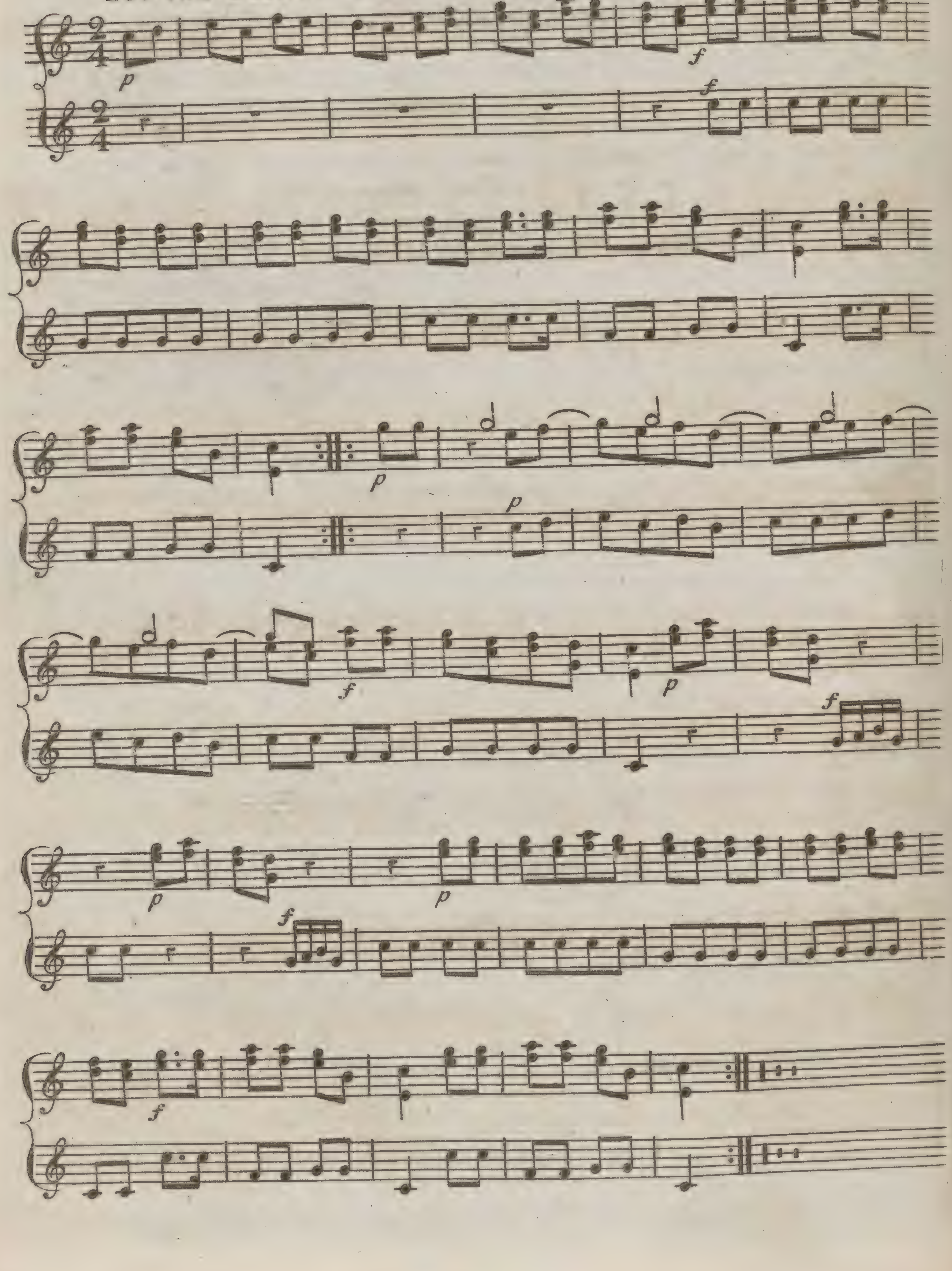
Printed by J. Dale N^o. 132 Oxford Street

Price 6^d.


p
Vi-va tut-ti le-vez--zo--ſe donne a' ma-bi-li a mo-
Vi-va tut-te le vez-
ro-ſe Vi-va tut-te le ver-zo-ſe donne a ma-bi-li a mo-ro-ſe che non
ro-ſe donne a ma-bi-li a mo-ro-ſe donne a ma-bi-li a mo-ro-ſe che non
Vi-va tut-te le vez-zo-ſe donne a ma-bi-li a mo-ro-ſe che non
an-no cru del--ta che non an-no cru del--ta Vivan ſem---
an-no cru del--ta che non an-no cru del--ta Vivan
an-no cru del--ta che non an-no cru del--ta Vivan


- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - pre la bra. ma-ta fe-del-
ſempre vi-van ſem=pre del le donne ſol de-ri-va la bra ma-ta fe-del-
ſempre vi-van vi-van del le donne ſol de-ri-va la bra ma-ta fe-del-
- ta le vez--zo-ſe l'a mo-ro-ſe vi-van
- ta le vez--zo ſe l'a. mo-ro-ſe vi-van
- ta vi-van vi-van vi-van vi-van vi-van
tut-ti le vez--zo--ſe don=ne a ma-bi--li a mo-ro-ſe che non
tut-ti le vez--zo--ſe don=ne a ma-bi--li a mo-ro-ſe che non
tut-ti le vez zo--ſe don=ne a ma-bi--li a mo-ro-ſe che non
an--no cru-del--ta che non an-no cru-del--ta.
an--no cru-del--ta che non an-no cru-del--ta.
an-no cru-del--ta che non an-no cru-del--ta.

For two Guitars



Faint and Wearily the way-worn Traveller,

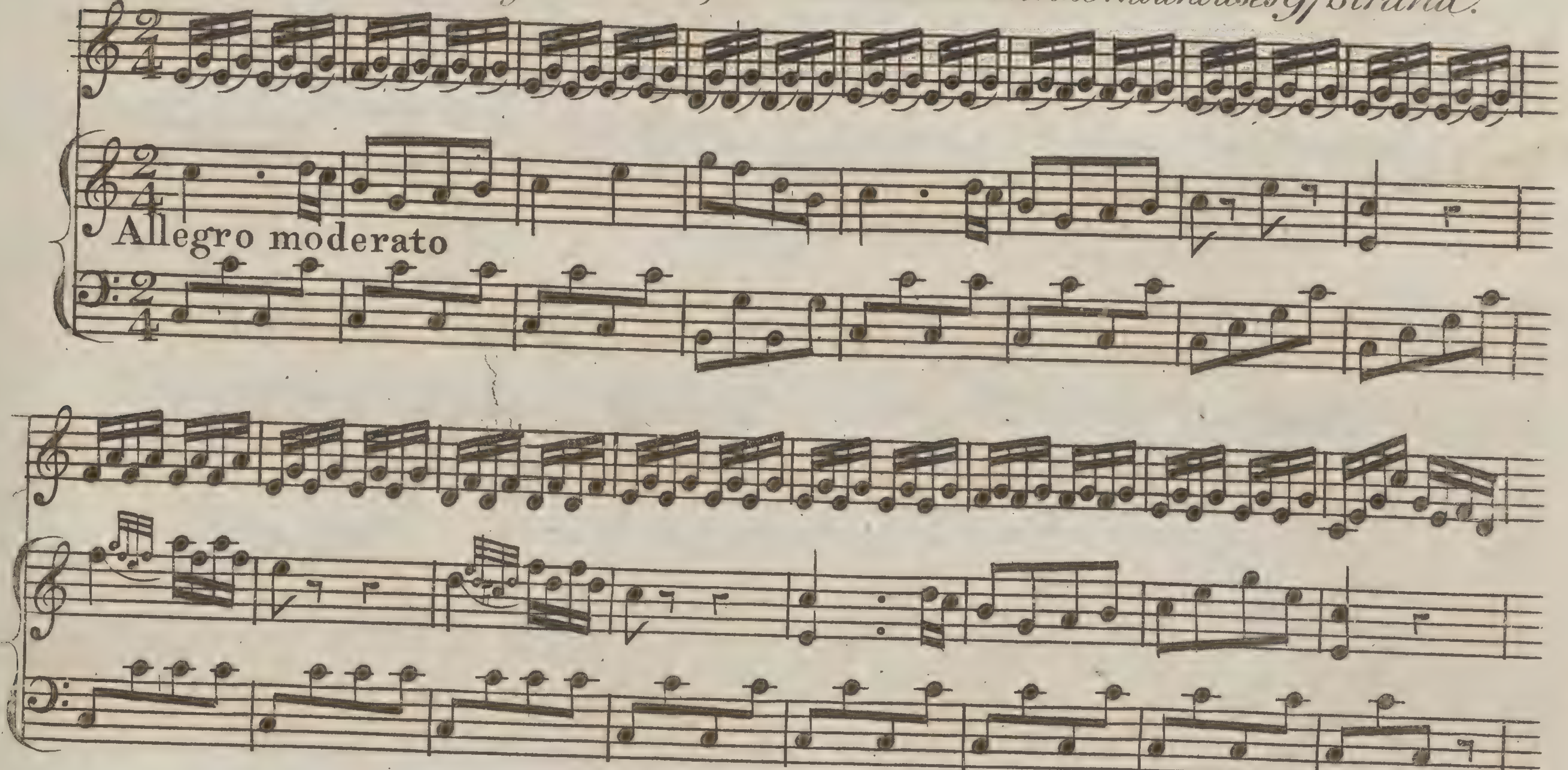
SUNG BY MRS. BLAND & MR. BANNISTER JUNR.

in the

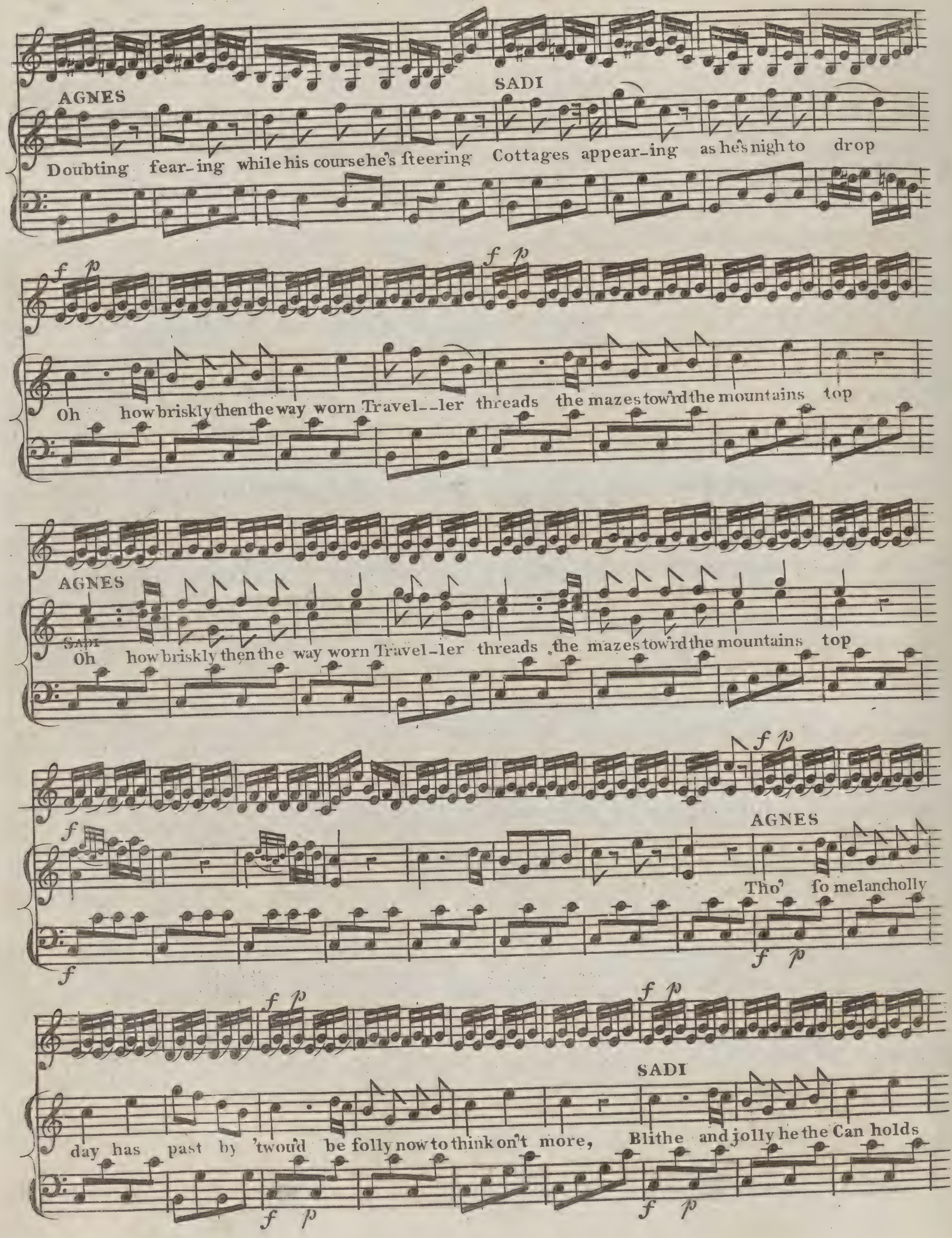
Mountaineers.

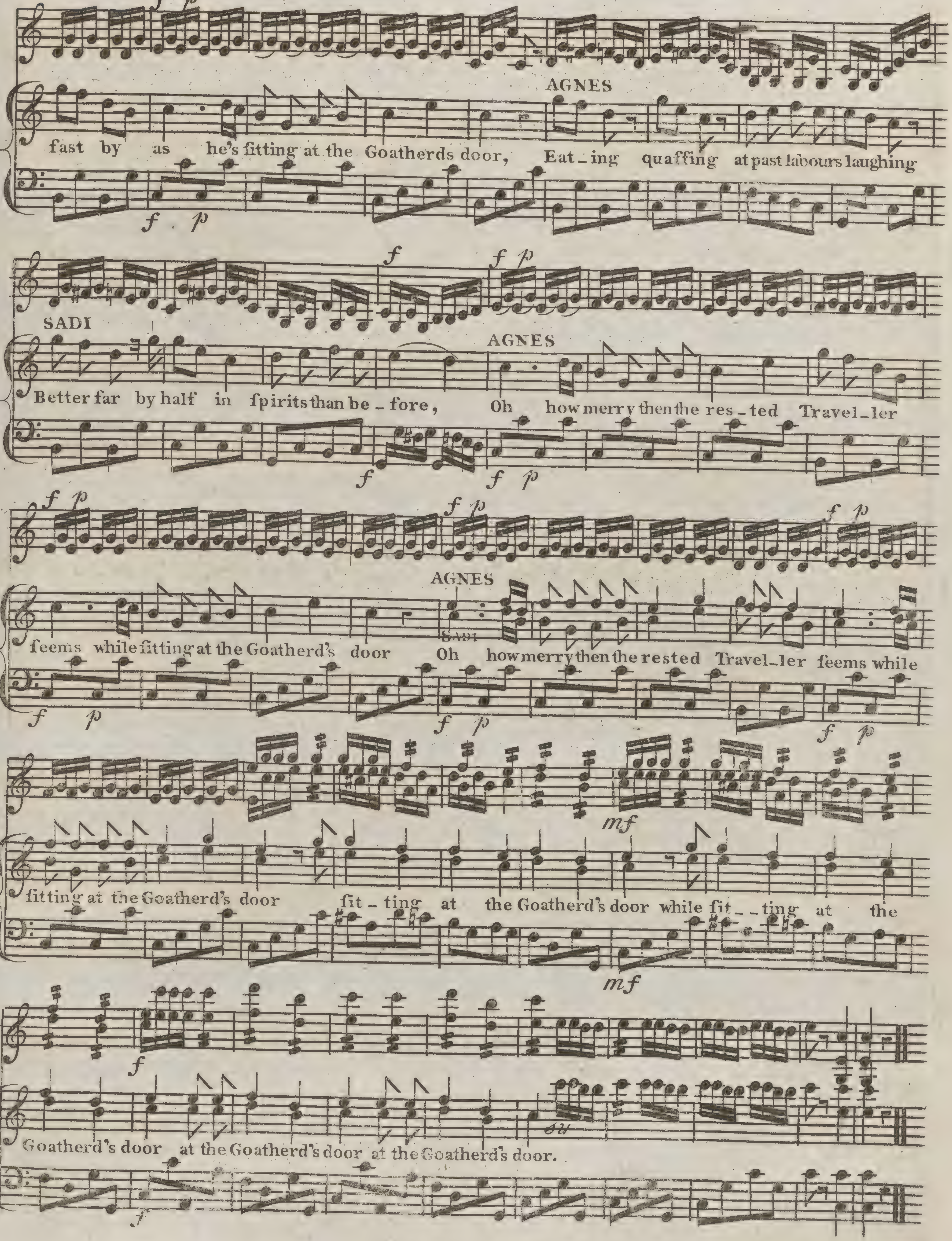
COMPOSED BY DR. ARNOLD.

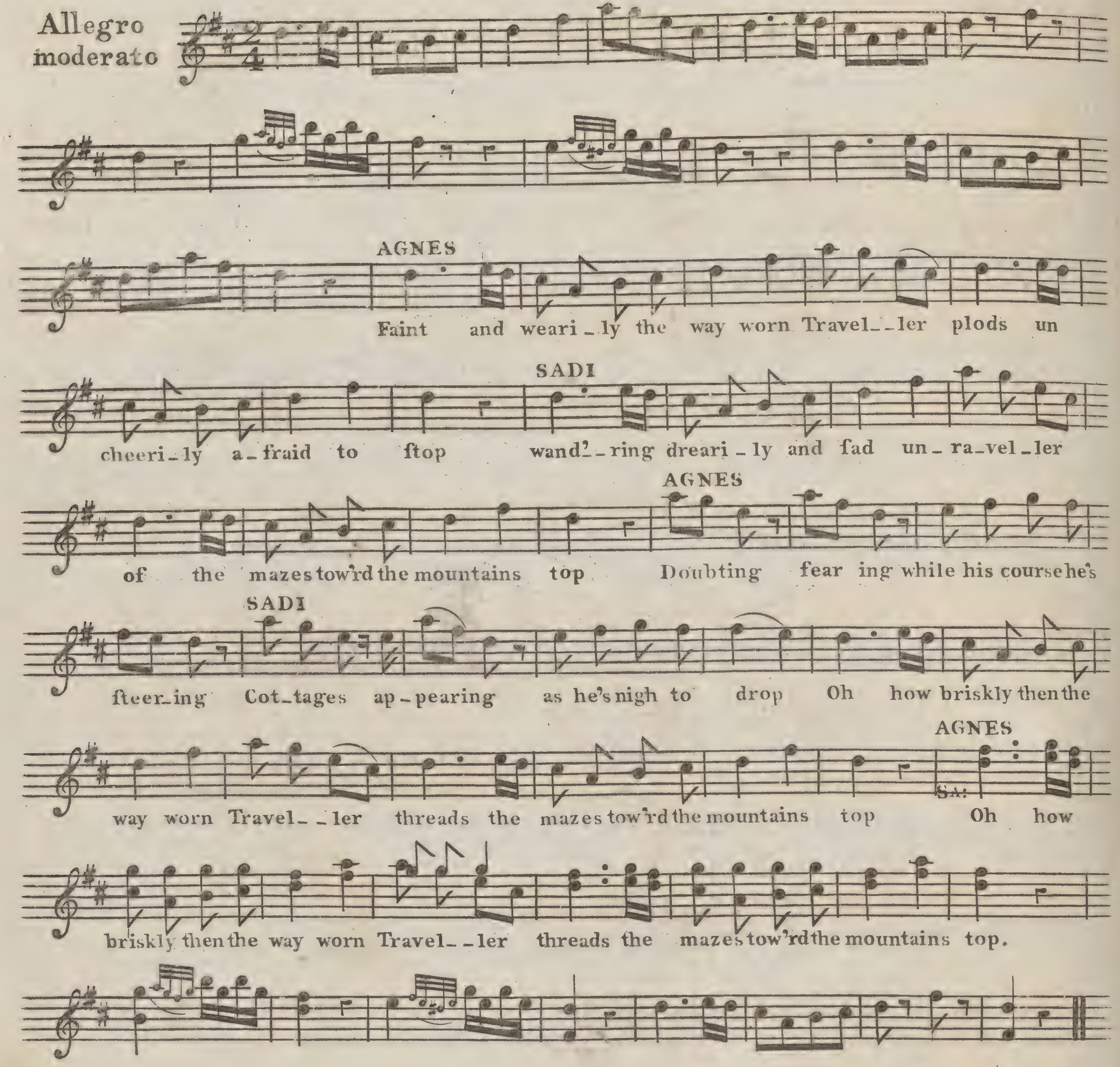
London, Printed & Sold by Preston & Son at their Wholesale Warehouses 97 Strand.
Price 1s.


Allegro moderato
f
p
AGNES
Faint and wea-ri-ly the way worn Travel-ler plods uncheeri-ly afraid to ſtop
SADI
Wand'-ring dreari-ly and ſad un--ravel-ler of the mazes tow'rd the mountains top
W

Volti


AGNES
Doubting fear-ing while his course he's ſteering
SADI
Cottages appear-ing as he's nigh to drop
f p
Oh how briskly then the way worn Travel--ler threads the mazes tow'rd the mountains top
AGNES
SADI
Oh how briskly then the way worn Travel-ler threads the mazes tow'rd the mountains top
f
AGNES
Tho' ſo melancholly
f p
day has past by 'twou'd be folly now to think on't more,
SADI
Blithe and jolly he the Can holds
f p


f p
AGNES
fast by as he's ſitting at the Goatherds door, Eat_ing quaffing at paſt labours laughing
f p
f
f p
SADI
AGNES
Better far by half in ſpirits than be_fore, Oh how merry then the res_ted Travel_ler
f
f p
f p
f p
f p
AGNES
SADI
ſeems while ſitting at the Goatherd's door Oh how merry then the rested Travel_ler ſeems while
f p
f p
f p
mf
ſitting at the Goatherd's door ſit_ting at the Goatherd's door while ſit__ting at the
mf
f
8va
Goatherd's door at the Goatherd's door at the Goatherd's door.
f


Allegro moderato
AGNES
Faint and weari_ly the way worn Travel__ler plods un
SADI
cheeri_ly a_fraid to ſtop wand'_ring dreari_ly and ſad un_ra_vel_ler
AGNES
of the mazes tow'rd the mountains top Doubting fear ing while his course he's
SADI
ſteer_ing Cot_tages ap_pearing as he's nigh to drop Oh how briskly then the
AGNES
way worn Travel__ler threads the mazes tow'rd the mountains top Oh how
SA:
briskly then the way worn Travel__ler threads the mazes tow'rd the mountains top.

2

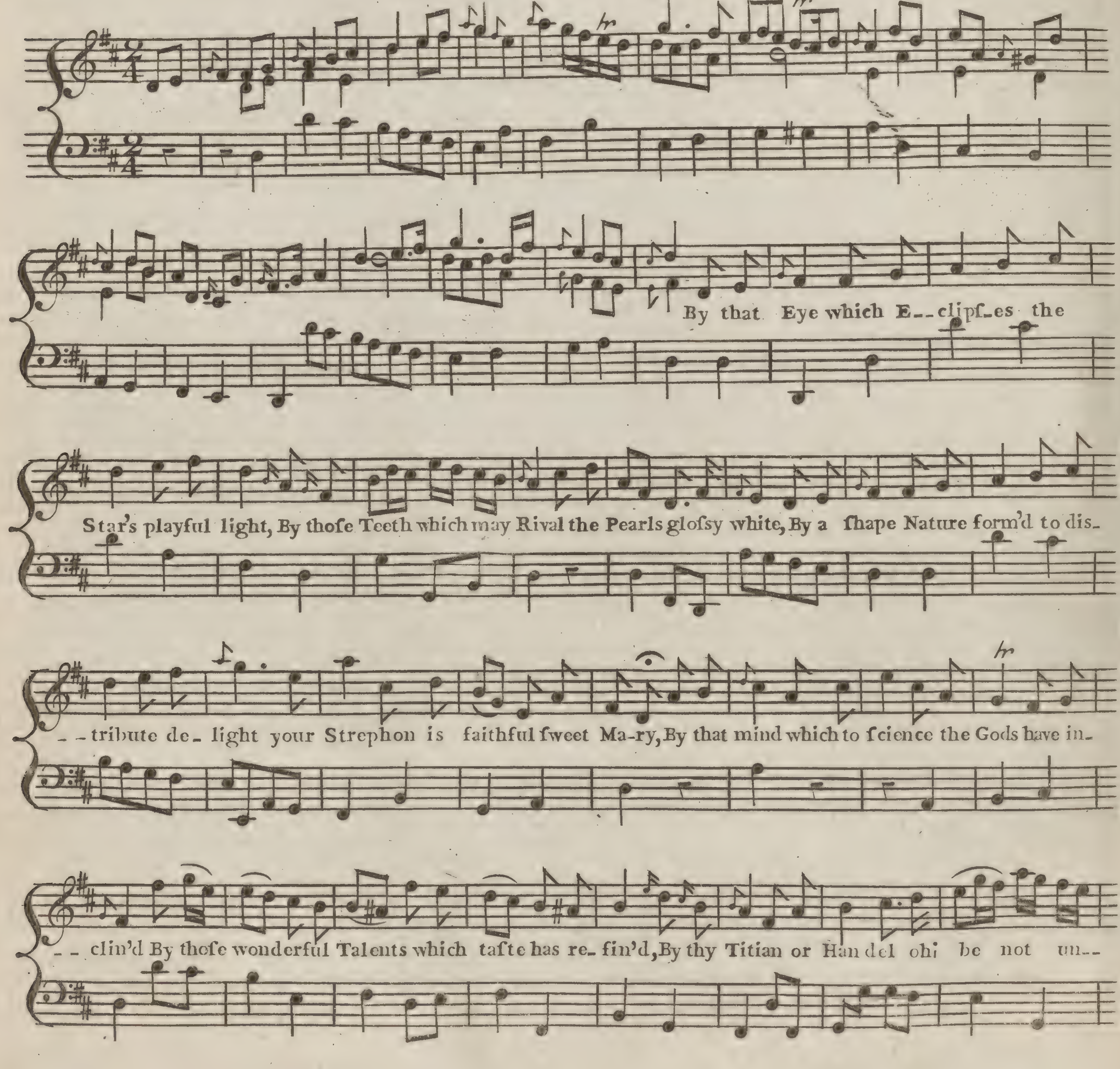
AGNES Tho' ſo melancholly day has past by
'Twou'd be folly now to think on't more,
SADI Blithe and jolly he the Can holds fast by
As he's ſitting at the Goatherds door,
AGNES Eating quaffing at past labours laughing,
SADI Better far by half in ſpirits than before,
AGNES Oh how merry then the rested Traveller
Seems while ſitting at the Goatherds door.

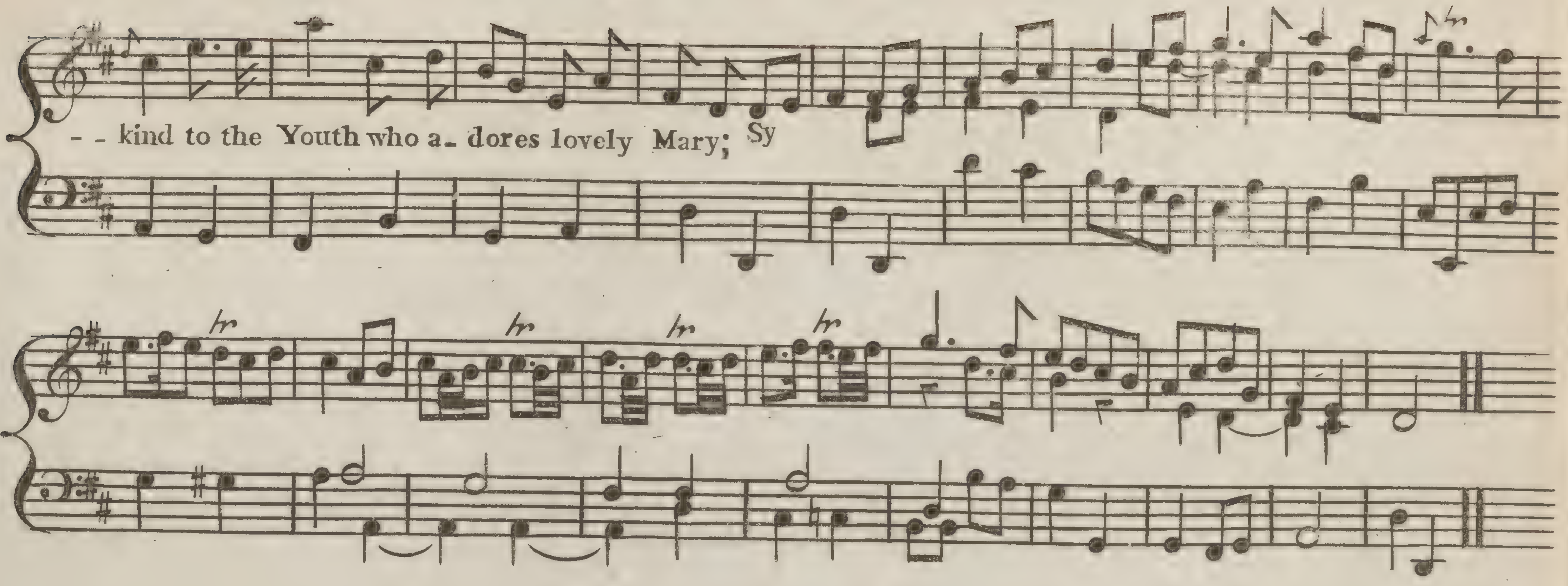
Strephon's Addreſs

The Words by Mr. I: F: N:

Price 6d.

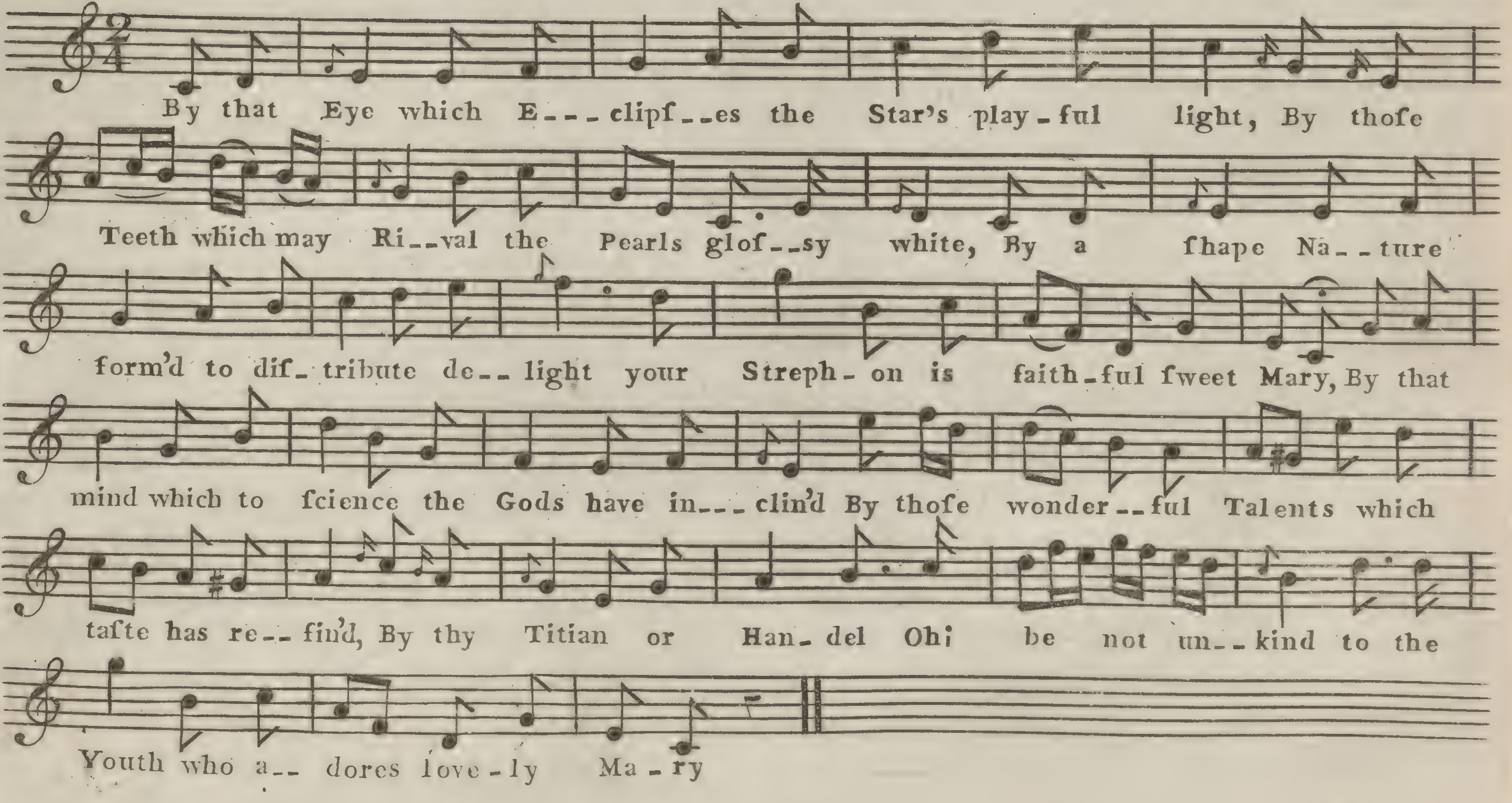
Printed by Longman and Broderip No. 26 Cheapſide and No. 13 Hay Market
Entered at Stationer's Hall.


By that Eye which E--clipſ-es the
Star's playful light, By thoſe Teeth which may Rival the Pearls gloſsy white, By a ſhape Nature form'd to dis-
--tribute de-light your Strephon is faithful ſweet Ma-ry, By that mind which to ſcience the Gods have in-
--clin'd By thoſe wonderful Talents which taſte has re-fin'd, By thy Titian or Han del oh! be not un--
tr



If a temper more ſmooth than the Po's glaſsy ſtream
United to chearfulneſs claims not Eſteem,
Then all life is no more than a Phantom or dream,
And Strephon in truth loves not Mary;
But as ſure as exiſtence is more than a dream,
And as ſure as that Excellence muſt meet eſteem,
So ſure is poor Strephon in love to extreme
With the charming, the Elegant Mary.

Guitar


By that Eye which E- - - clipſ- -es the Star's play-ful light, By thoſe
Teeth which may Ri- -val the Pearls gloſ- -sy white, By a ſhape Na- -ture
form'd to diſ- tribute de- - light your Streph- on is faith-ful ſweet Mary, By that
mind which to ſcience the Gods have in- - - clin'd By thoſe wonder- -ful Talents which
taſte has re- - fin'd, By thy Titian or Han- del Oh! be not un- -kind to the
Youth who a- - dores love-ly Ma- ry

You Gentlemen of England.

A Favorite Song,

Taken from the Celebrated Glee of

The New Mariners

Sung at Harrison & Knyvetts Concerts,

& in the New Opera of

The Travellers in Switzerland,

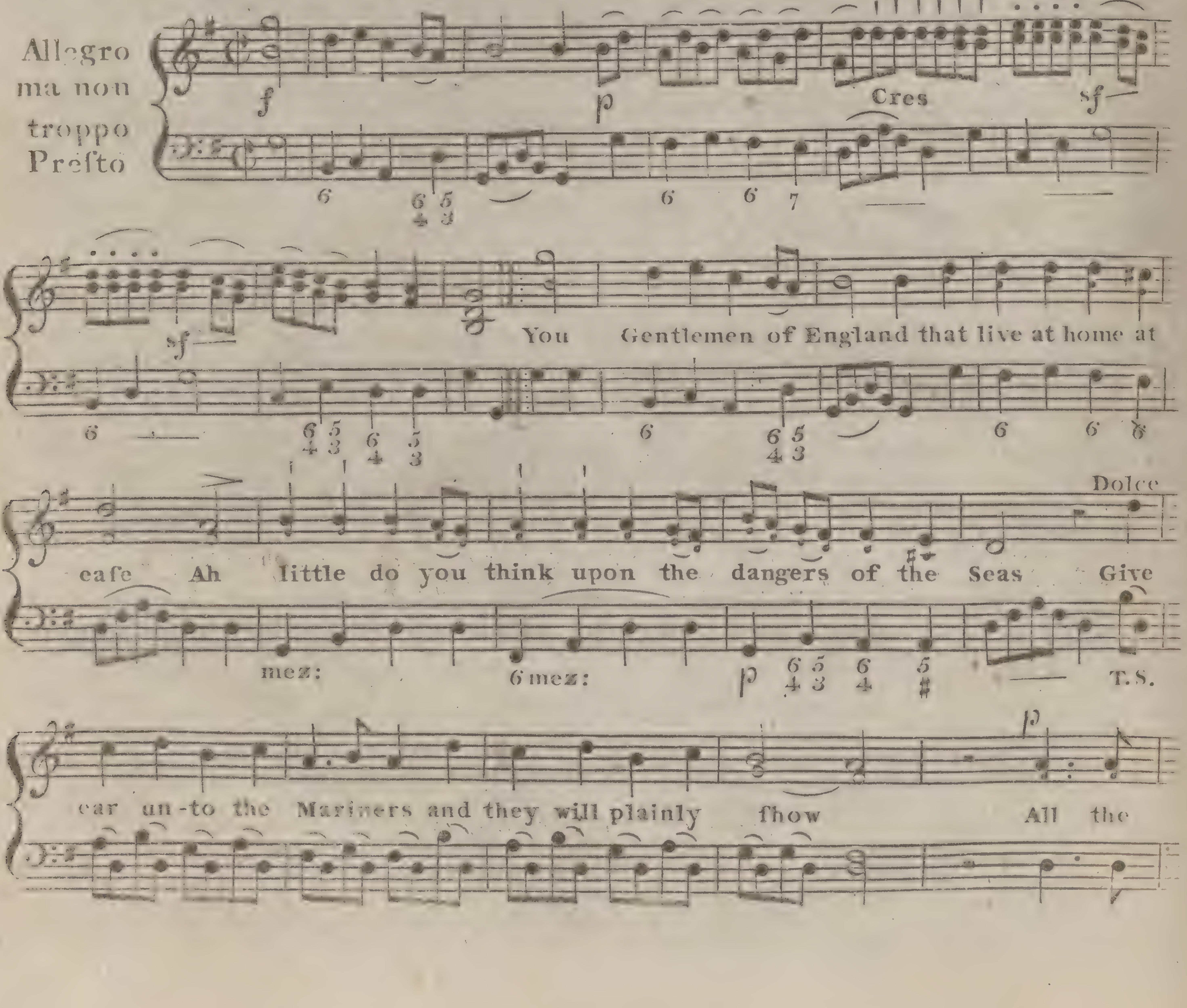
Compoſed by

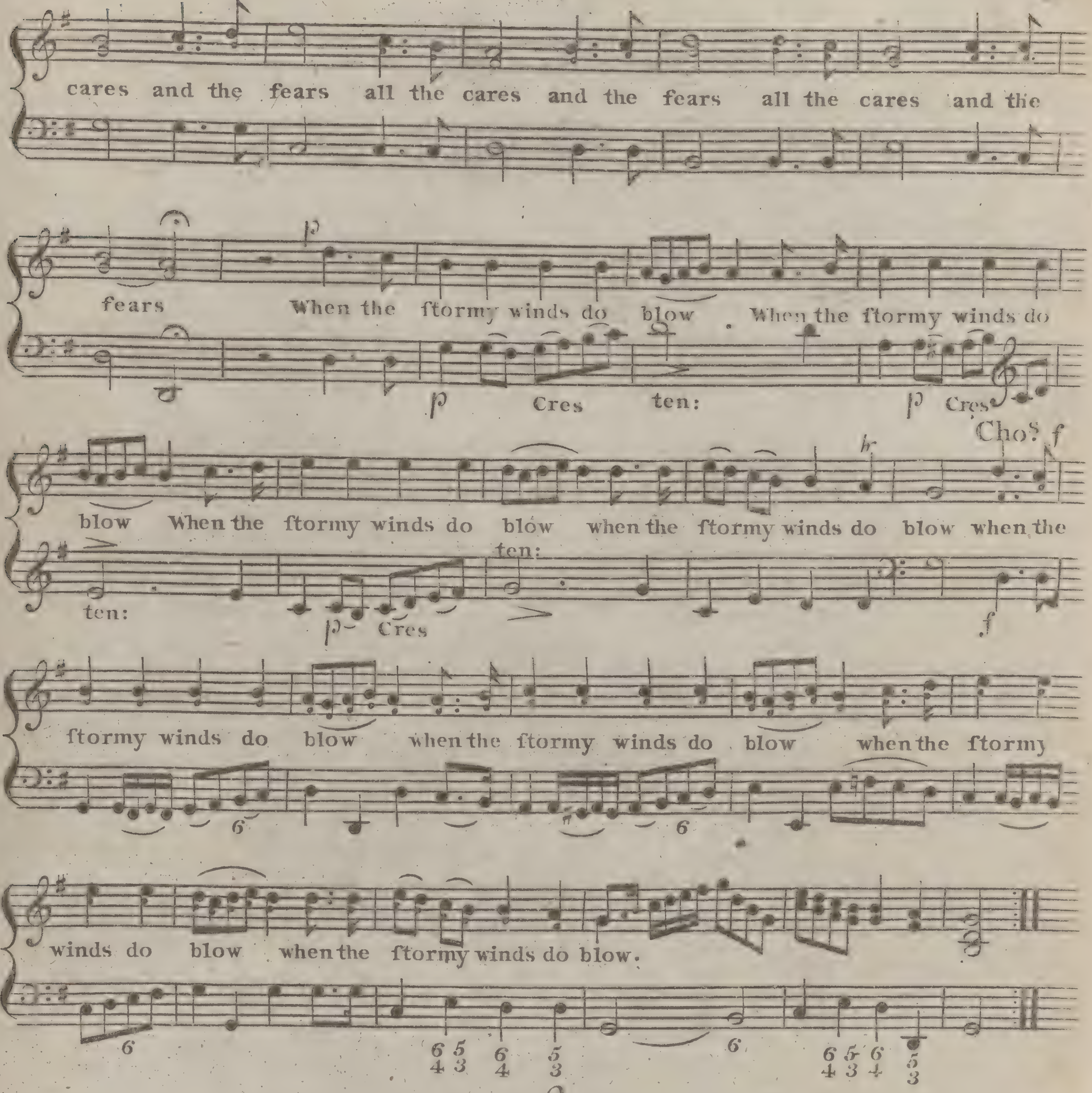
J. Wm. Callcott, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

Price 1s.

London. Printed for and Sold by J. Dale.
No. 19, Cornhill & No. 132, Oxford Street, facing Hanover Square.


Allegro ma non troppo Preſto
f
p
Cres
sf
sf
You Gentlemen of England that live at home at
eaſe Ah little do you think upon the dangers of the Seas Give
Dolce
mez:
6 mez:
p
T.S.
ear un-to the Mariners and they will plainly ſhow All the
p


cares and the fears all the cares and the fears all the cares and the
fears When the ſtormy winds do blow When the ſtormy winds do
p
Cres
ten:
p
Cres
Cho.s f
blow When the ſtormy winds do blow when the ſtormy winds do blow when the
ten:
ten:
p
Cres
f
ſtormy winds do blow when the ſtormy winds do blow when the ſtormy
winds do blow when the ſtormy winds do blow.

2

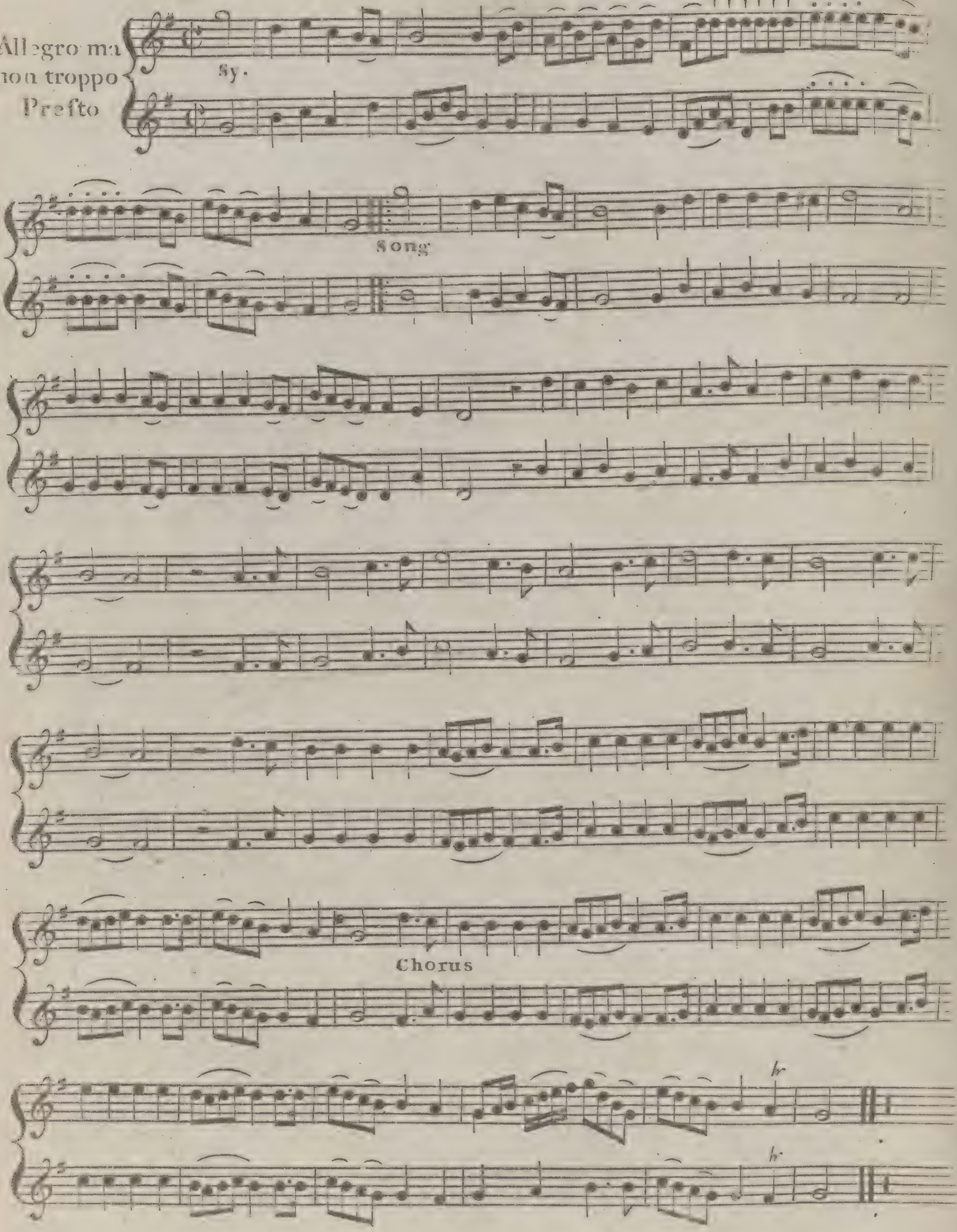
If enemies oppoſe us, when England is at wars
With any foreign nations, we fear not wounds nor ſcars,
Our roaring guns ſhall teach 'em our valour for to know,
Whilſt they reel on the keel, when the ſtormy winds do blow.

3

Then courage all brave mariners, and never be diſmay'd,
Whilſt we have bold adventurers we ne'er ſhall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us to fetch them wealth we know,
Then be bold, work for gold, when the ſtormy winds do blow.

For one or two Ger. Flutes

Allegro ma non troppo Presto



London, Printed & Sold by L. LAVENU, Music Seller to His
Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, 29 New Bond Street.

THE FRIEND OF MY HEART.

A Favorite Song.

The Words by M. P. Andrews, Esq.^r

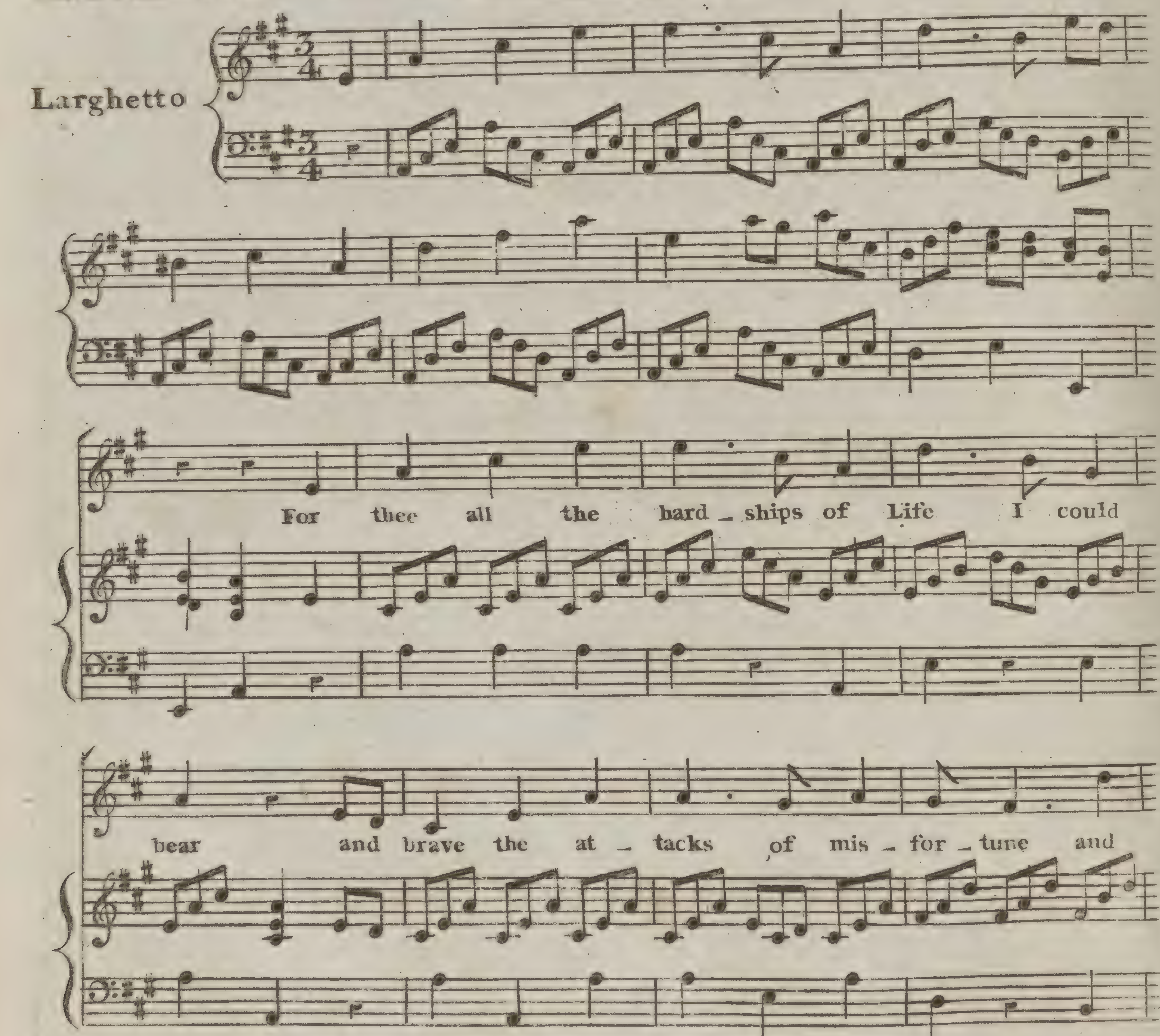
And Set to Music with an Accompaniment for the

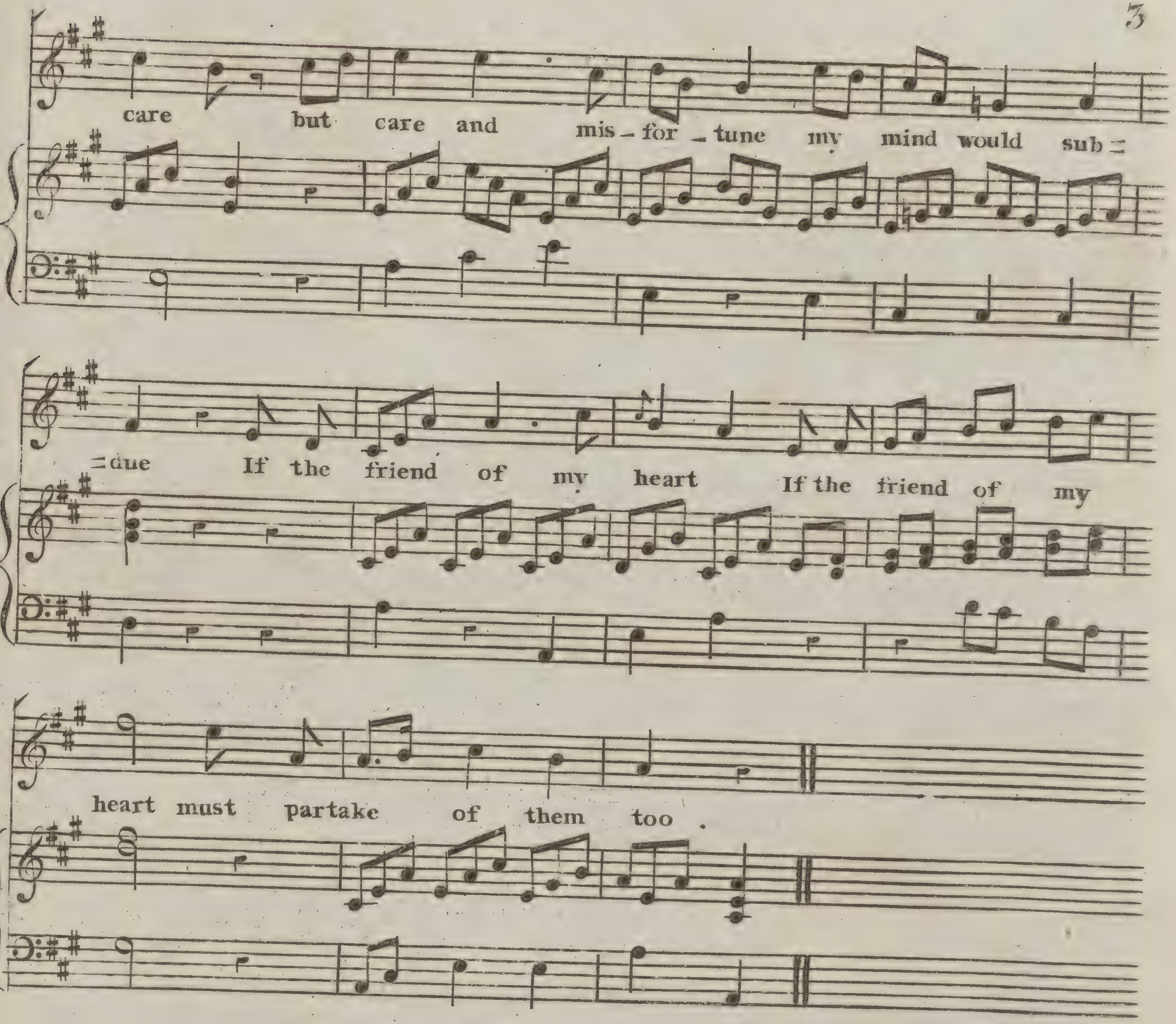
Harp or Piano Forte,

By Miſs Abrams.

Pr. 1^s

Ent. at Stationers Hall


Larghetto
For thee all the hard - ships of Life I could
bear and brave the at - tacks of mis - for - tune and


care but care and mis-for-tune my mind would sub-
-due If the friend of my heart If the friend of my
heart must partake of them too.

2

Had Fate from its bounty propitiously lent,
Enough but to furnish the Cot of content,
The dictates of Love in that Cot I'd pursue,
For the Friend of my heart would partake of it too.

3

But Nancy with nought but her truth, to endear,
With nothing to give to distress, but a tear,
Can ne'er look for comfort with ruin in view,
And the Friend of her heart to partake of it too.

A TRUE COPY

The BLUE BELL of SCOTLAND

A favorite Scotch Song,
with an Accompaniment for the
PIANO FORTE, HARP, GUITTAR or LUTE,
As Sung with Unbounded Applause by
Mrs. Jordan,
at the
THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

Entered at Stat.s Hall. Price 1s/-

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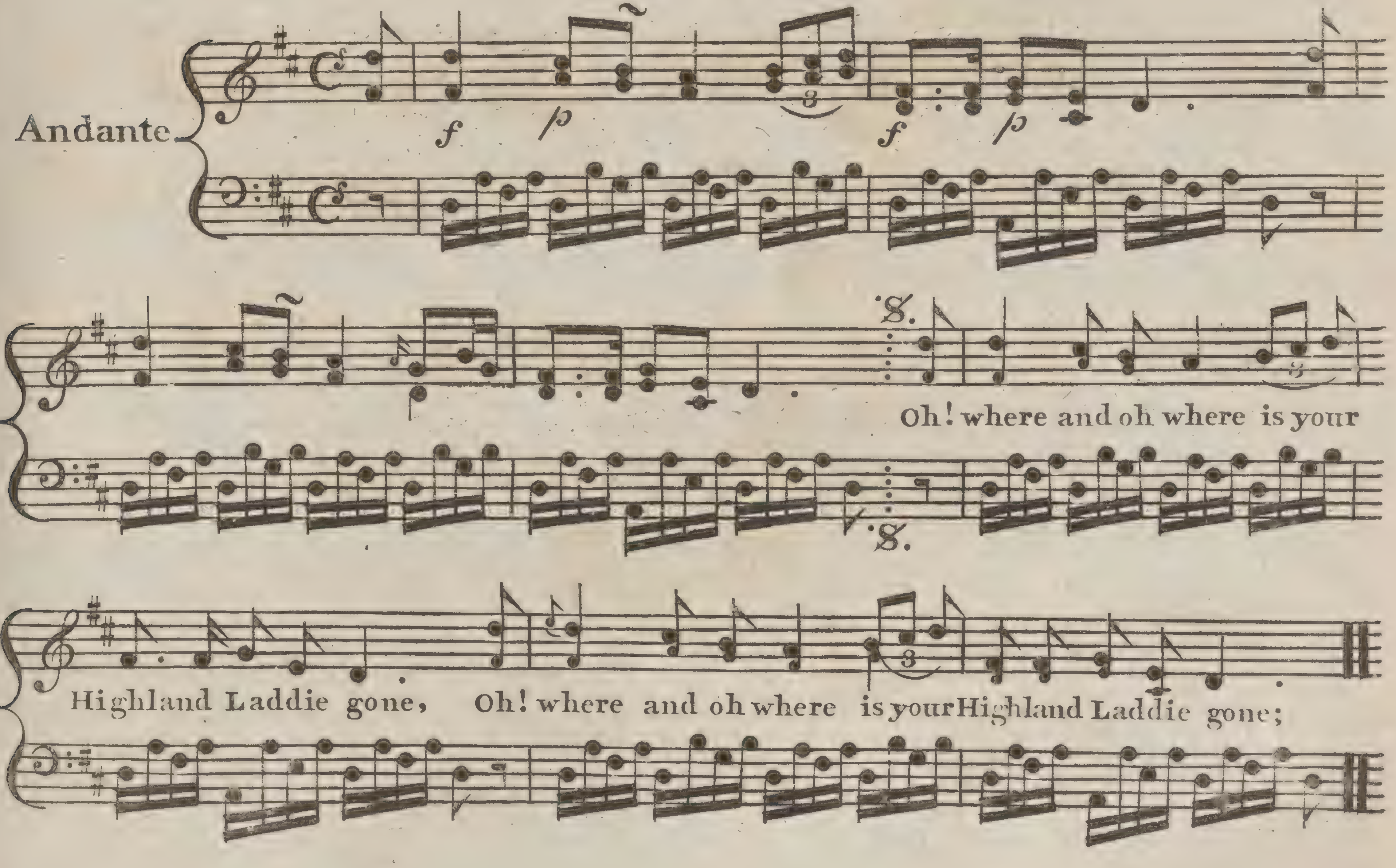
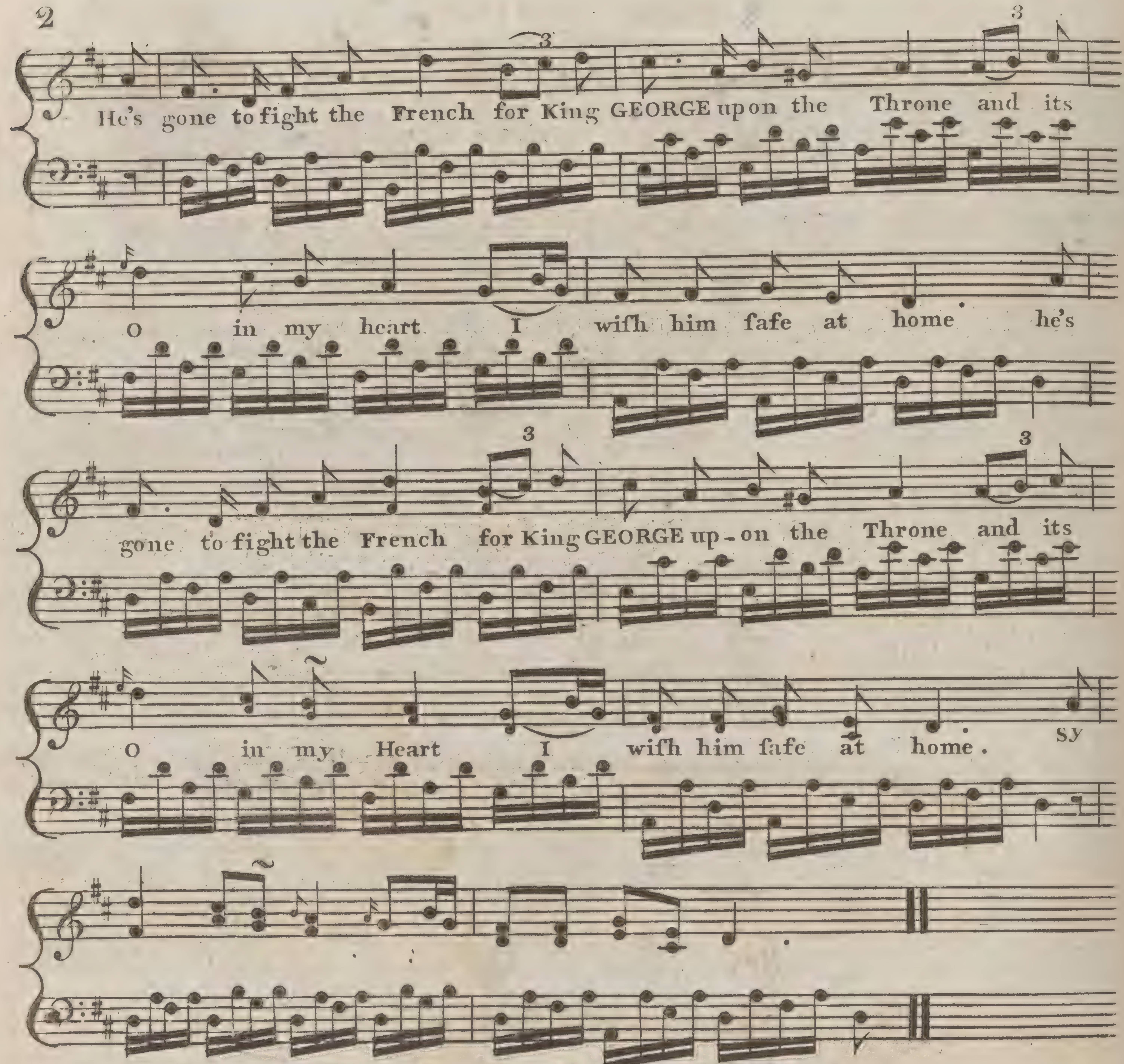
Printed for J. DALE, No. 19. Cornhill, and the corner of
Holles Street, Oxford Street.


Andante
f
p
f
p
Oh! where and oh where is your
Highland Laddie gone, Oh! where and oh where is your Highland Laddie gone;

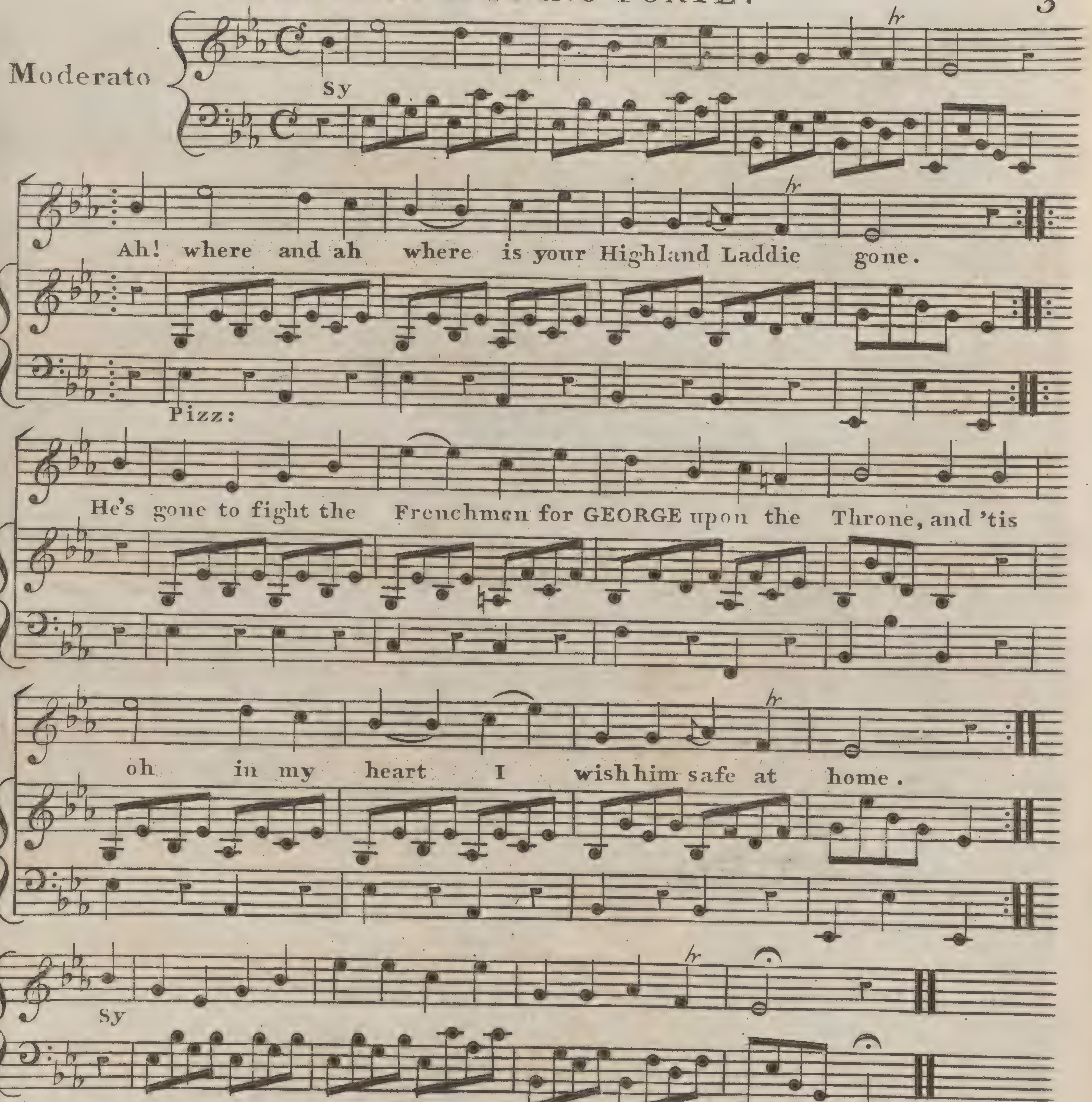

He's gone to fight the French for King GEORGE upon the Throne and its
O in my heart I wiſh him ſafe at home he's
gone to fight the French for King GEORGE up-on the Throne and its
O in my Heart I wiſh him ſafe at home. sy
3
3
3
3

2
Oh where and oh where did your Highland Laddie dwell
He dwelt in merry Scotland at the ſign of the Blue Bell
And its oh in my heart I love my Laddie well.

3
In what Cloaths in what Cloaths is your Highland Laddie clad
His Bonnet of the Saxon green and his Waiscoat of the Plaid
And its oh in my heart I love my Highland Lad.

4
Suppose and suppose that your Highland Lad should die
The Bagpipes should play over him and I'd sit me down and cry
And its oh in my heart I wish he may not die.

For the HARP or PIANO FORTE.

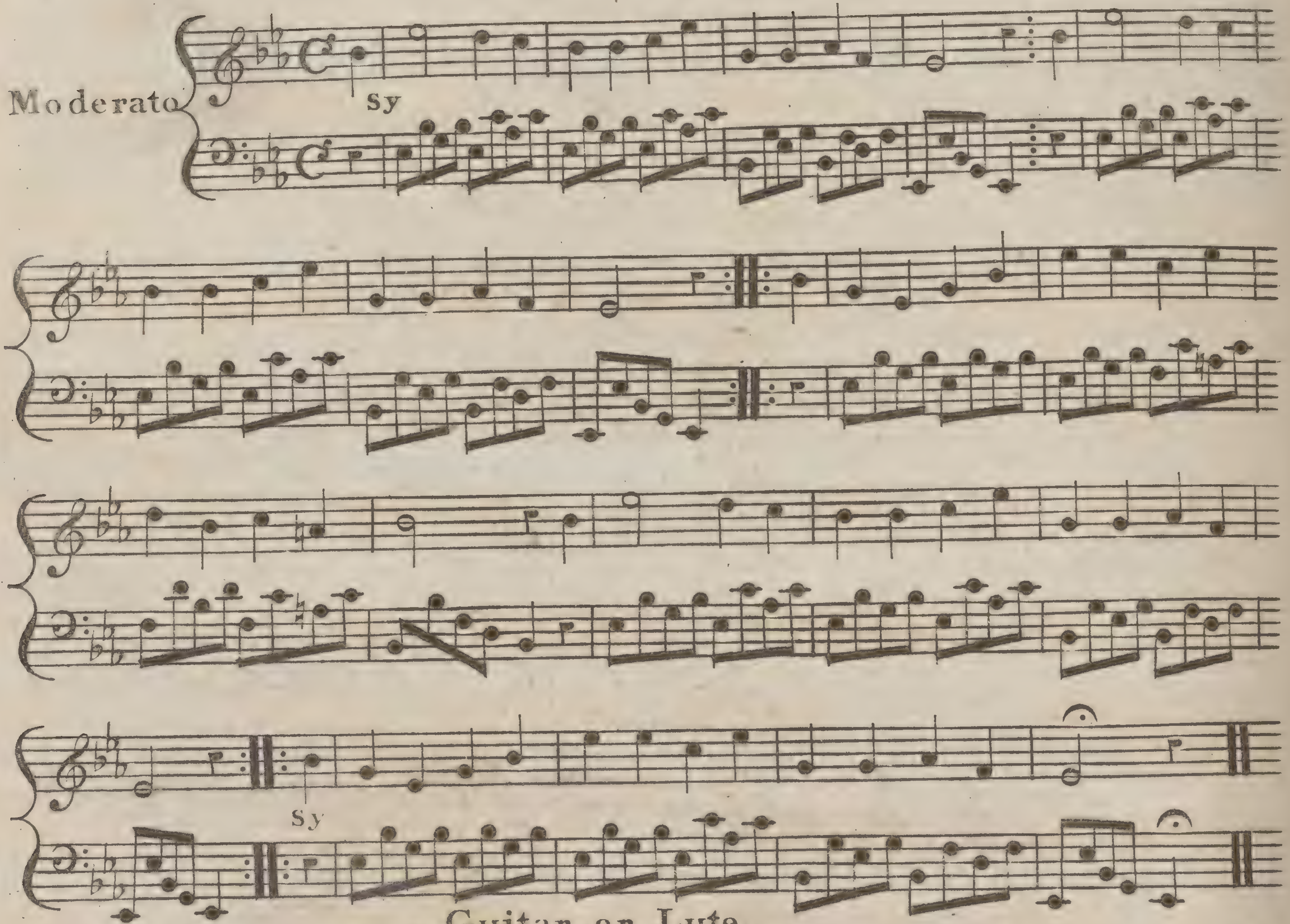

Moderato
Sy
tr
Ah! where and ah where is your Highland Laddie gone.
Pizz:
He's gone to fight the Frenchmen for GEORGE upon the Throne, and 'tis
oh in my heart I wish him safe at home.
Sy

2
Oh where and oh where, does your Highland Laddie dwell,
He dwells in merry Scotland at the sign of the Blue Bell,
And tis oh; in my heart, I love my Laddie well.

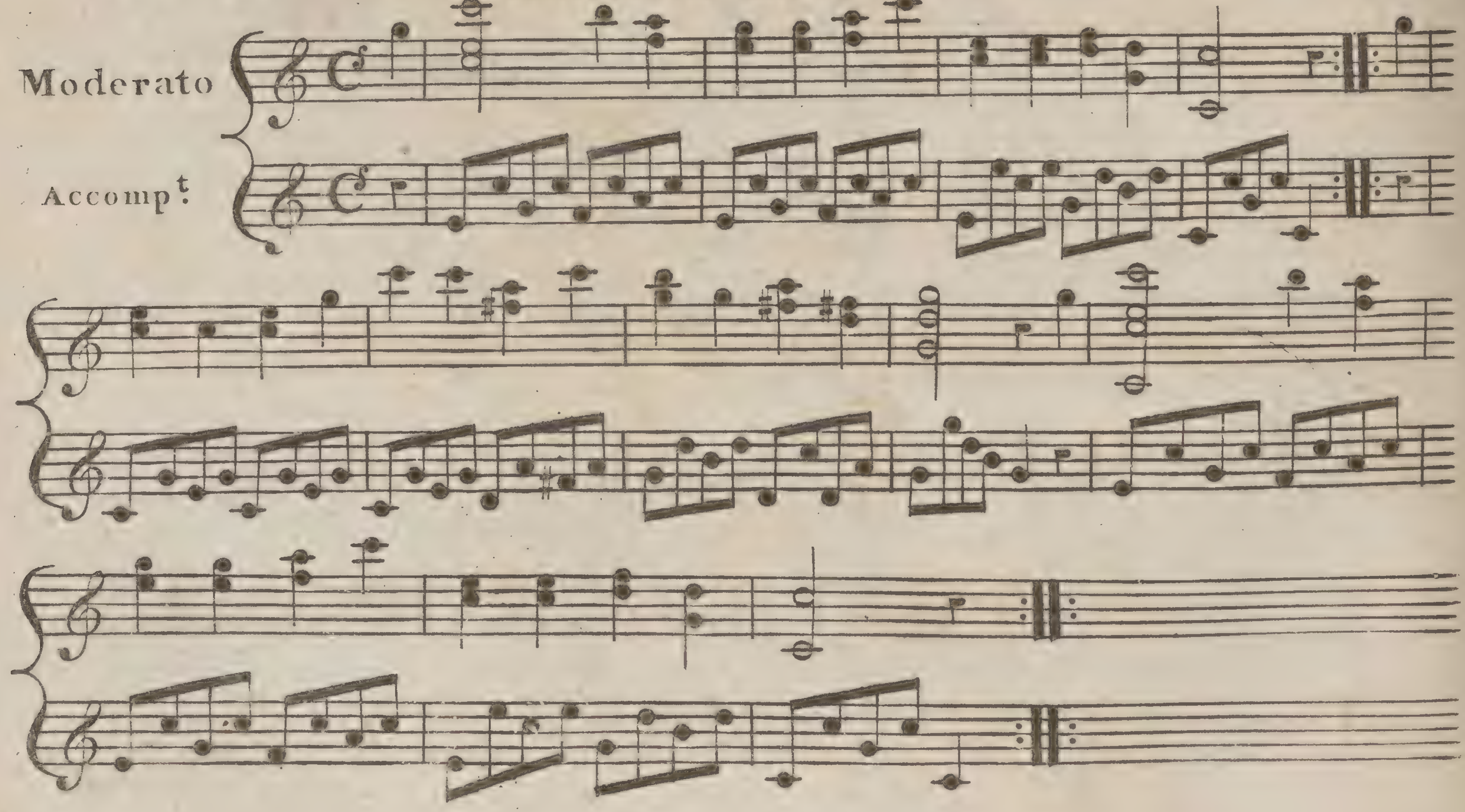
3
In what Cloaths, in what Cloaths is your Highland Laddie clad,
His Bonnet's of the Saxon Green, his waistcoat of the Plad,
And tis oh; in my heart, I love my Bonny Lad.

4
What wou'd you do if your Highland Lad shou'd die;
The Bagpipes shou'd play over him I'd sit me down and cry,
And tis oh; in my heart, I hope he may not die.

HARP



Guitar or Lute



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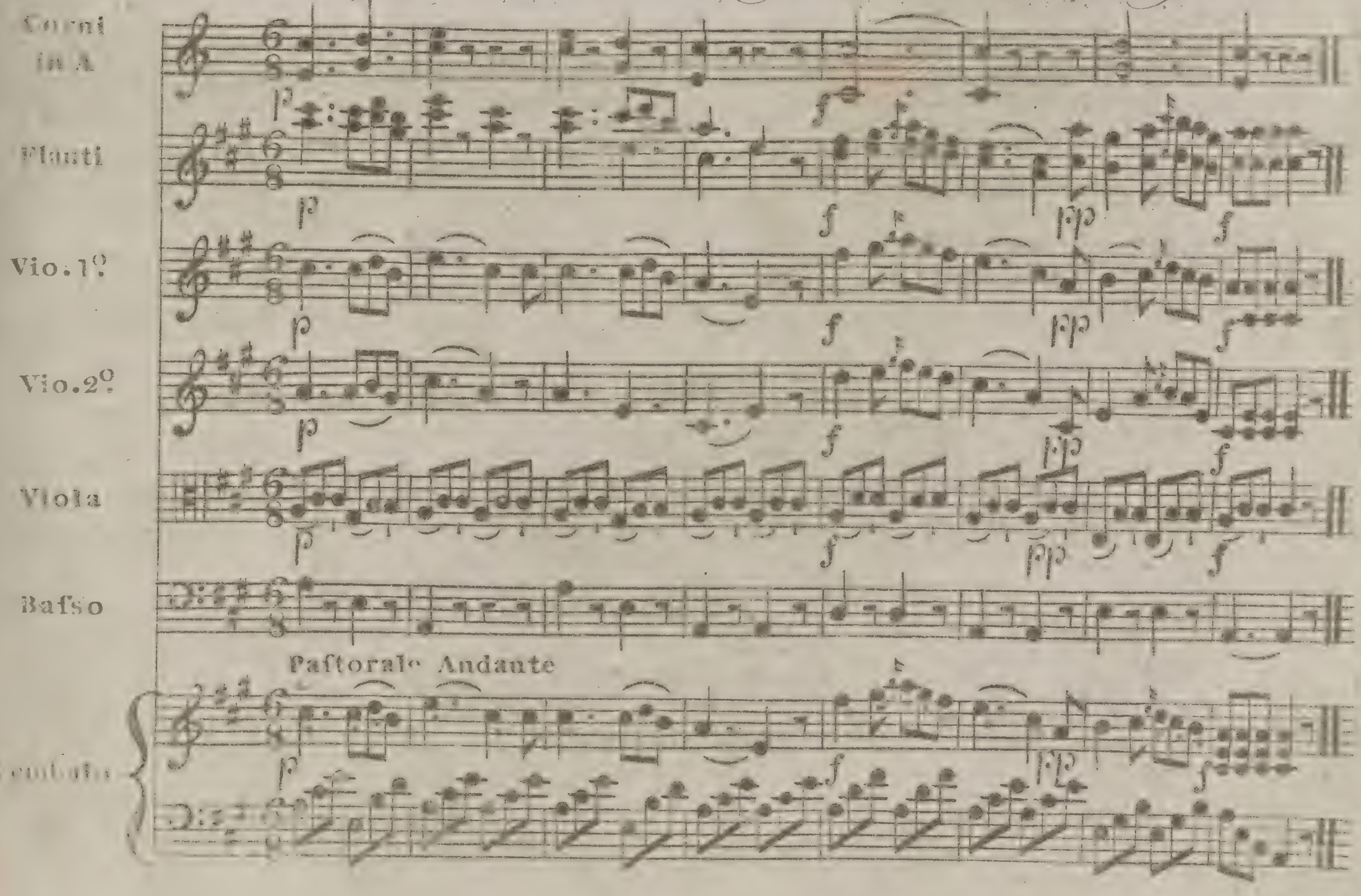
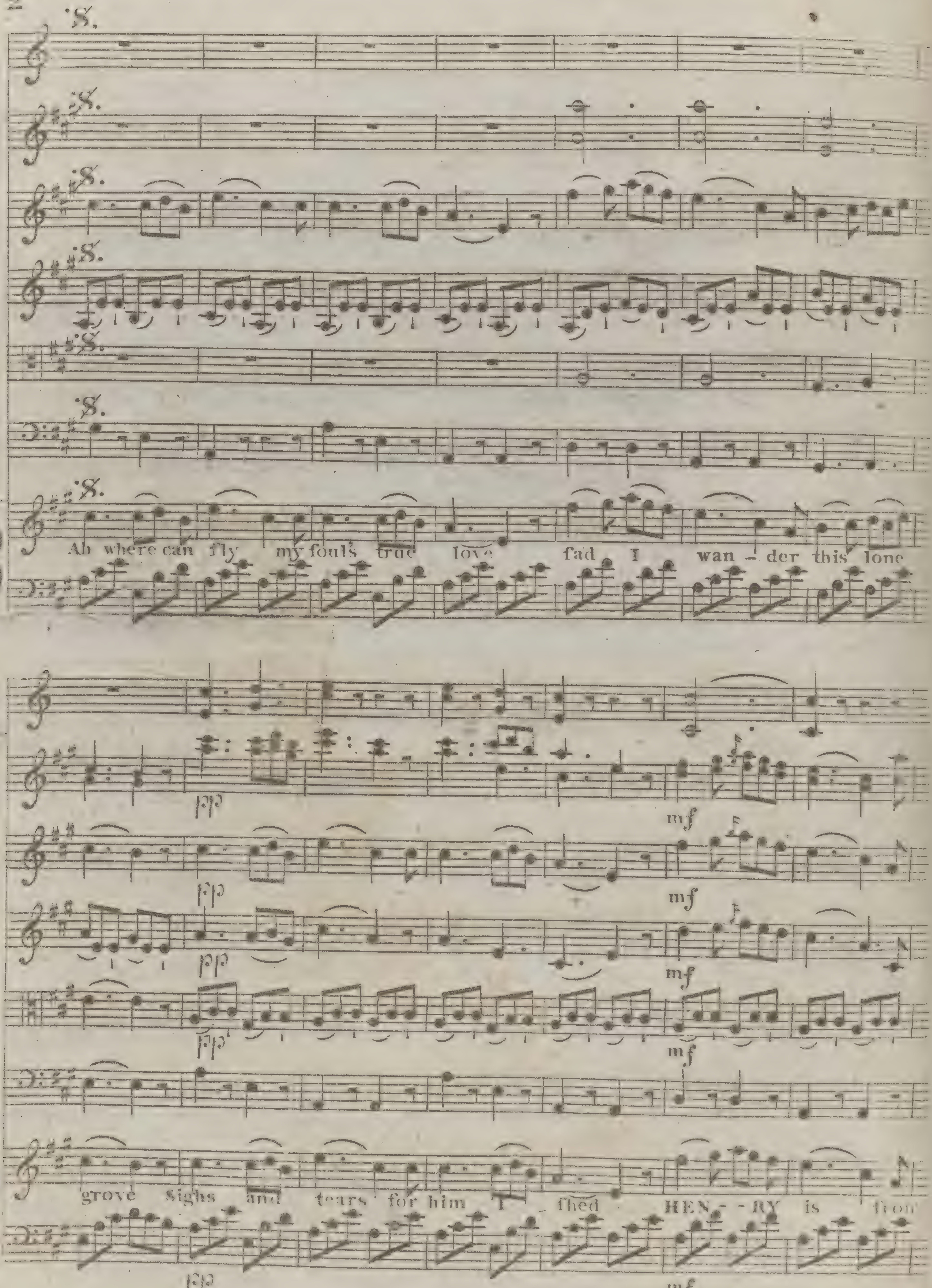
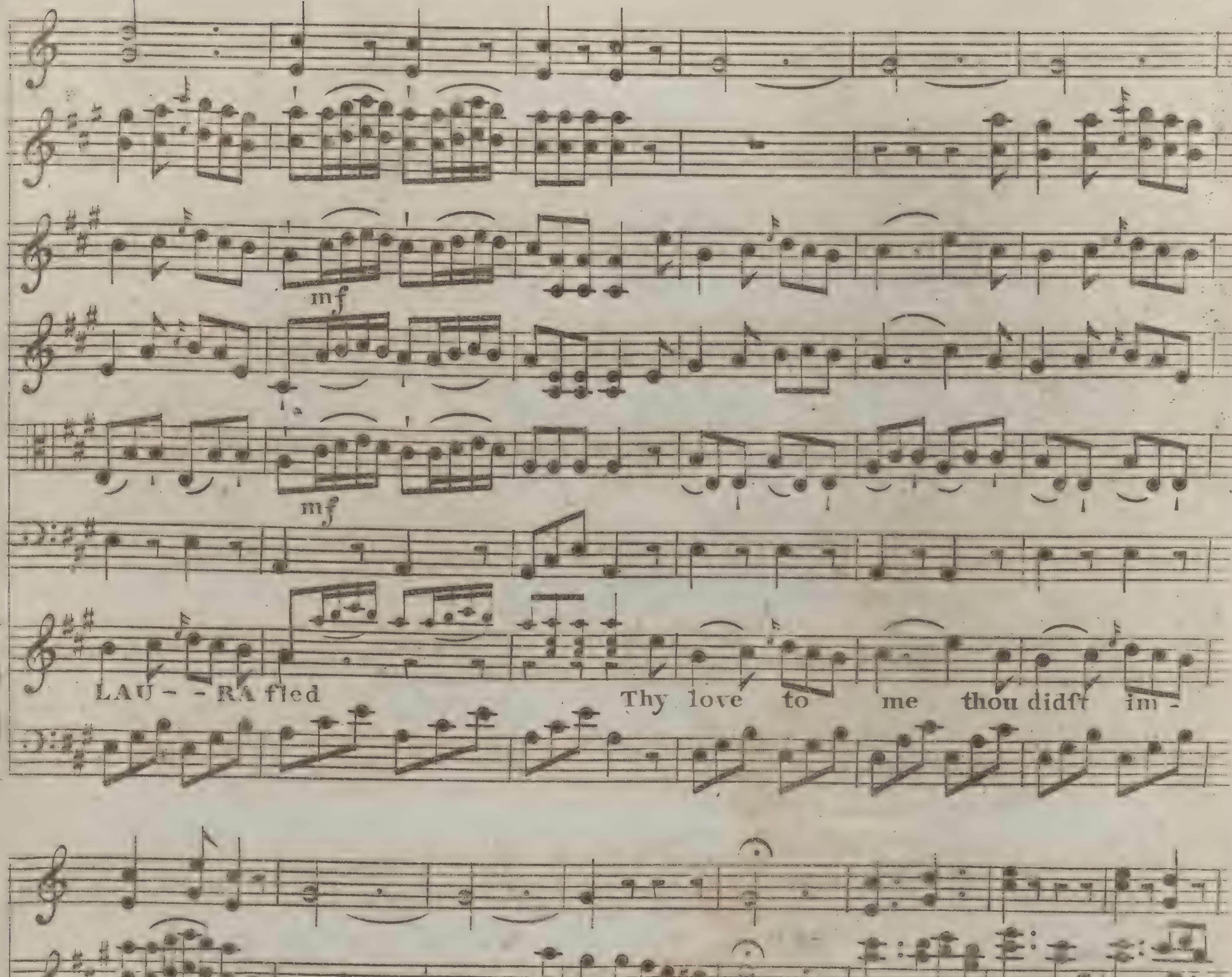
COTTAGE MAID

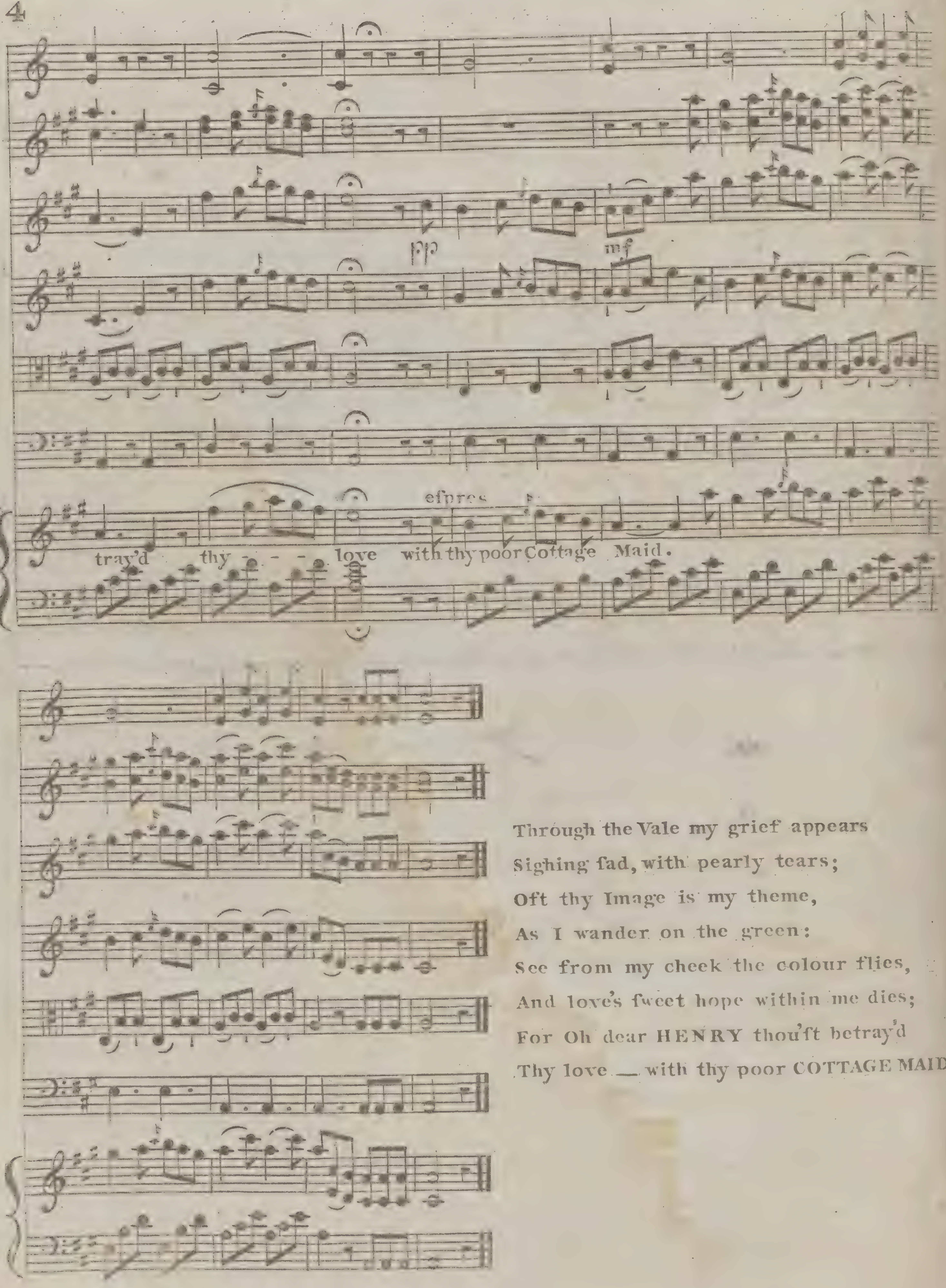
A Favorite Song
as now Singing at the
Principal Concerts
with the Greatest Applause,
Composed by Pleyel Pr: 1s/-

London, Printed for J. DALE, Nº 19 Cornhill, & Nº 132, Oxford Street.




S.
Ah where can fly my ſoul's true love ſad I wan - der this lone
grove Sighs and tears for him I ſhed HEN - - RY is from
pp
mf


mf
mf
LAU - - RA fled
Thy love to me thou didſt im -
mf
part thy love ſoon won my vir - - gin heart but deareſt HENRY thouſt



Through the Vale my grief appears
Sighing ſad, with pearly tears;
Oft thy Image is my theme,
As I wander on the green:
See from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's ſweet hope within me dies;
For Oh dear HENRY thou'ſt betray'd
Thy love — with thy poor COTTAGE MAID.

TO-MORROW
Or; the Prospect of Hope!

A favorite New Song Written by

MR. COLLINS

And Sung by him, with Universal Applause, in his New Embellished

EVENING BRUSH

At the Lyceum

Adapted to Music by W. Reeve

Entered at Stationer's Hall

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London. Printed by Muzio Clementi & Co. 26 Cheapside.

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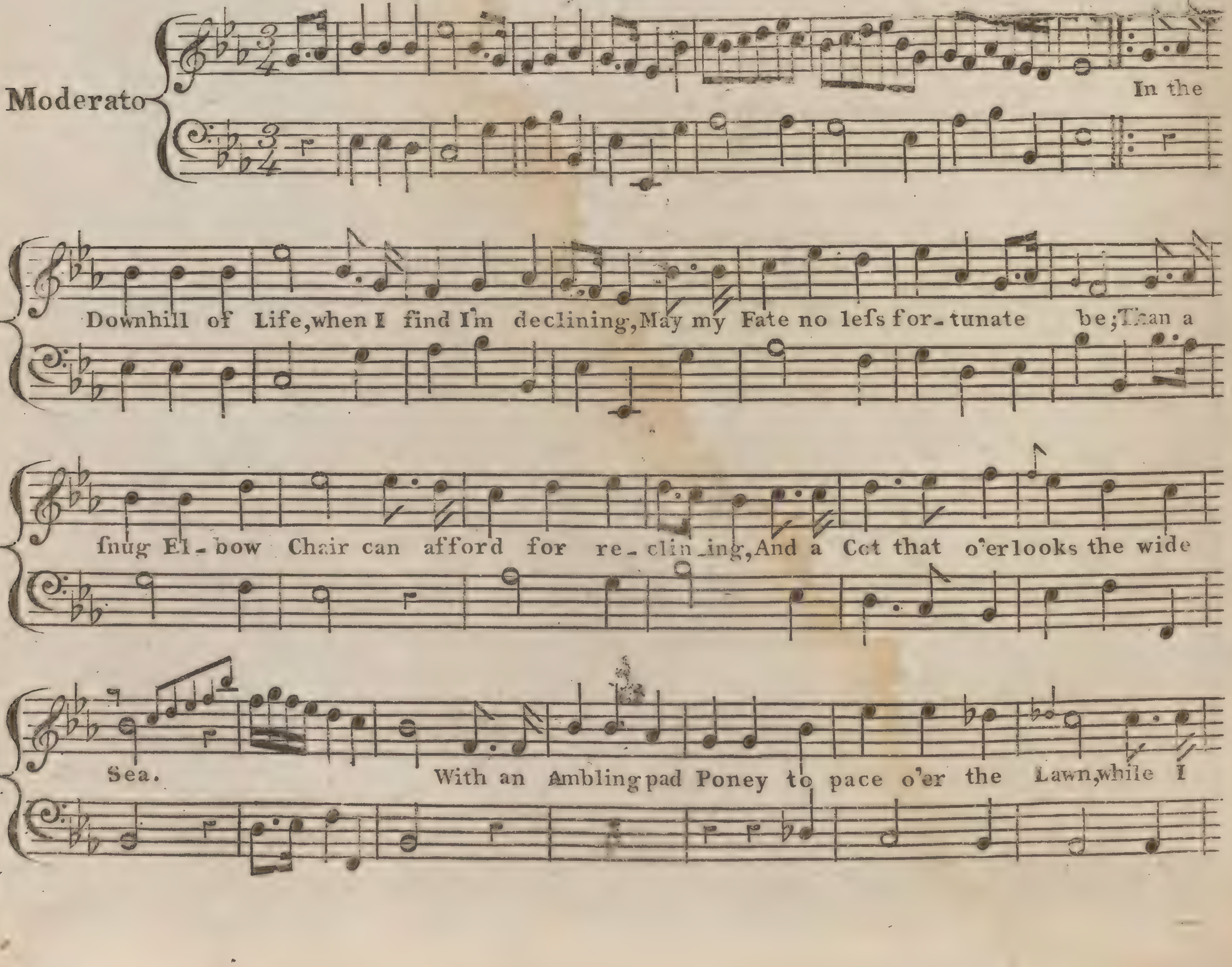
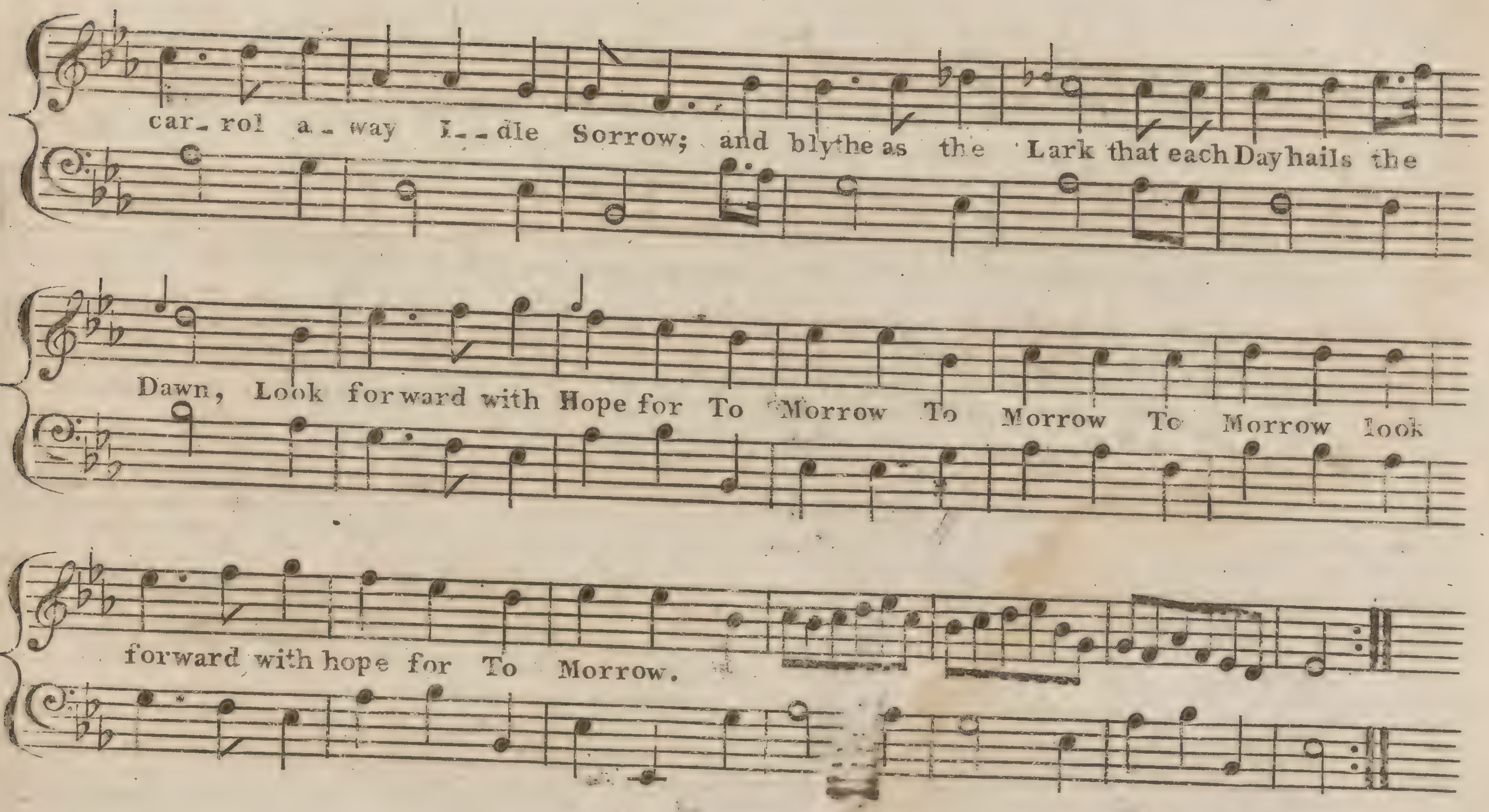

Moderato
In the
Downhill of Life, when I find I'm declining, May my Fate no lefs for-tunate be; Than a
fnug El-bow Chair can afford for re-clin-ing, And a Cot that o'erlooks the wide
Sea.
With an Ambling pad Poney to pace o'er the Lawn, while I


car-rol a-way I--dle Sorrow; and blythe as the Lark that each Day hails the
Dawn, Look forward with Hope for To Morrow To Morrow To Morrow look
forward with hope for To Morrow.

2

With a Porch at my Door both for Shelter and Shade too
As the Sunſhine or Rain may prevail,
And a ſmall Spot of Ground for the Uſe of the Spade too,
With a Barn for the Uſe of the Flail:
A Cow for my Dairy, a Dog for my Game,
And a Purſe when a Friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no Nabob his Riches or Fame,
Nor what Honours may wait him To morrow.

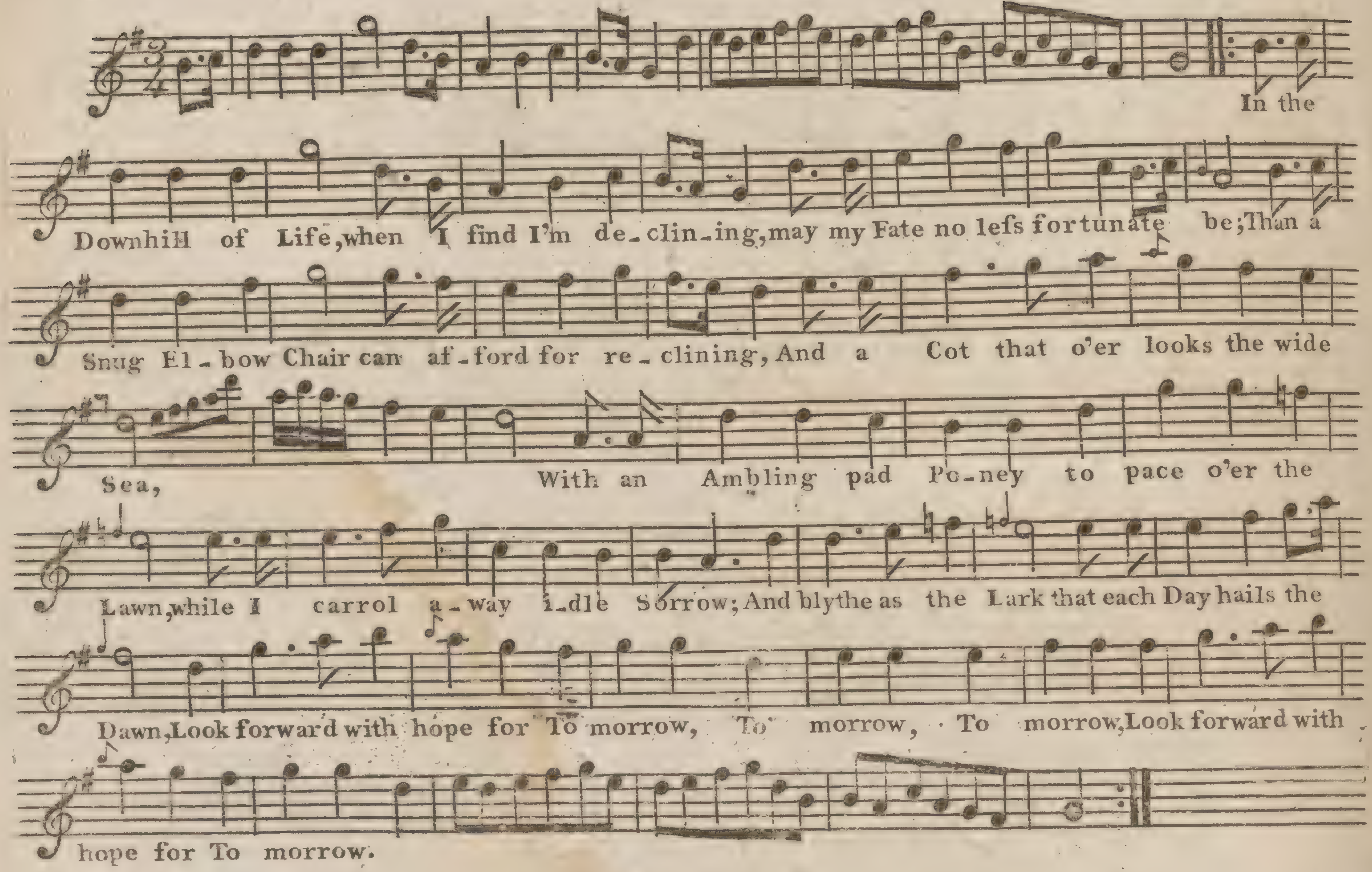
3

From the bleak Northern Blaſt may my Cot be completely
Secur'd by a neighbouring Hill;
And at Night may Repoſe ſteal upon me more ſweetly,
By the ſound of a murmuring Rill;
And while Peace and Plenty I find at my Board,
With a Heart free from Sickneſs and Sorrow;
With my Friends will I ſhare what To Day may afford,
And let Them Spread the Table To morrow.

4

And when I at laſt muſt throw off this frail Covering,
Which I've worn for Threeſcore Years and Ten:
On the Brink of the Grave I'll not ſeek to keep hovering,
Nor my Thread wiſh to Spin o'er again;
But my Face in the Glaſs I'll ſerenely ſurvey,
And with Smiles count each Wrinkle and Furrow;
As this Old worn out Stuff which is Threadbare To Day
May become Everlaſting To morrow.

Flute or Guitar


In the
Downhill of Life, when I find I'm de-clin-ing, may my Fate no leſs fortunate be; Than a
Snug El-bow Chair can af-ford for re-clining, And a Cot that o'er looks the wide
Sea, With an Ambling pad Po-ney to pace o'er the
Lawn, while I carrol a-way i-dle Sorrow; And blythe as the Lark that each Day hails the
Dawn, Look forward with hope for To morrow, To morrow, To morrow, Look forward with
hope for To morrow.

2

With a Porch at my Door both for Shelter and Shade too
As the Sunſhine or Rain may prevail,
And a ſmall Spot of Ground for the Uſe of the Spade too,
With a Barn for the Uſe of the Flail:
A Cow for my Dairy, a Dog for my Game,
And a Purſe when a Friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no Nabob his Riches or Fame
Nor what Honours may wait him To morrow.

3

From the bleak Northern Blaſt may my Cot be completely
Secur'd by a neighbouring Hill;
And at Night may Repoſe ſteal upon me more ſweetly
By the ſound of a murmuring Rill:
And while Peace and Plenty I find at my Board,
With a Heart free from Sickneſs and Sorrow;
With my Friends will I ſhare what To Day may afford,
And let THEM ſpread the Table To morrow.

4

And when I at laſt muſt throw off this frail Covering,
Which I've worn for Threeſcore Years and Ten:
On the Brink of the Grave I'll not ſeek to keep hovering,
Nor my Thread wiſh to Spin o'er again:
But my Face in the Glaſs I'll ſerenely ſurvey,
And with Smiles count each Wrinkle and Furrow;
As this Old worn out Stuff which is Threadbare To Day,
May become Everlaſting To morrow.

ROSA & HENRY

The much Admired Song

in the new *COMEDY* of the

SECRET,

as Sung by Mrs. Jordan,

Properly disposed of for the PIANO FORTE *or* HARP,

the Muſic by a

Lady of Fashion.

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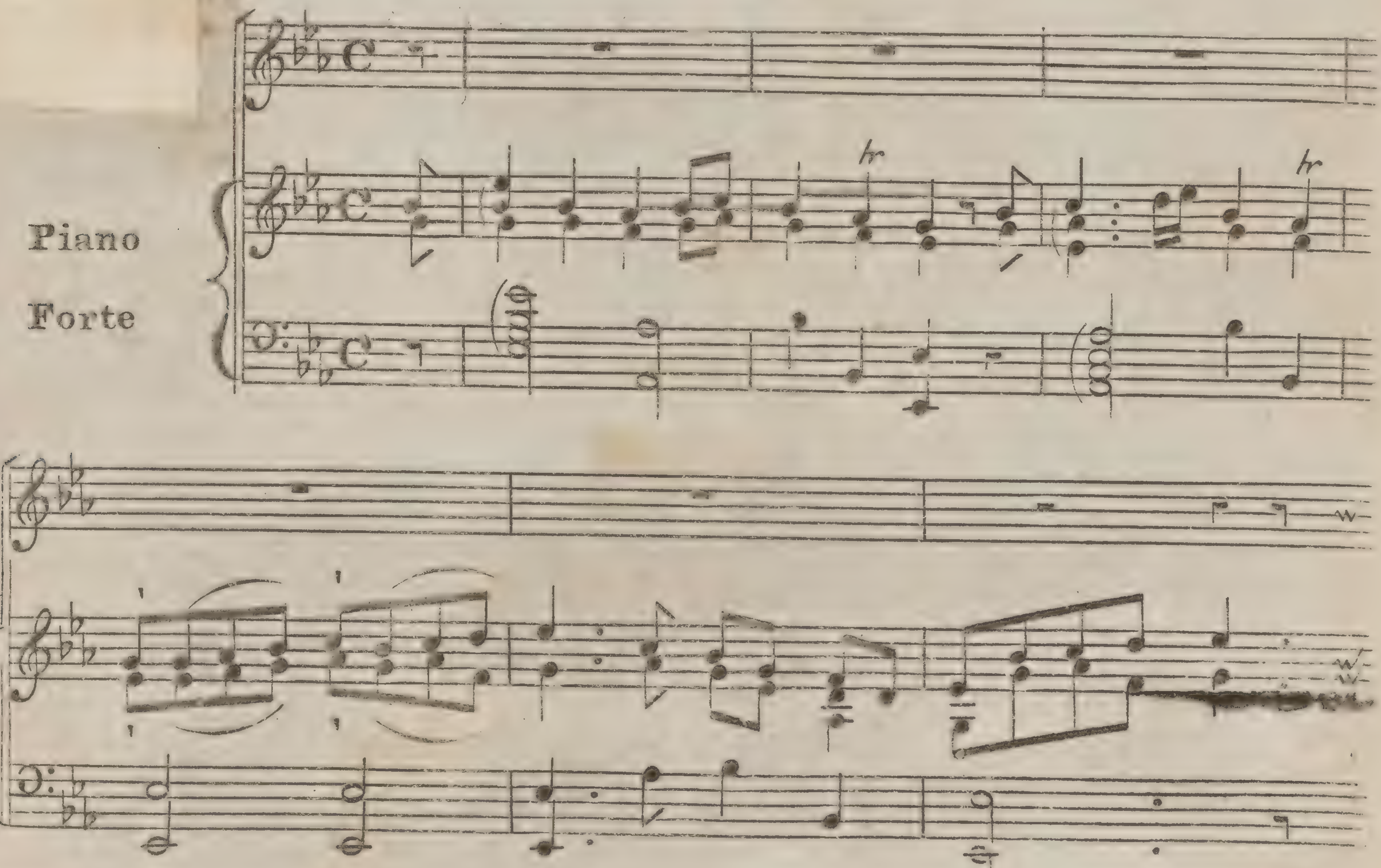
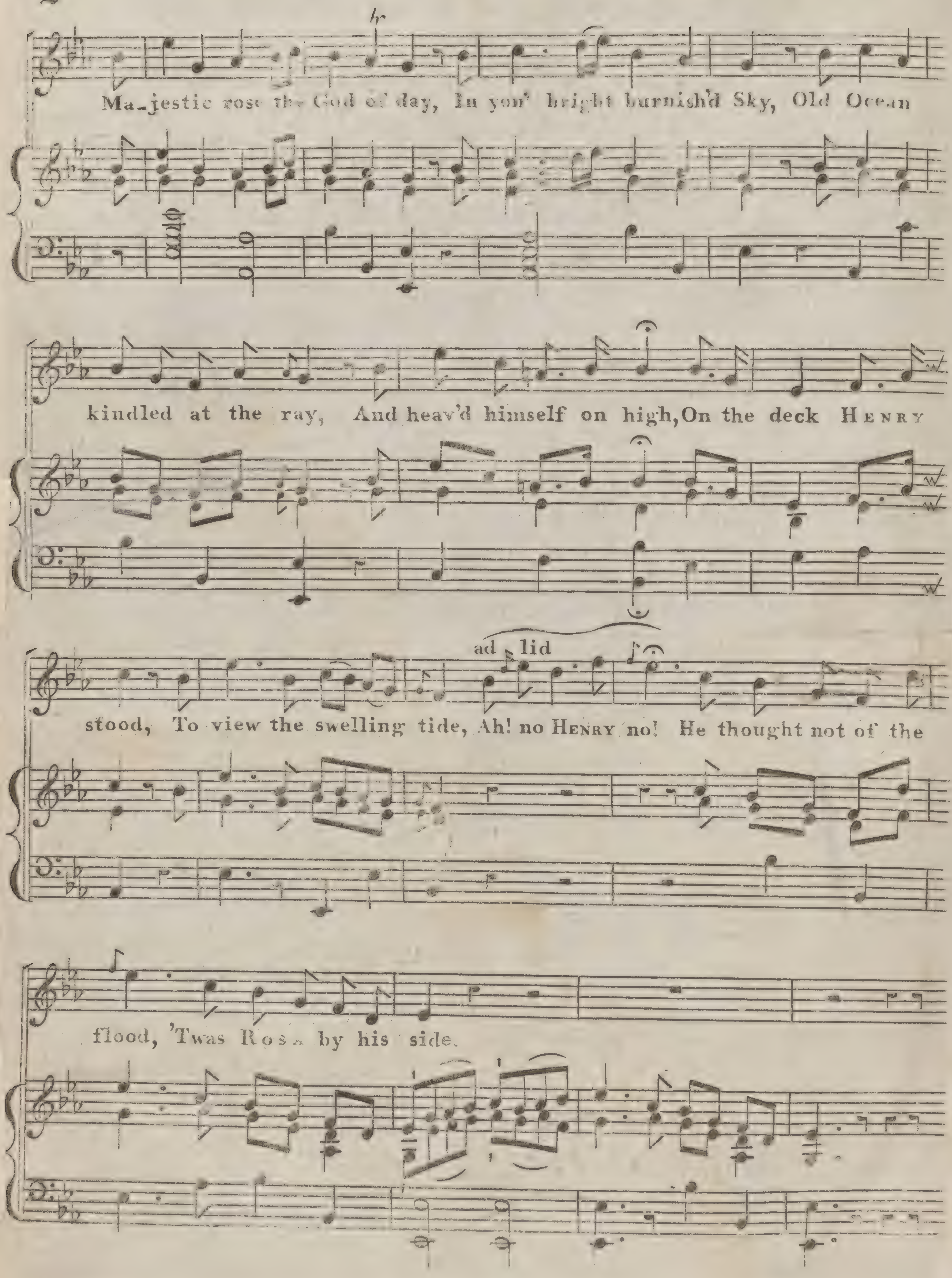
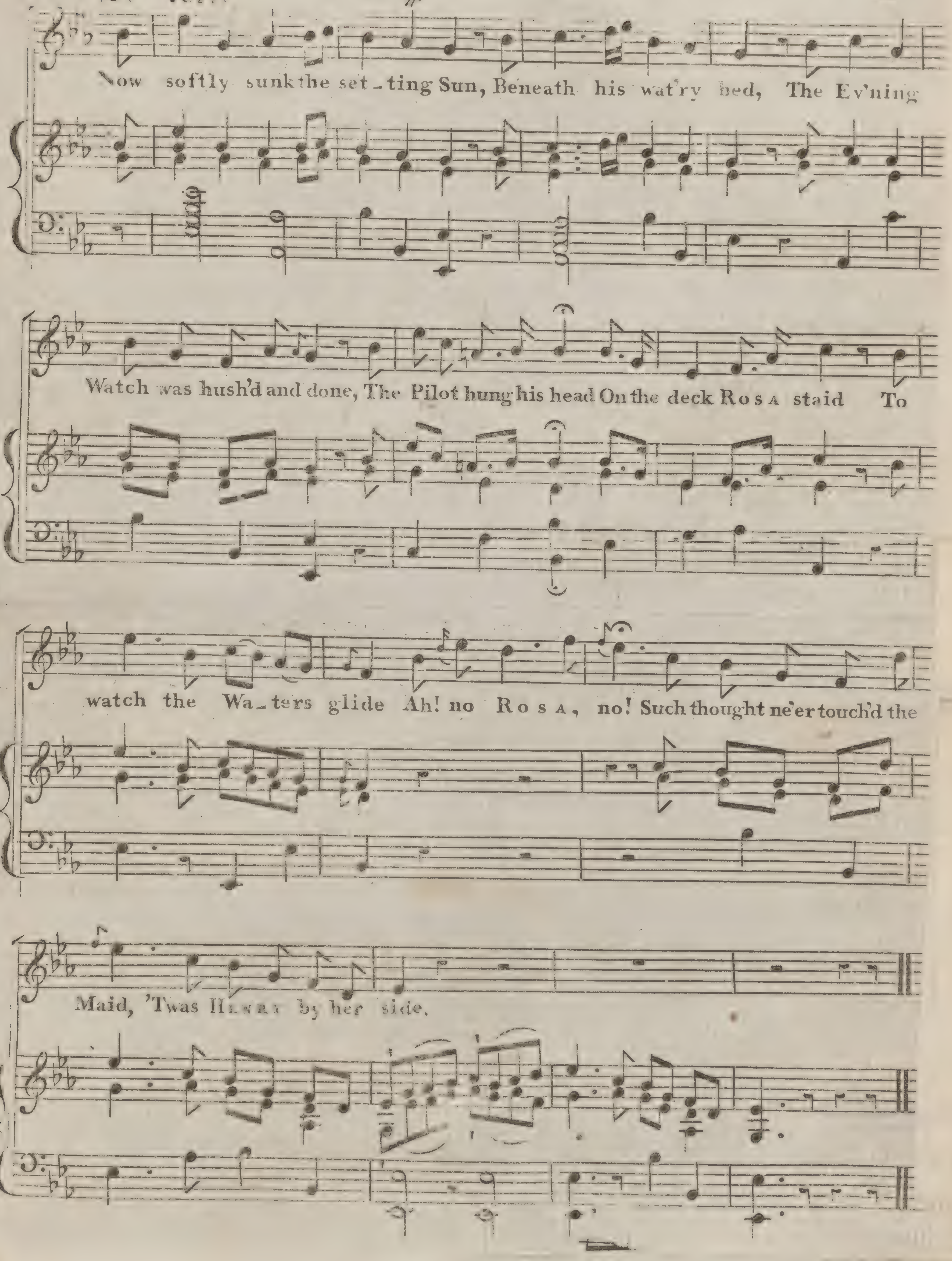
1/-



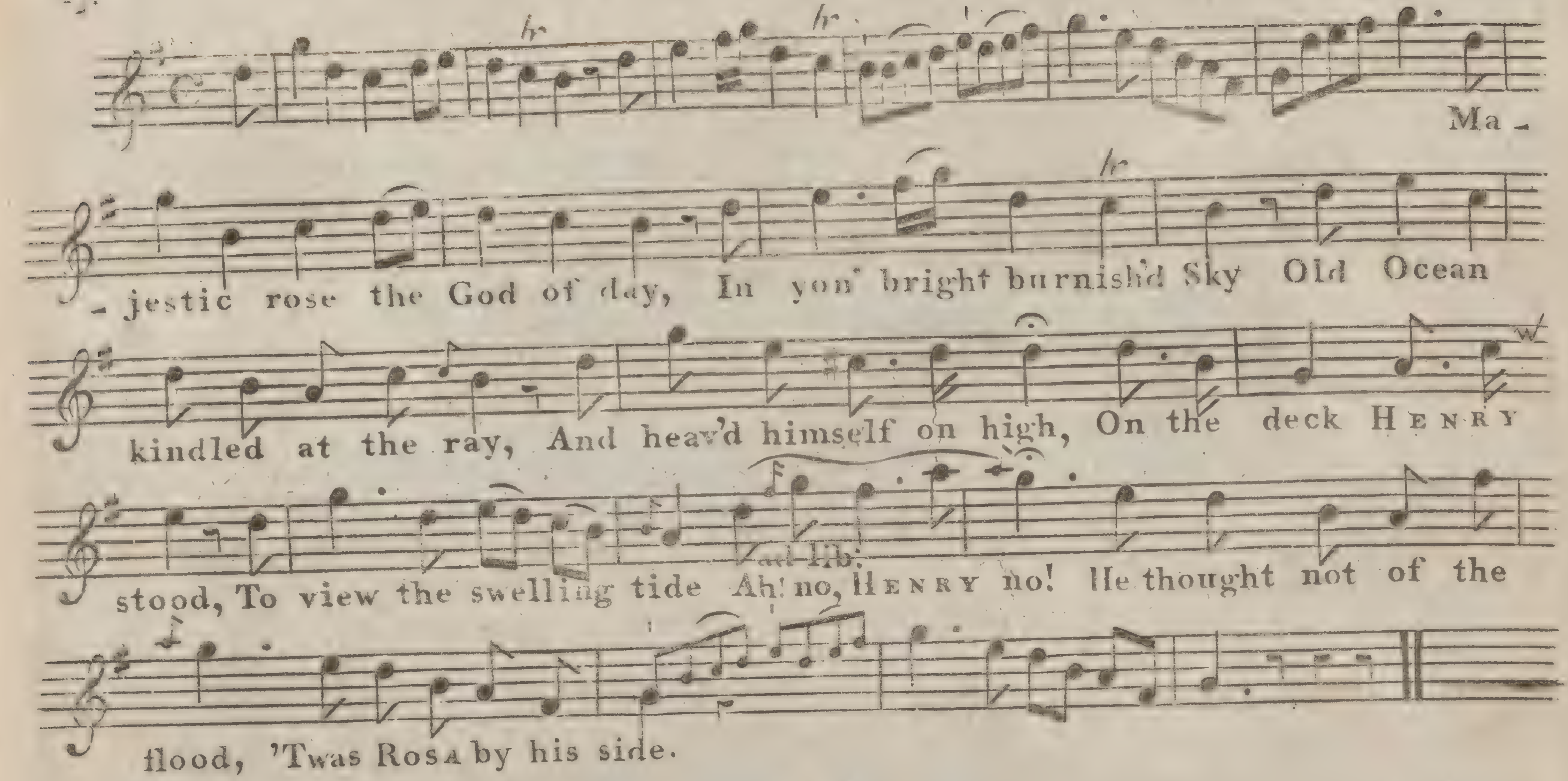

tr
Ma-jestic rose the God of day, In yon' bright burnish'd Sky, Old Ocean
kindled at the ray, And heav'd himself on high, On the deck HENRY
ad lid
stood, To view the swelling tide, Ah! no HENRY no! He thought not of the
flood, 'Twas ROSA by his side.

2nd Vers.


tr
Now softly sunk the set_ting Sun, Beneath his wat'ry bed, The Ev'ning
Watch was hush'd and done, The Pilot hung his head On the deck Rosa staid To
watch the Wa_ters glide Ah! no Rosa, no! Such thought ne'er touch'd the
Maid, 'Twas Henry by her side.

FLUTE

1

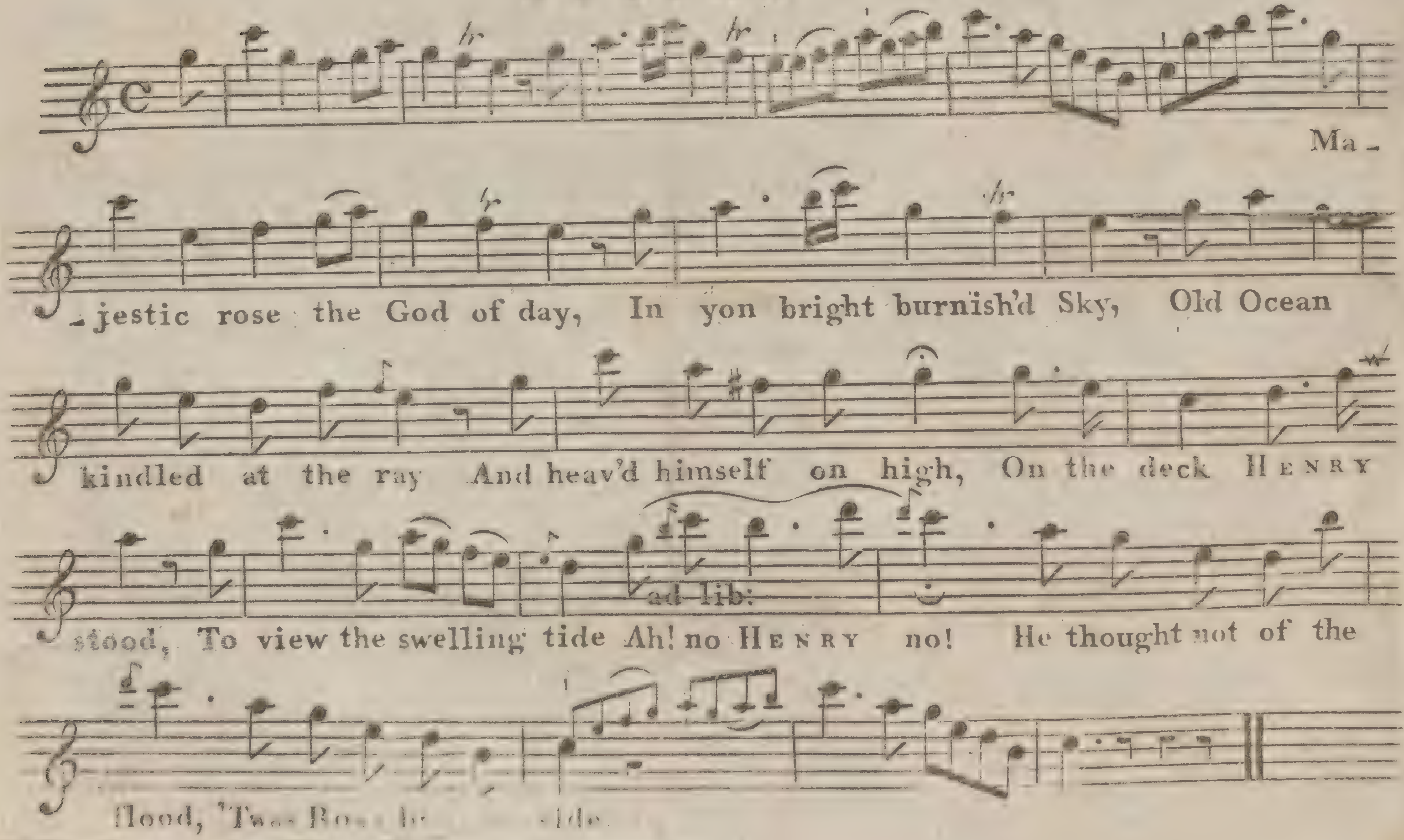

tr
Ma-
-jestic rose the God of day, In yon' bright burnish'd Sky Old Ocean
kindled at the ray, And heav'd himself on high, On the deck HENRY
stood, To view the swelling tide Ah! no, HENRY no! He thought not of the
ad lib.
flood, 'Twas ROSA by his side.

2

Now softly sunk the setting Sun
Beneath his wat'ry bed,
The Ev'ning Watch was hush'd & done
The Pilot hung his head;

On the deck ROSA staid
To watch the waters glide,
Ah! no, ROSA no!
Such thought ne'er touch'd the Maid
'Twas HENRY by her side.

GUITAR


tr
Ma-
-jestic rose the God of day, In yon bright burnish'd Sky, Old Ocean
kindled at the ray And heav'd himself on high, On the deck HENRY
stood, To view the swelling tide Ah! no HENRY no! He thought not of the
ad lib.
flood, 'Twas Rosa by his side.

BONJA SONG.

A favorite Negro Air for the

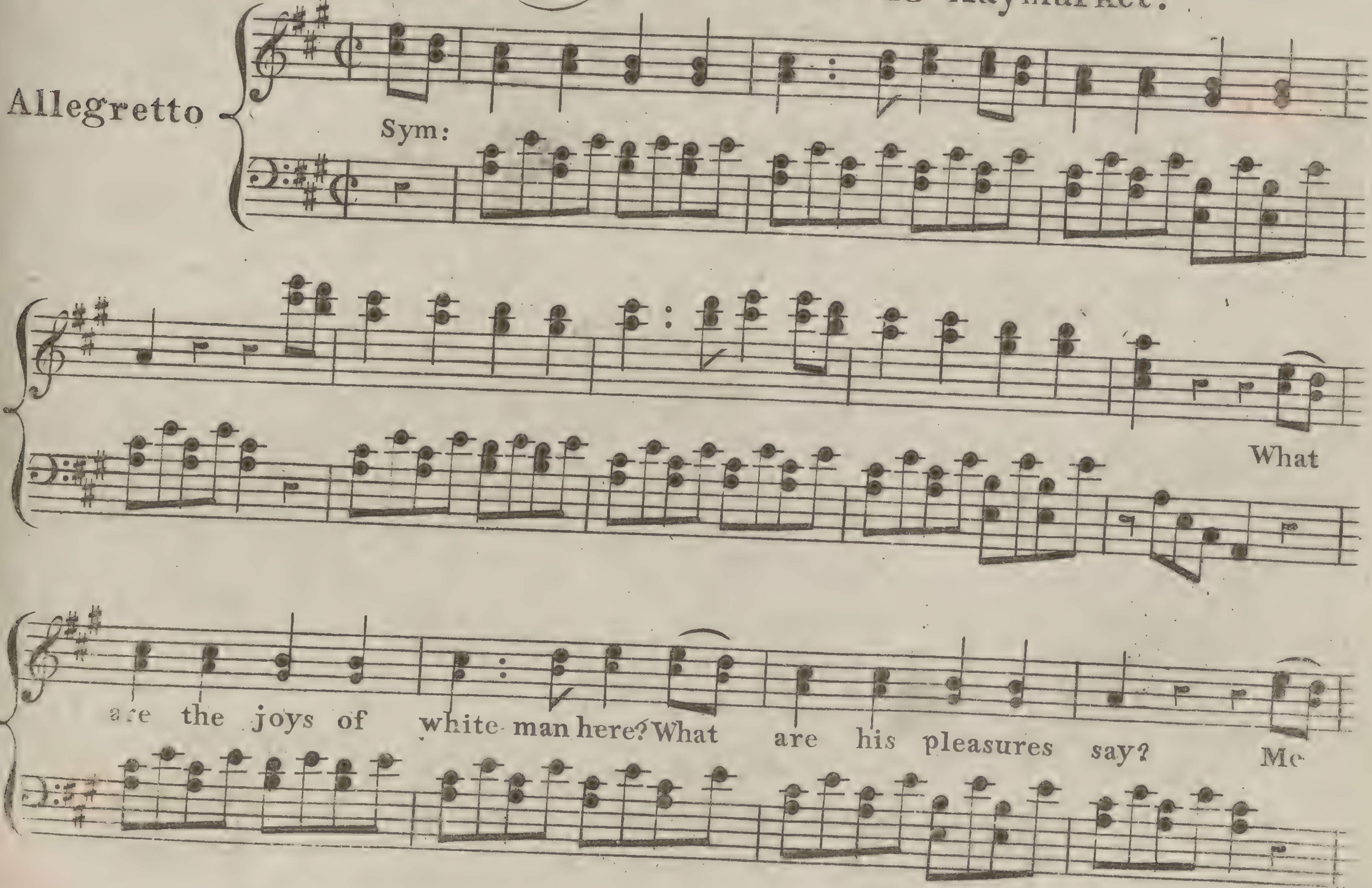
Piano Forte

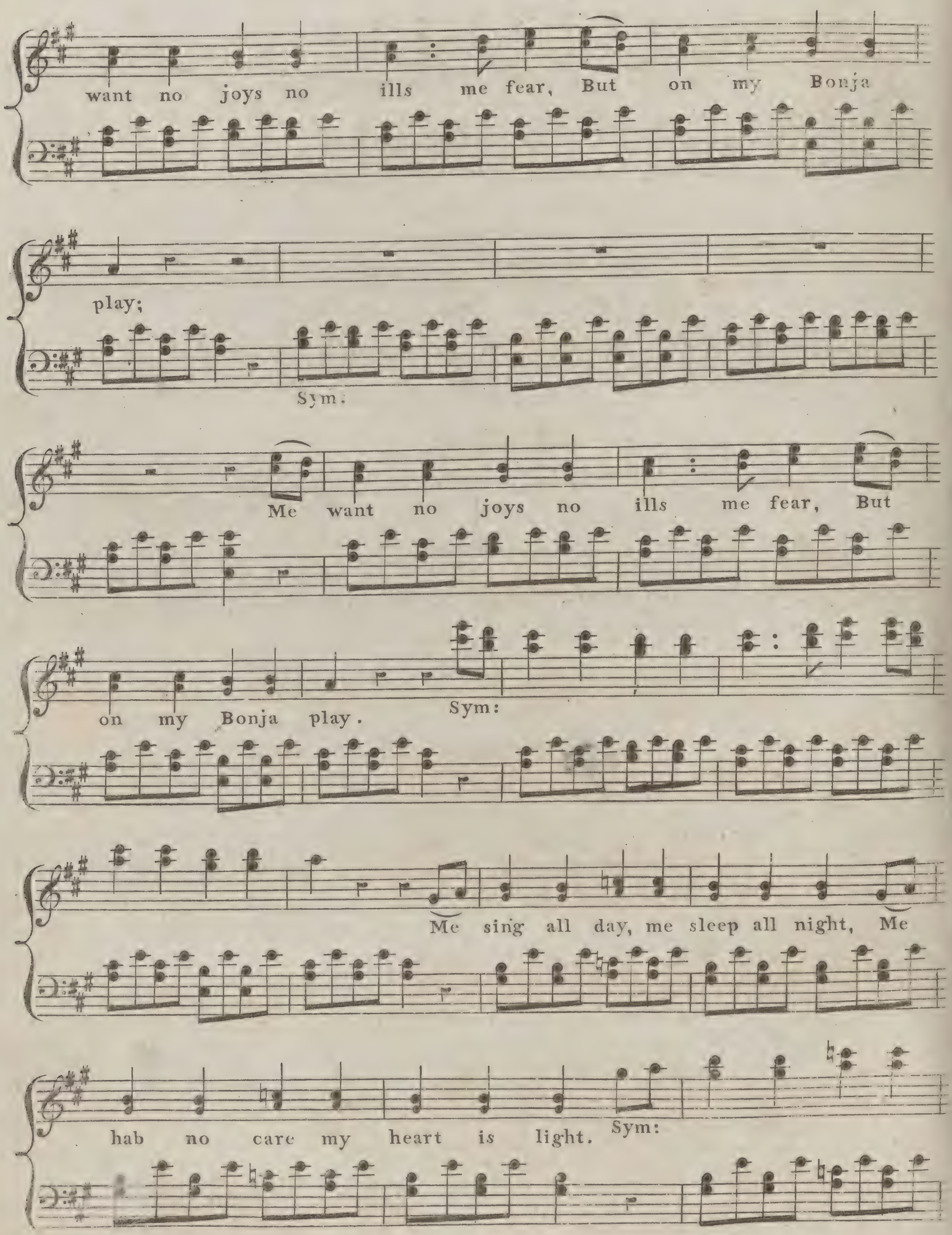
Dedicated to

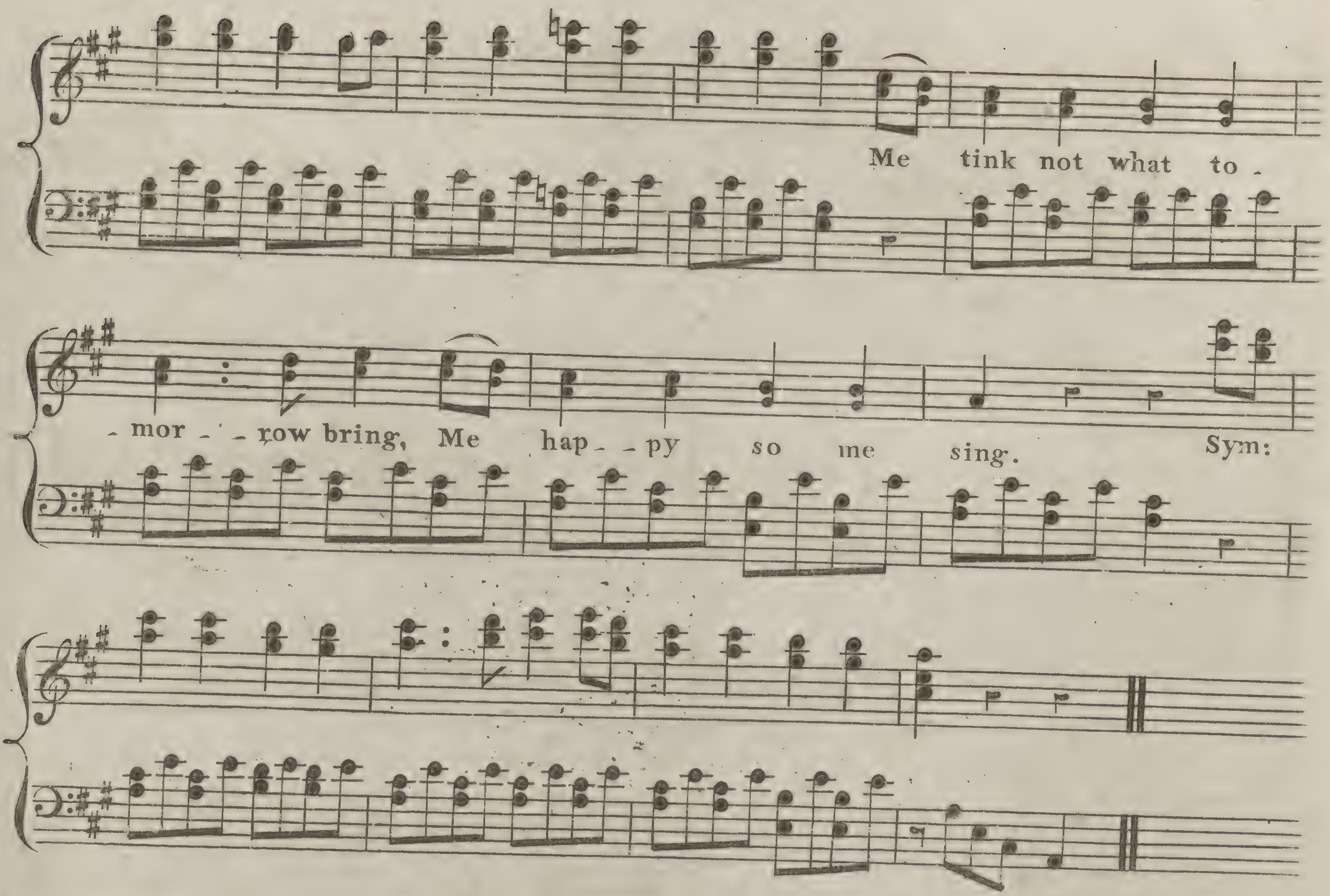
GEORGIANA.

Entd. at Stas. Hall. LONDON. Price 1s.

Printed by Broderip and Wilkinson No. 13 Haymarket.


Allegretto
Sym:
What
are the joys of white-man here? What are his pleasures say? Me


want no joys no ills me fear, But on my Bonja
play;
Sym:
Me want no joys no ills me fear, But
on my Bonja play.
Sym:
Me sing all day, me sleep all night, Me
hab no care my heart is light.
Sym:


Me tink not what to - mor - - row bring, Me hap - - py so me sing.
Sym:

2

But White man's joys are not like mine,
'Dho he look smart and gay:
He great, he proud, he haughty, fine,
While I my Bonja play.
He sleep all day, he wake all night,
He full of care, his heart no light,
He great deal want, he little get,
He sorry, so he fret.

3

Me envy not dhe White man dhen,
Me poor, but me is gay;
Me glad at heart, me happy when
Me on my Bonja play.
Me sing all day, me sleep all night,
Me hab no care, my heart is light,
Me tink not what to morrow bring,
Me happy, so me sing.

F. D.

NEW SONGS

Printed and Sold by Broderip and Wilkinson 13 Haymarket LONDON

My heart, lovely Mary, is thine	by JOHN ROSS	1^{s}.
The Negro Mother	Ditto	1^{s}.
Thy blue waves O Carron	D^{o}.	1^{s}.
Tho' grief had nipp'd her early bloom	D^{o}.	1^{s}.
Come buy my sweet flowers	by M^{rs}. SLEIGH	1^{s}.
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The Orphan Girl	D^{r}. MILLER	1^{s}.
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Sweetly blooms the op'ning rose		1^{s}.
Scatter'd o'er the starry pole		1^{s}.
See dear Maid		1^{s}.
When e'er at day light's parting gleam		1^{s}.
Vernal love		1^{s}.
Ye flowers that droop		1^{s}. 6^{d}.
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Wounded Sailor		1^{s}.
Drink boys in hopes		1^{s}.
Wedding day		1^{s}.
When e'er a comely laſs I spy		1^{s}.
Loyal Volunteers		1^{s}.
Leonora		2^{s}.
Love from those bright eyes		1^{s}.
Forget me not		1^{s}.
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in the New COMEDY of the HEIRESS,

as performed with universal Applause at Drury Lane Theatre.

Adapted to an AIR of SIG^R. PAESIELLO by M^R. LINLEY.

SUNG BY M^RS CROUCH.

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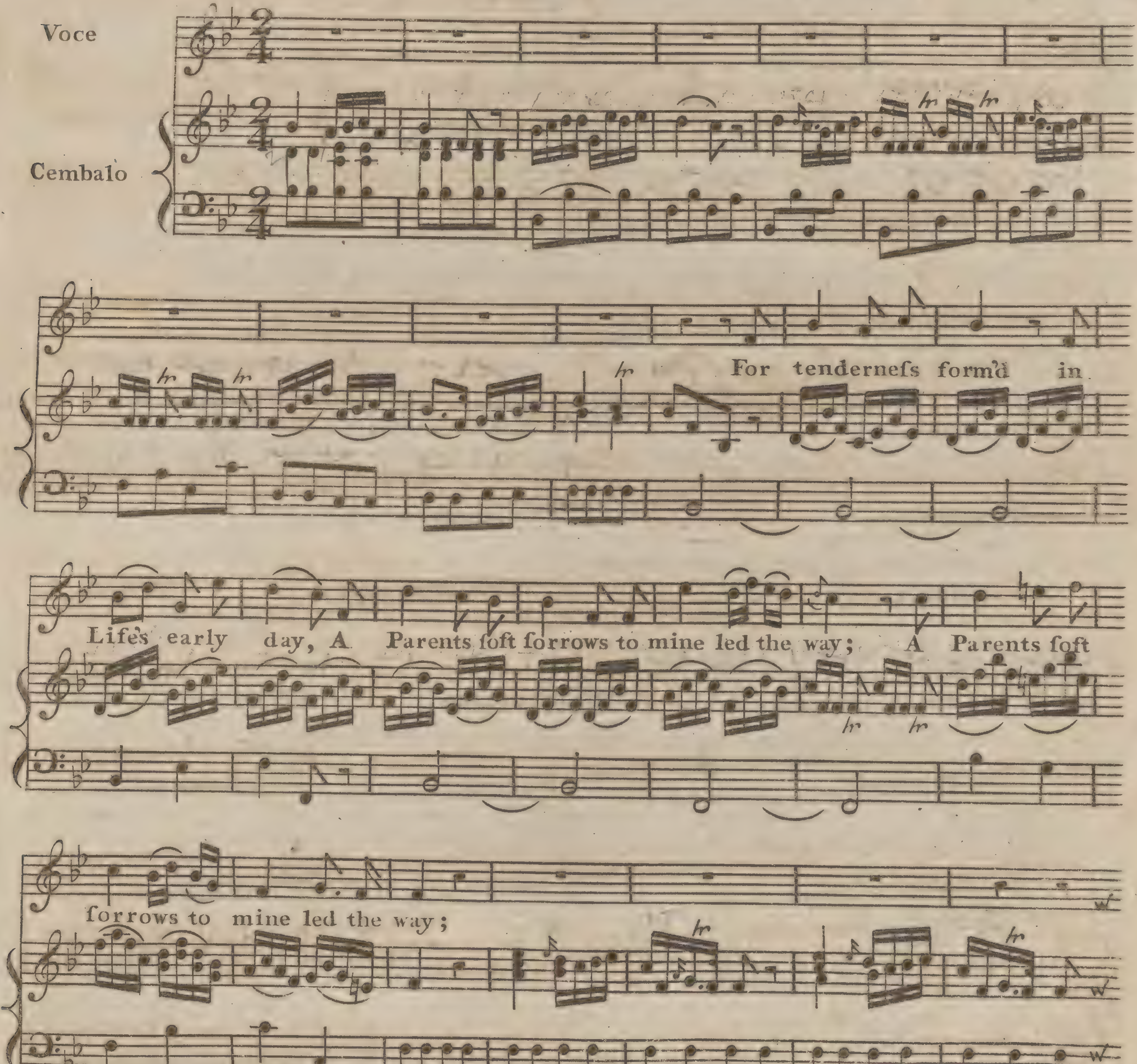
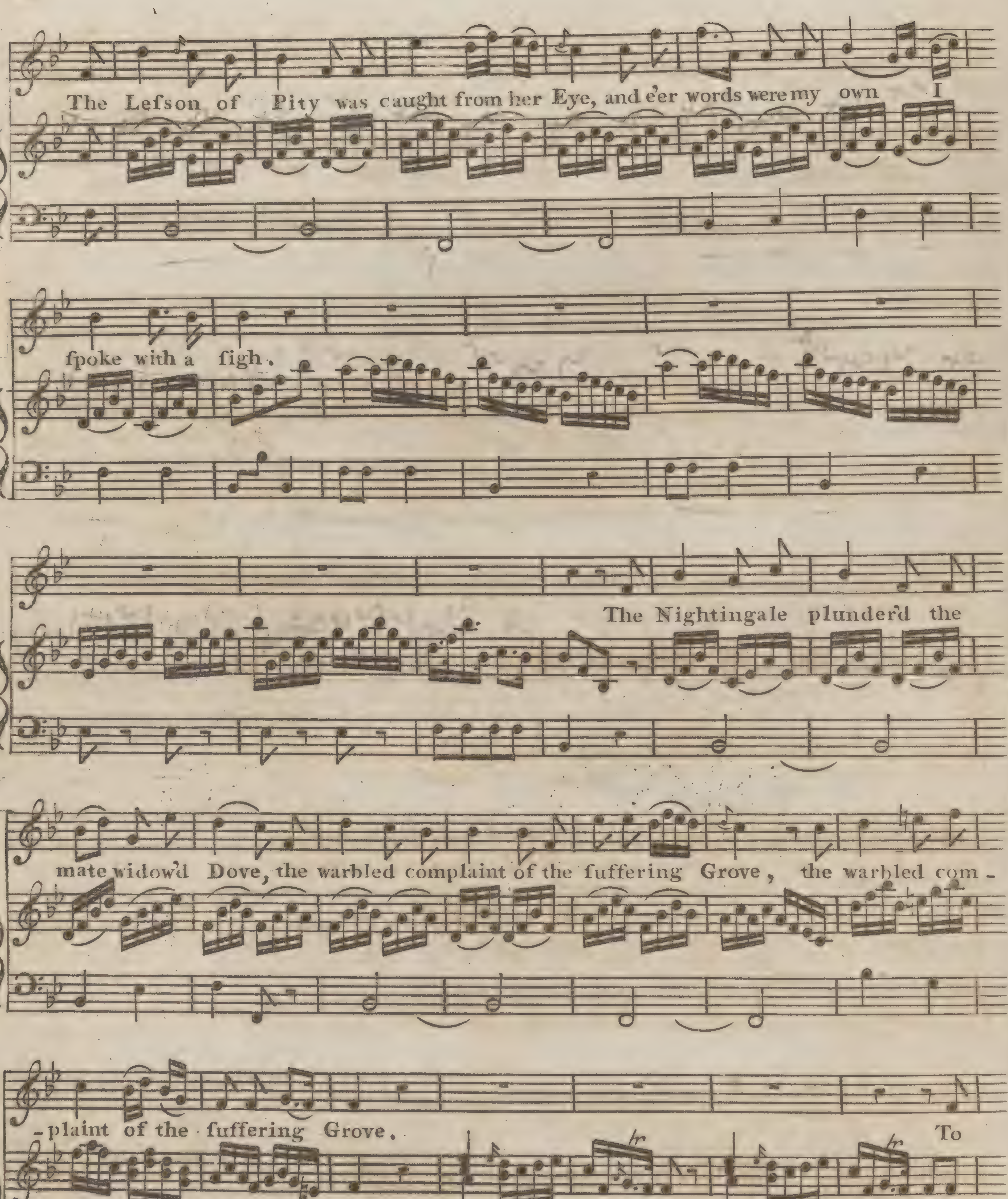
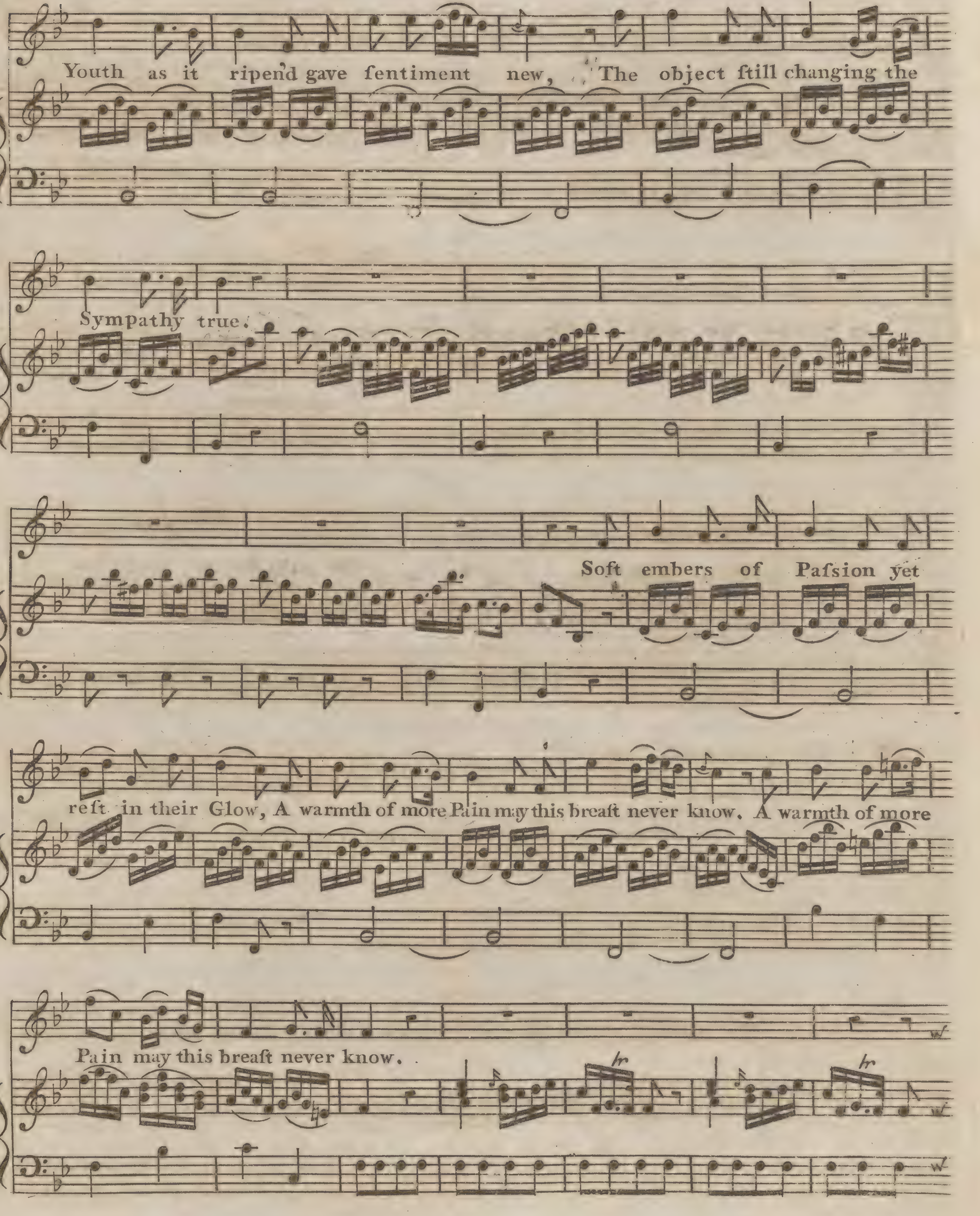
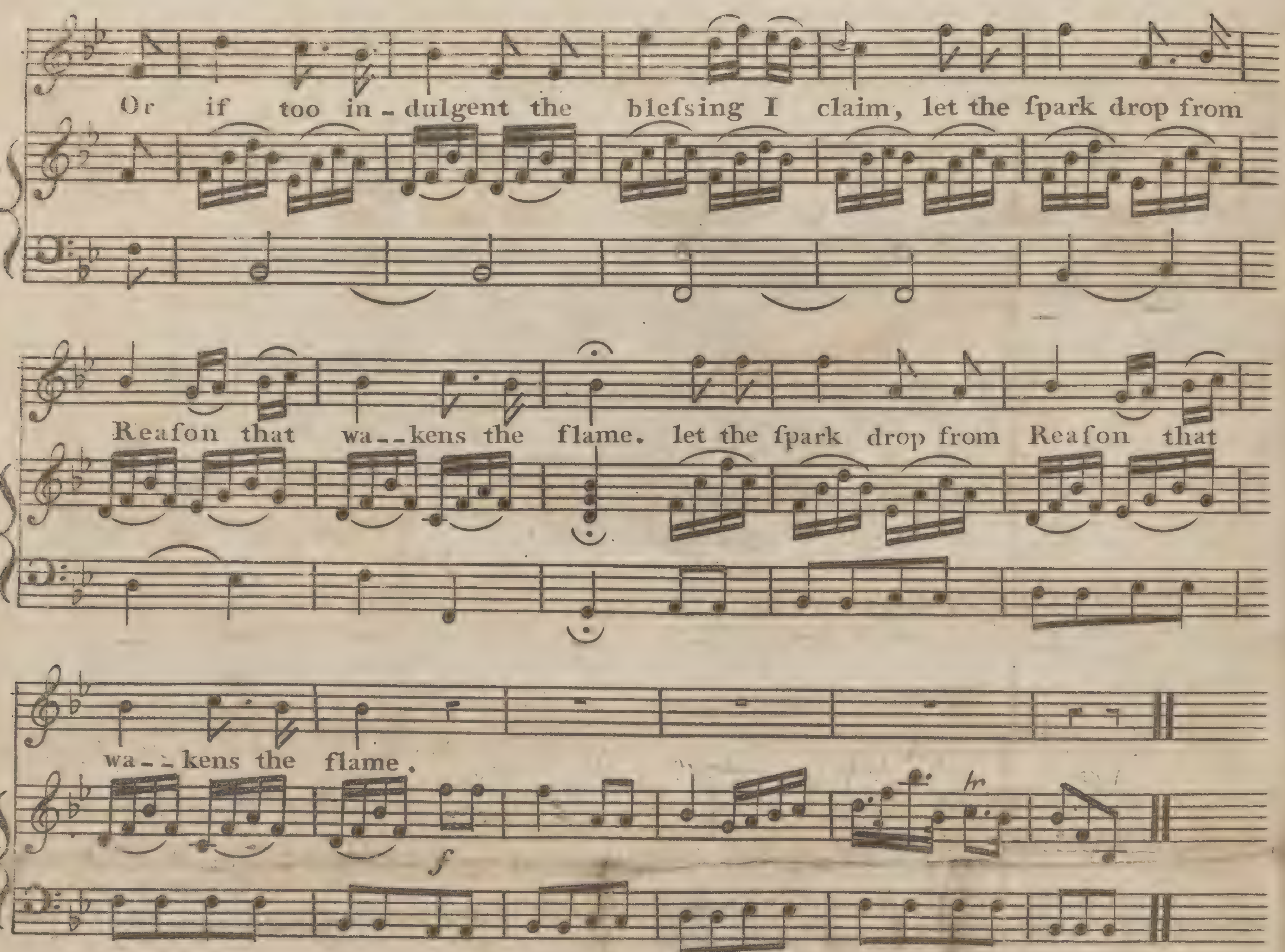
Price 1^s.

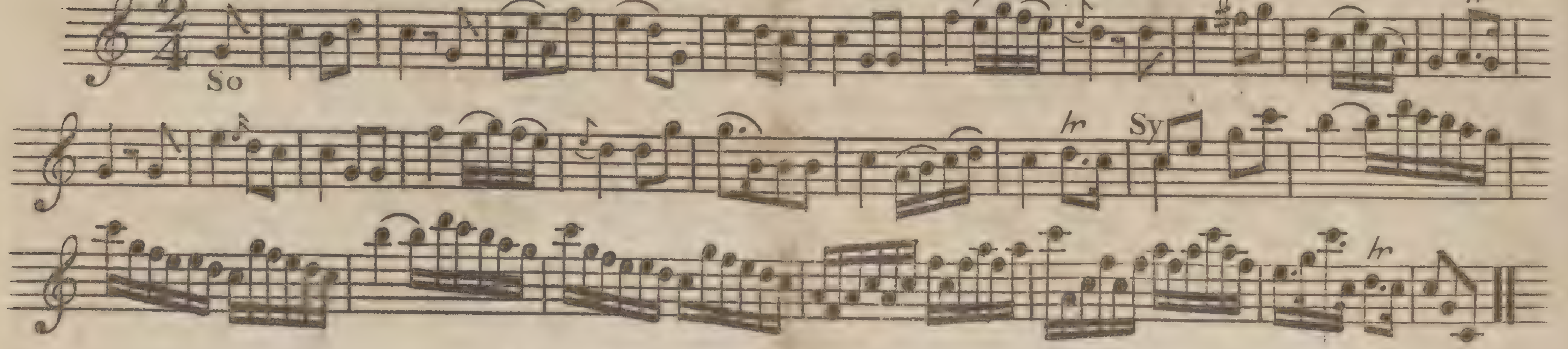

Voce
Cembalo
For tenderneſs form'd in
Life's early day, A Parents ſoft ſorrows to mine led the way; A Parents ſoft
ſorrows to mine led the way;
tr
W


The Leſson of Pity was caught from her Eye, and e'er words were my own I
ſpoke with a ſigh.
The Nightingale plunder'd the
mate widow'd Dove, the warbled complaint of the ſuffering Grove, the warbled com-
-plaint of the ſuffering Grove.
To
tr
tr

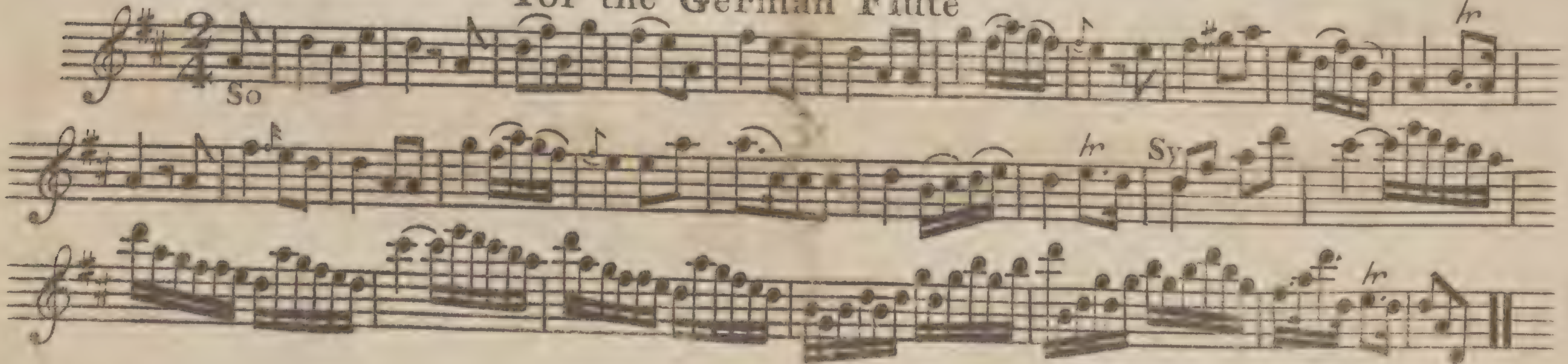

Youth as it ripen'd gave ſentiment new, The object ſtill changing the
Sympathy true.
Soft embers of Paſsion yet
reſt in their Glow, A warmth of more Pain may this breaſt never know. A warmth of more
Pain may this breaſt never know.
tr
tr


Or if too in-dulgent the bleſsing I claim, let the ſpark drop from
Reaſon that wa--kens the flame. let the ſpark drop from Reaſon that
wa--kens the flame.
f

For the Guittar



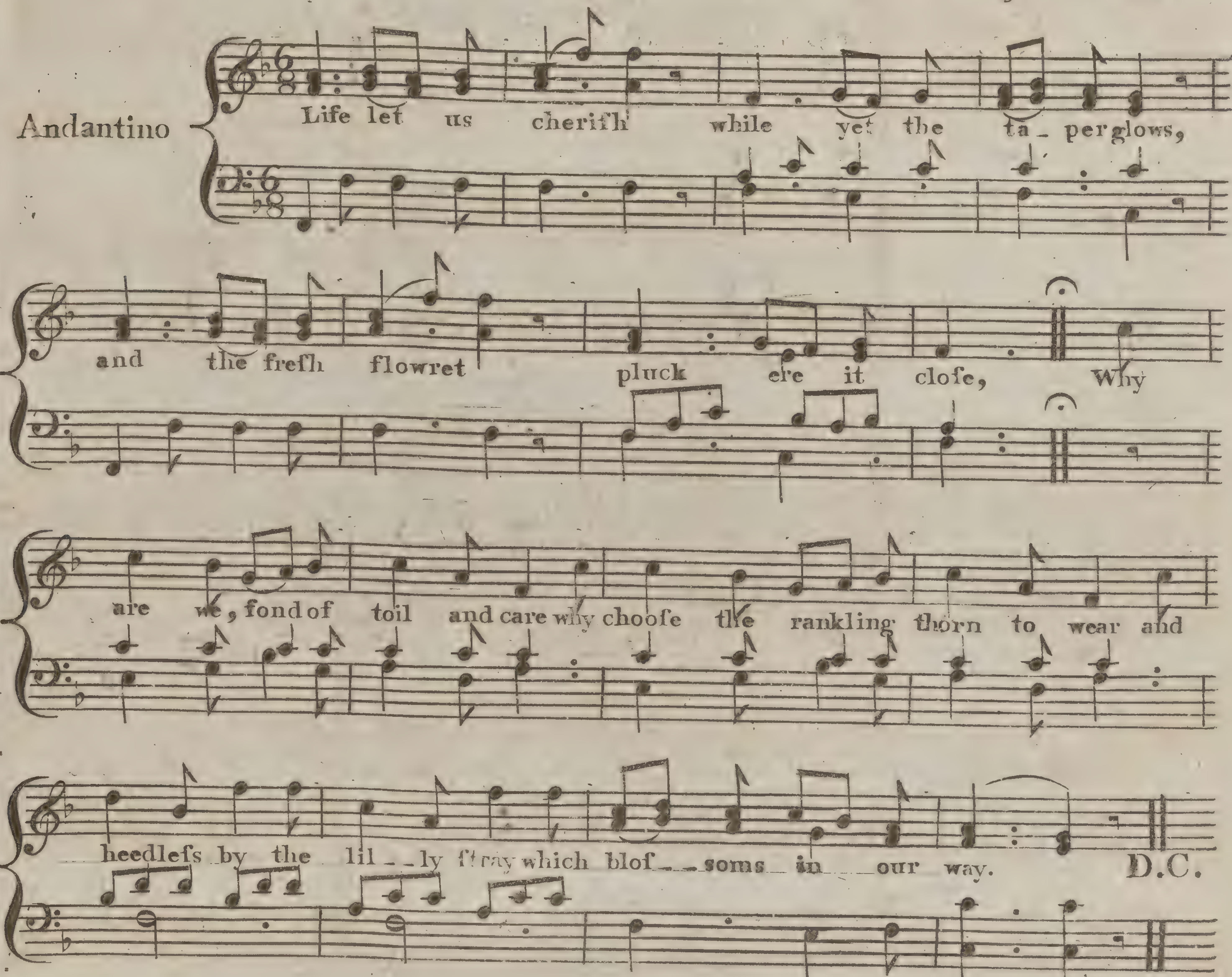
For the German Flute



LIFE LET US CHERISH,
A favorite Air, Compoſed by the
Celebrated Mozart,
To which is added Variations by the ſame Author.

Price

London, Printed & Sold by W. M. Cabuſac, Musical Inſtrument Maker, 196. Strand.

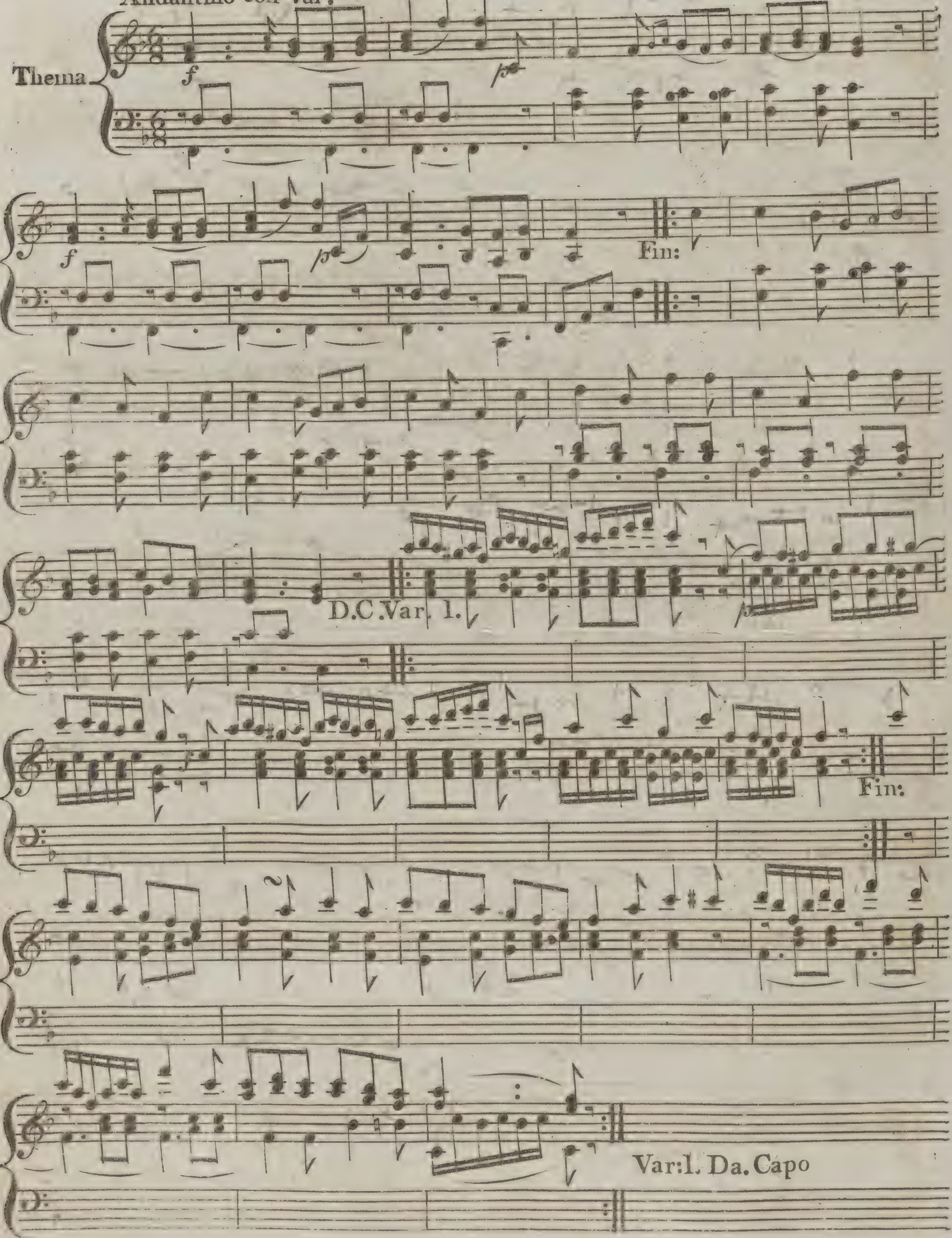

Andantino
Life let us cheriſh while yet the ta_perglows,
and the freſh flowret pluck ere it cloſe, Why
are we, fond of toil and care why chooſe the rankling thorn to wear and
heedleſs by the lil_ly ſtray which bloſ_ſoms in our way.
D.C.

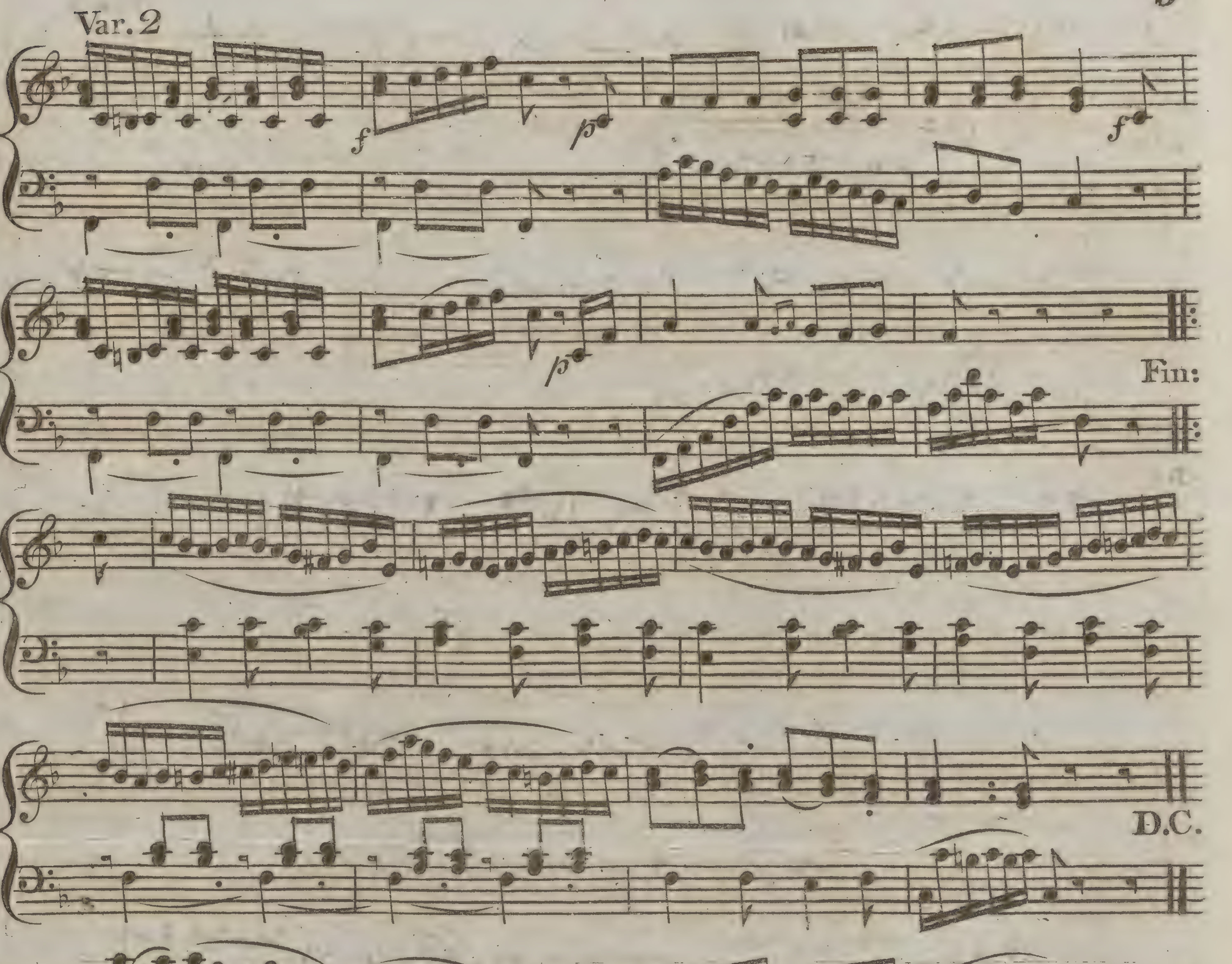
2
When clouds obſcure the atmoſphere,
And forked lightnings rend the Air
The Sun reſumes his ſilver creſt,
And ſmiles adown the weſt.

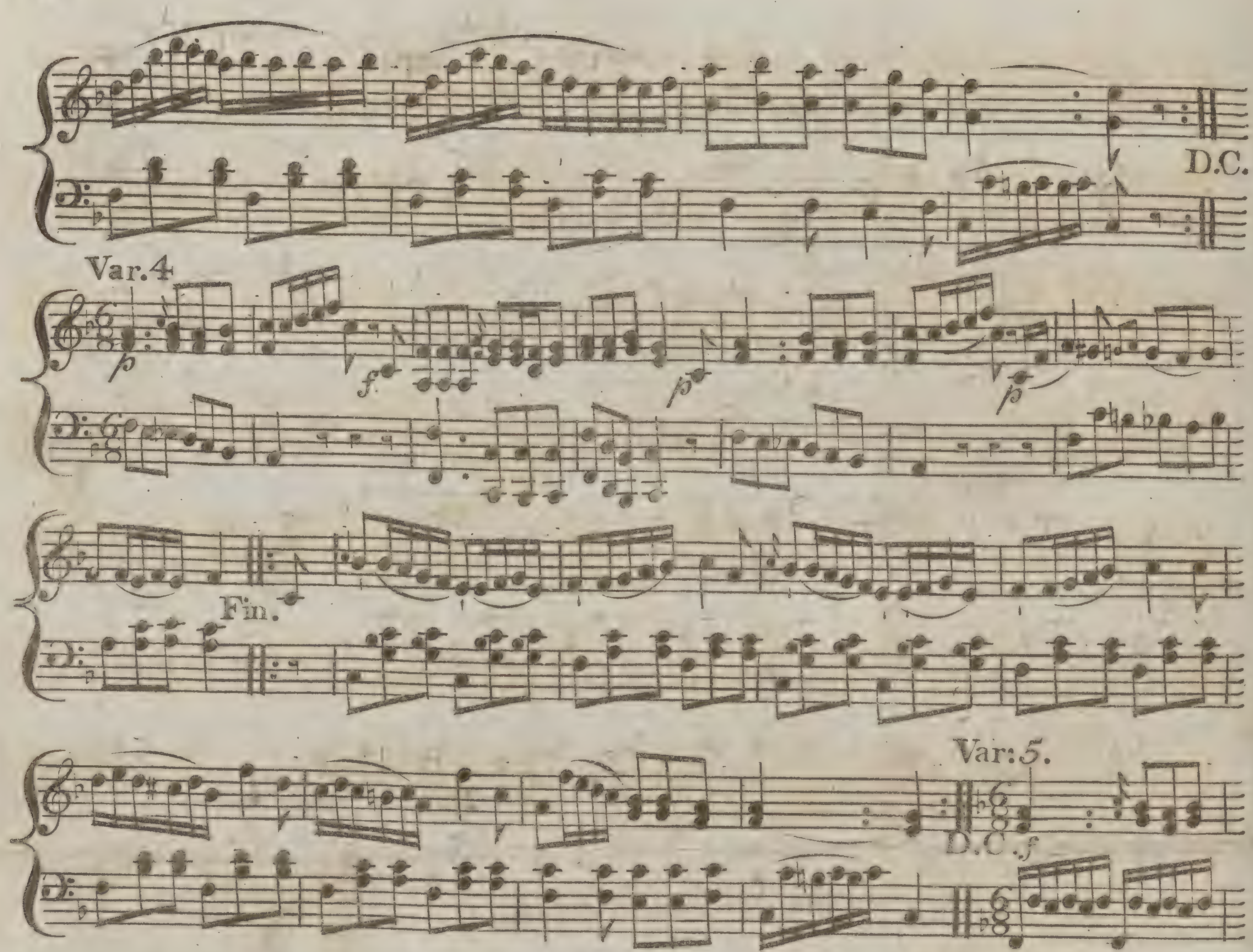
3
The genial ſeaſons ſoon are o'er
Then let us 'ere we quit this ſhore
Contentment ſeek it is lifes reſt
The ſunſhine of the breaſt.

4
Away with every toil and care,
And ceaſe the rankling thorn to wear,
With manful hearts life's conflict meet,
Till death ſounds the retreat.

Andantino con Var:




Var. 2
f
p
f
p
Fin:
D.C.
Var. 3
p
f
p
Fine
f


D.C.
Var.4
p
f
p
p
Fin.
Var:5.
D.C.
f
Fin
D.C.

FAIR ROSALE

A Favorite Song

Sung by Mrs. Crouch at Liverpool.
and by Master Welsh
at the
Theatre Royal Haymarket,

Price 6d.

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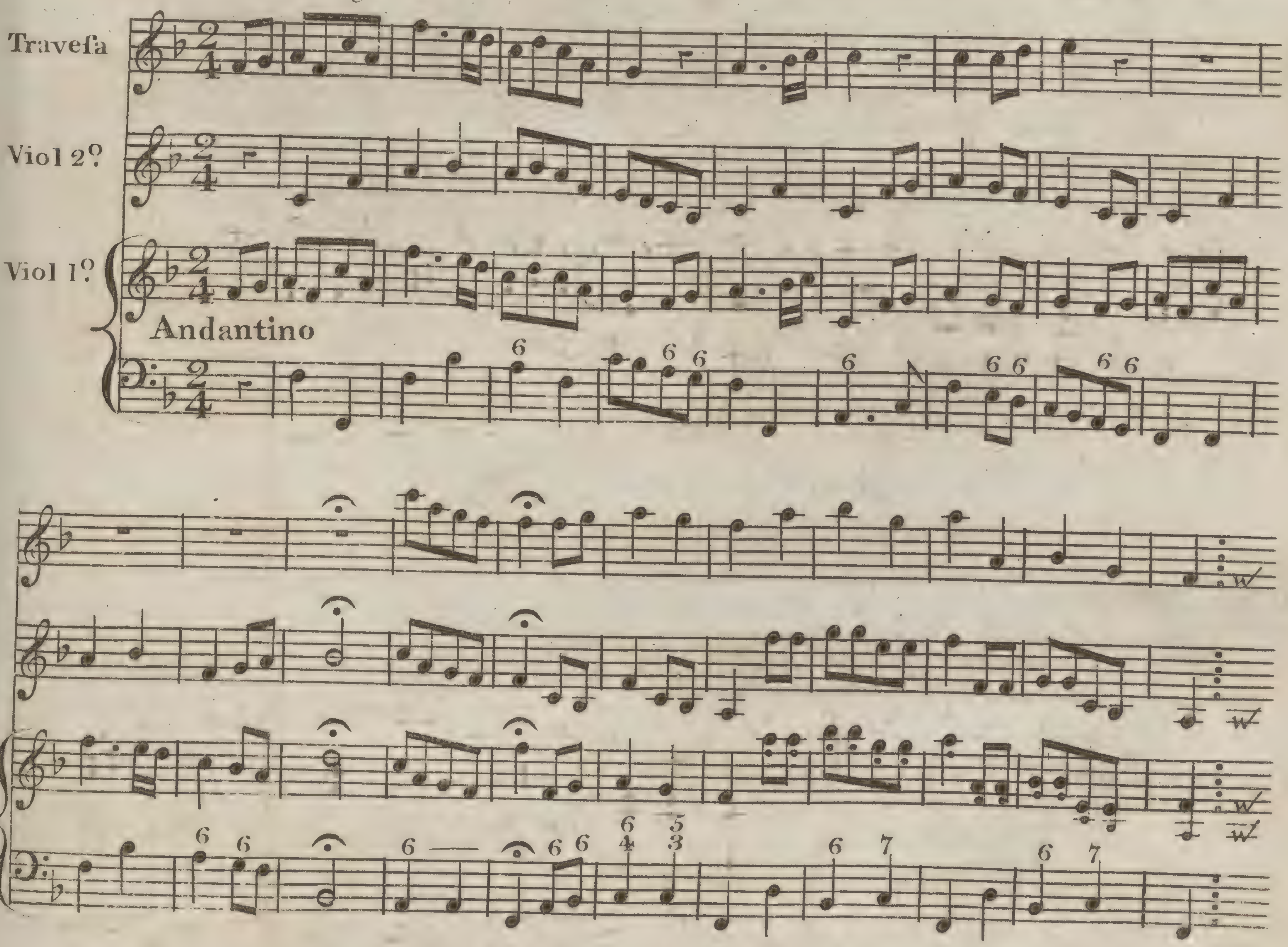
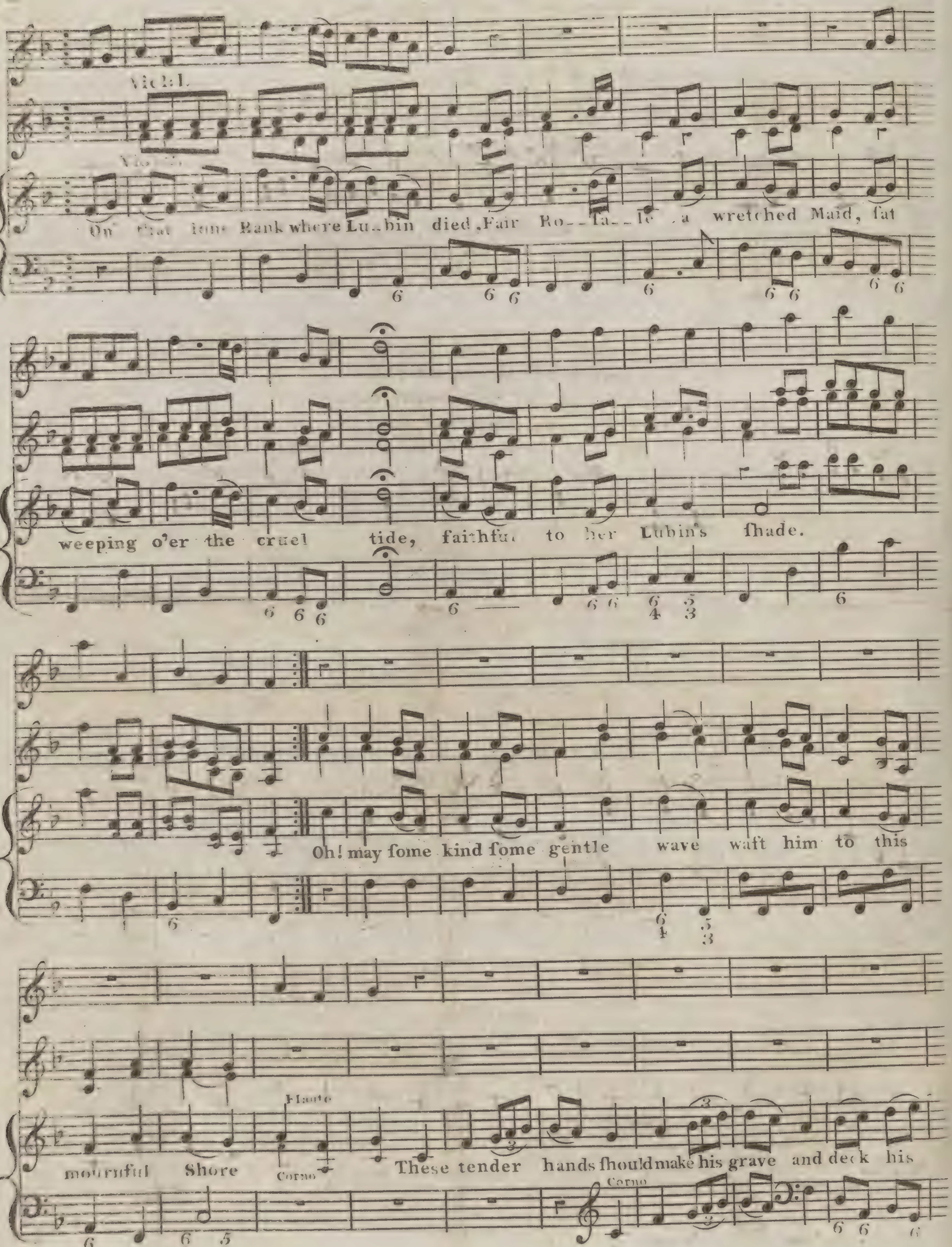
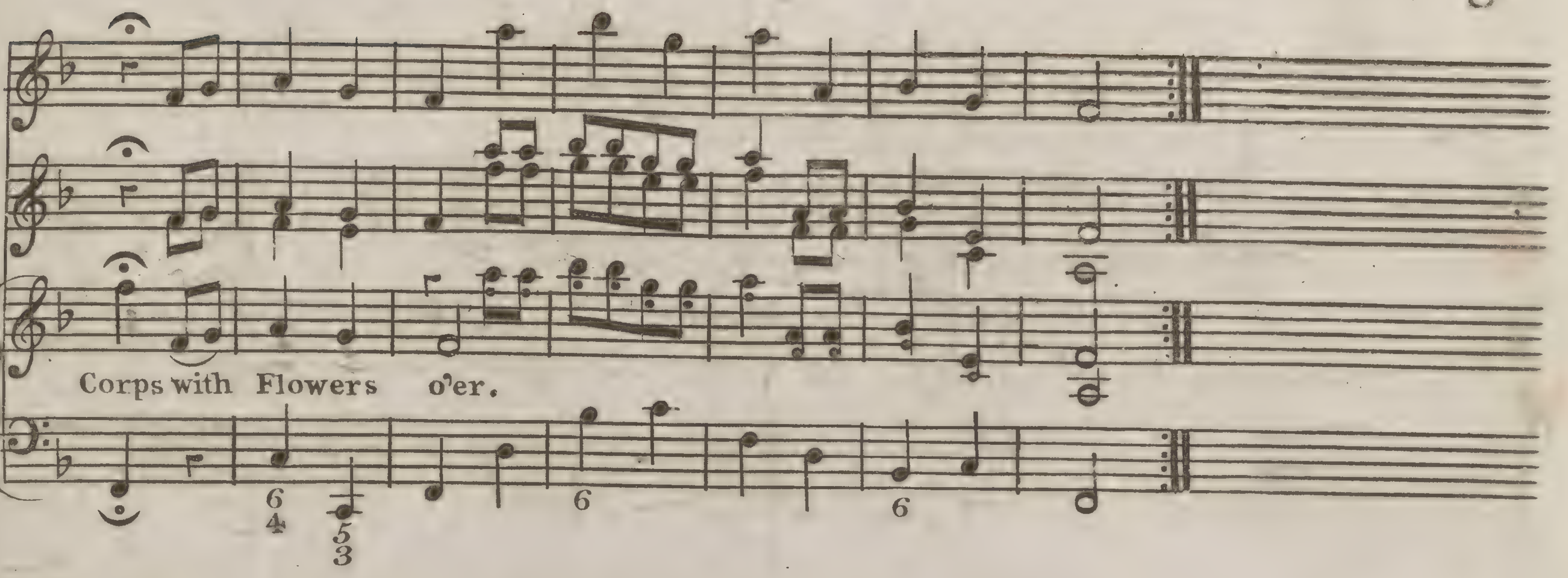
Printed & Sold by Preston & Son at their Wholesale Warehouses, 97 Strand.

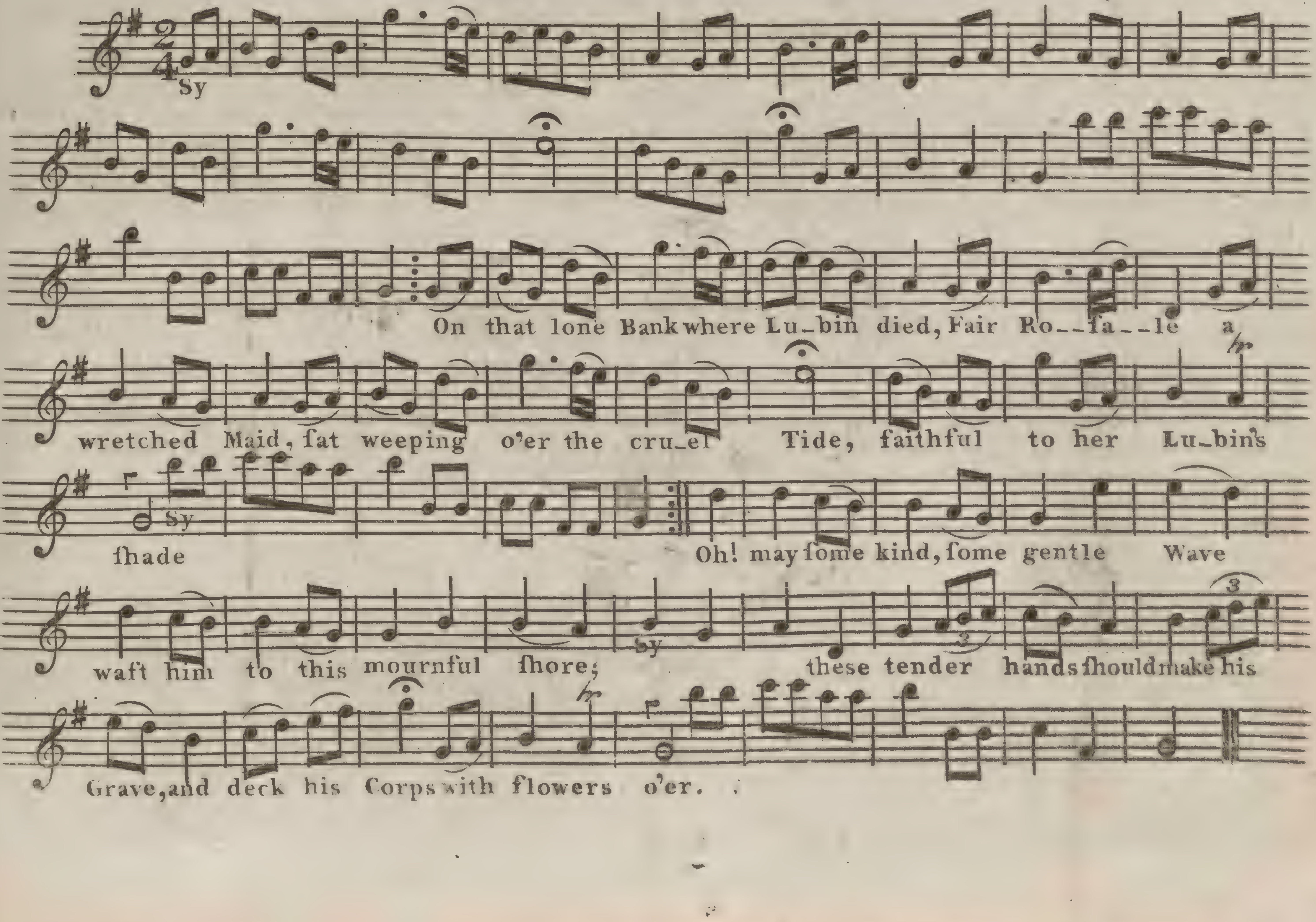



Viol. I.
On that lone Bank where Lu-bin died, Fair Ro-sa-lie a wretched Maid, ſat
weeping o'er the cruel tide, faithful to her Lubin's ſhade.
Oh! may ſome kind ſome gentle wave waft him to this
mournful Shore
Flauto
Corno
These tender hands ſhould make his grave and deck his
Corno



2
I'd ever watch his mould'ring Clay,
And pray for his eternal reſt;
When Time his form had worn away,
His Duſt I'd place within my breaſt.
While thus ſhe mourn'd her Lubin loſt,
And Echo to her Grief reply'd,
Lo! at her Feet his Corps was toſt,
She ſhriek'd, ſhe clasp'd him, ſigh'd and died.

Flute or Guitar.


Sy
On that lone Bank where Lu_bin died, Fair Ro__ſa__le a
wretched Maid, ſat weeping o'er the cru_el Tide, faithful to her Lu_bin's
Sy
ſhade Oh! may ſome kind, ſome gentle Wave
waft him to this mournful ſhore; Sy these tender hands ſhould make his
Grave, and deck his Corps with flowers o'er.
tr
3

THE SOLDIER TIR'D OF WARS ALARMS

Sung by Madame Mara
in the OPERA of ARTAXERXES at DRURY LANE THEATRE,
also
by Mrs. BILLINGTON at COVENT GARDEN THEATRE,
Composed by Dr. Arne.
Price 6d.

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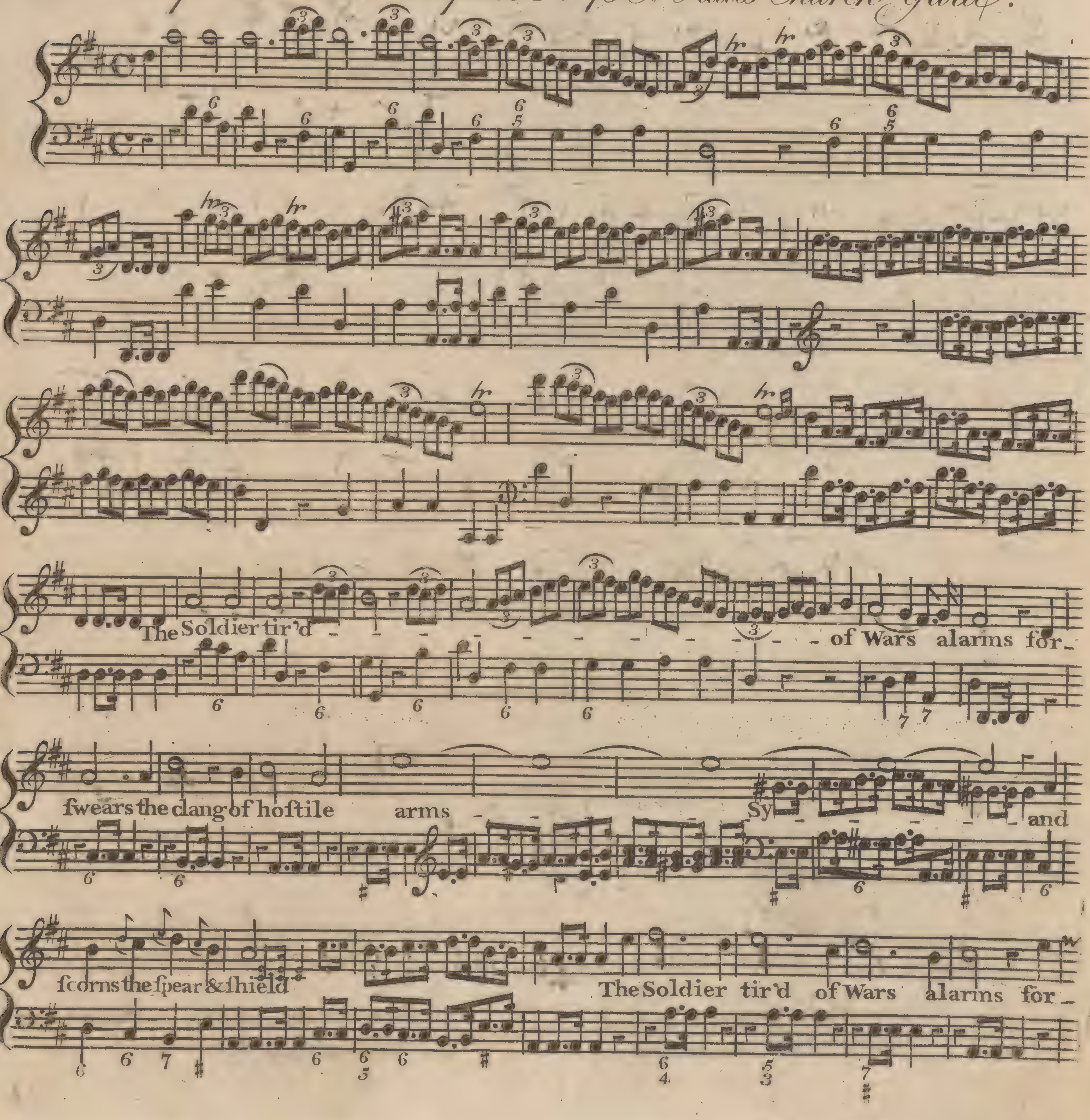
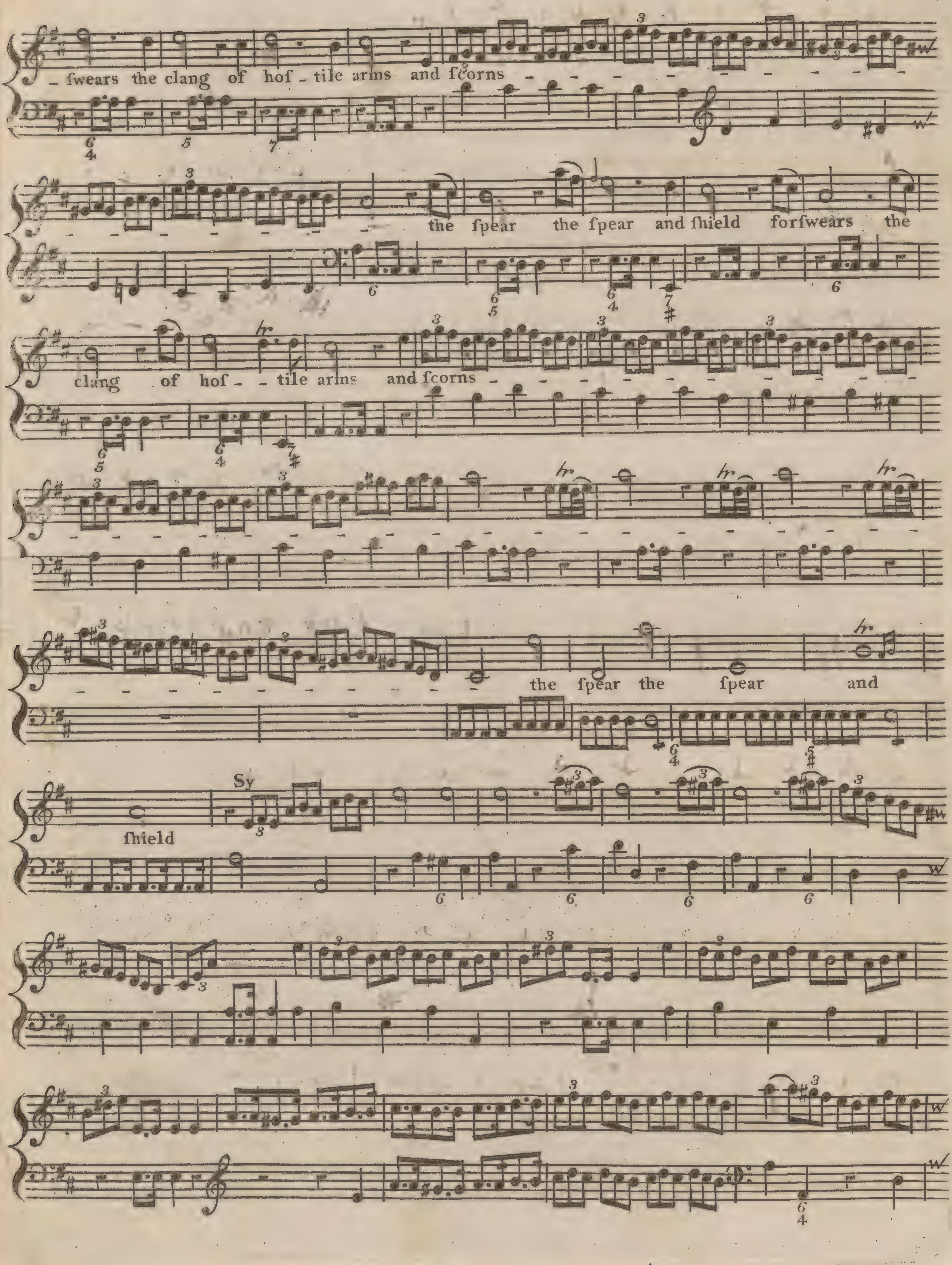
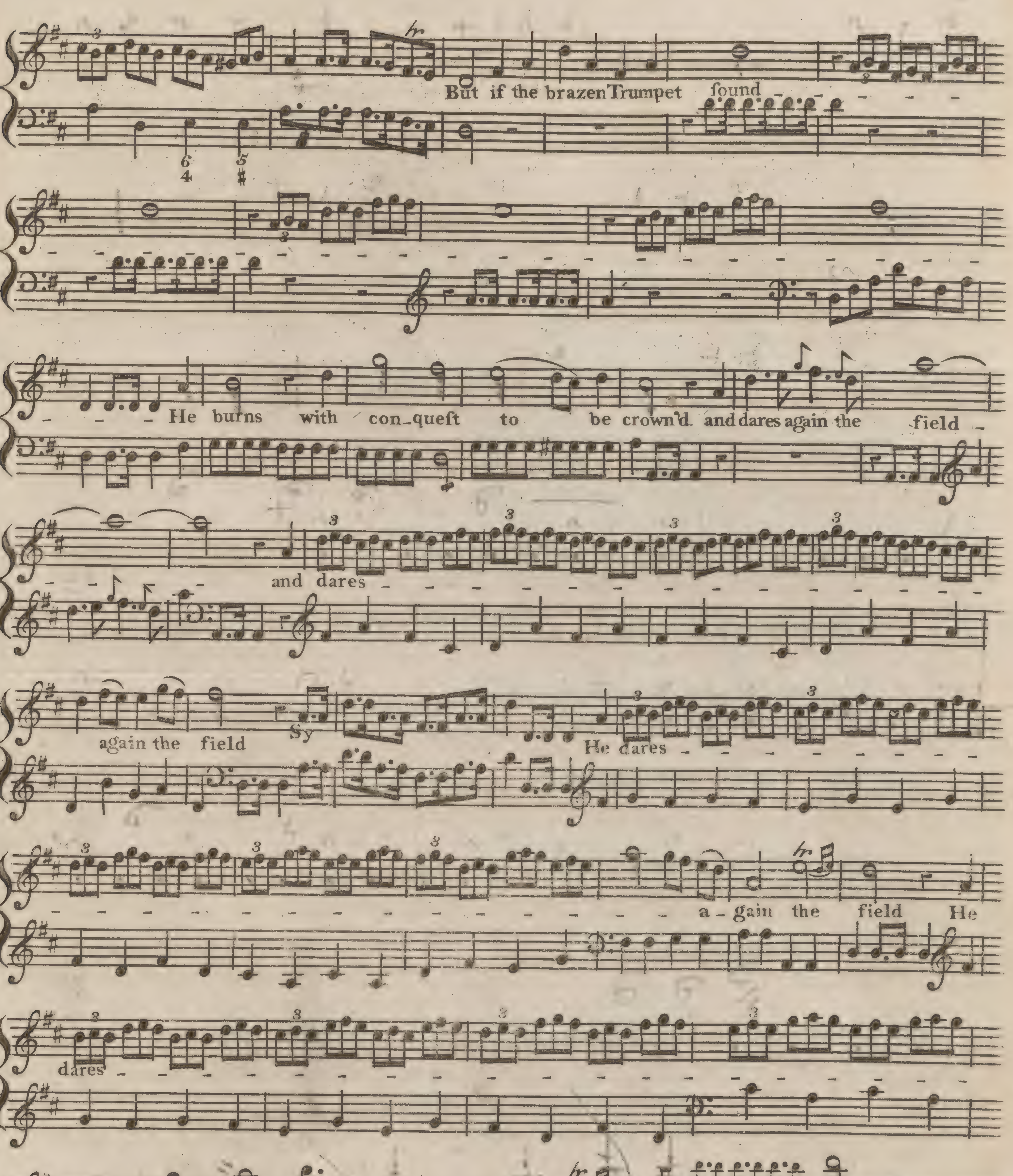
Printed for S A & P. Thompson No. 75 St. Pauls Church Yard.


The Soldier tir'd - - - - - - - - - - of Wars alarms for-
swears the clang of hostile arms - - - Sy - - - - - and
scorns the spear & shield
The Soldier tir'd of Wars alarms for -


ſwears the clang of hoſ - tile arms and ſcorns
the ſpear the ſpear and ſhield forſwears the
clang of hoſ - tile arms and ſcorns
the ſpear the ſpear and
ſhield
Sy


But if the brazen Trumpet ſound
6
4
5
♯
He burns with con_queſt to be crown'd and dares again the field
and dares
again the field
Sy
He dares
a_gain the field He
dares
a _ gain the field
6
6
6
4
6
4
3

1

The Captive to his Bird

A favorite Song
Sung with universal applause by
Mr. Incledon,
in his New Entertainment call'd

VARIETY.

Compoſed by
J. Mazzinghi.

JM

Pr.. 1.s/

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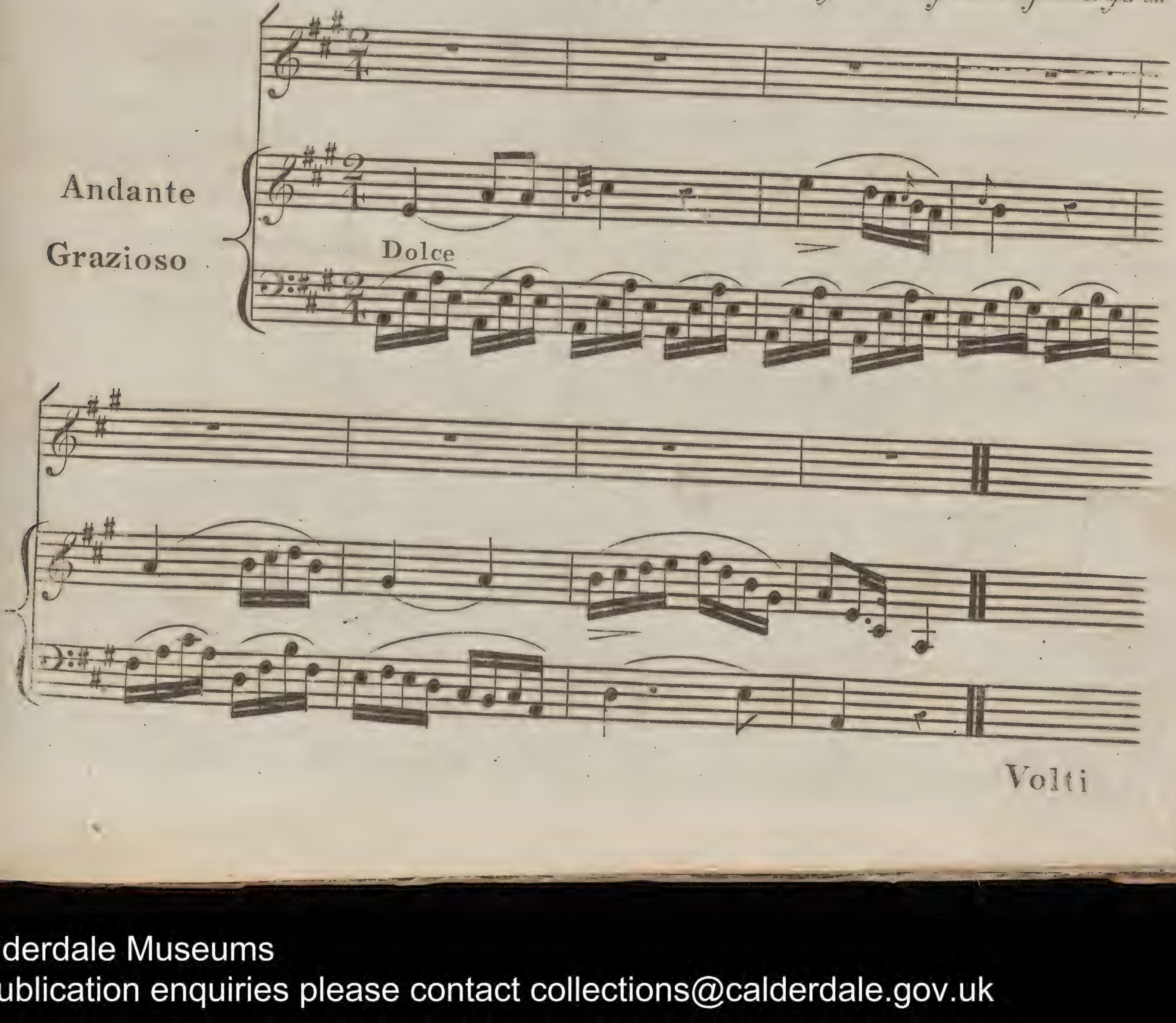
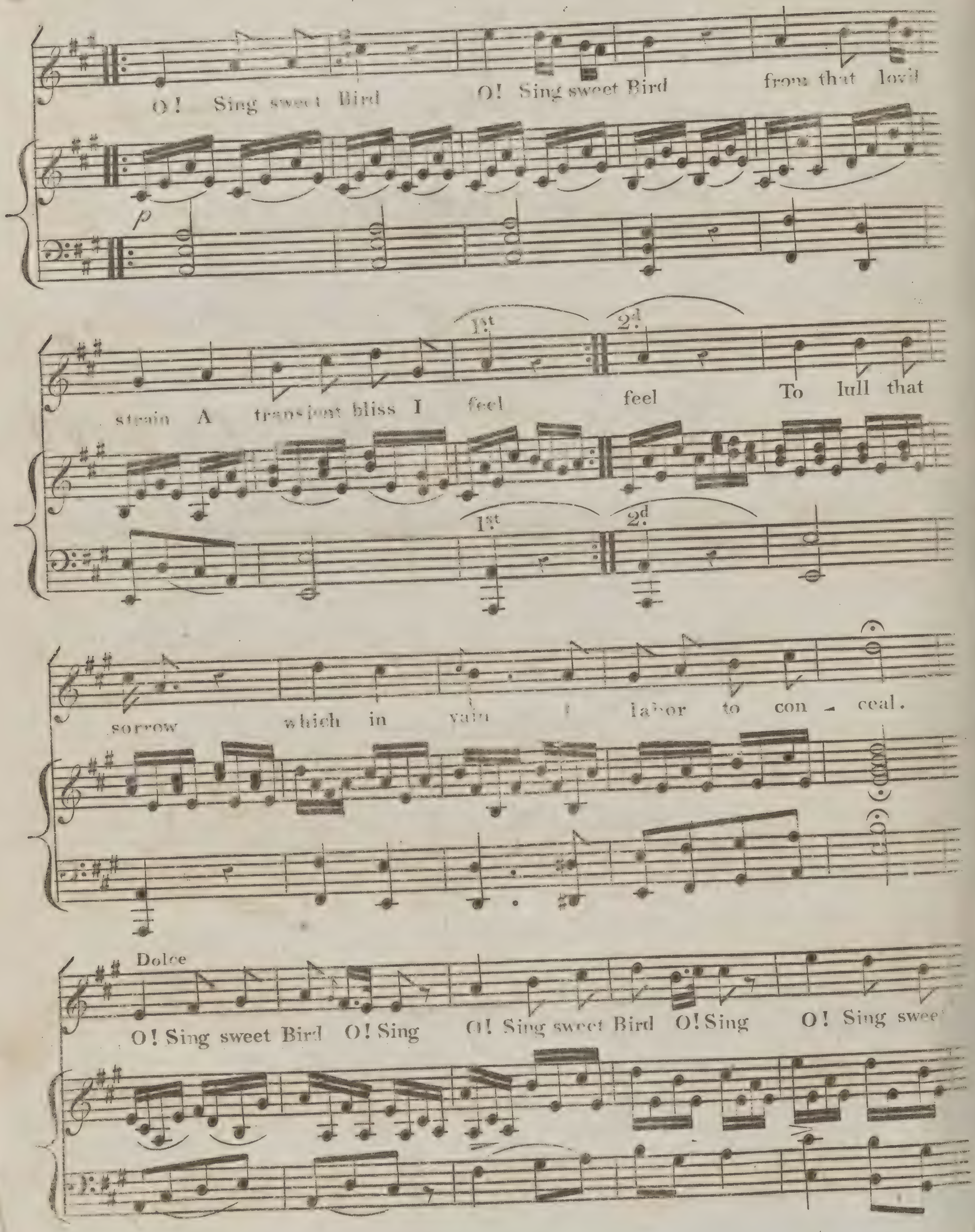
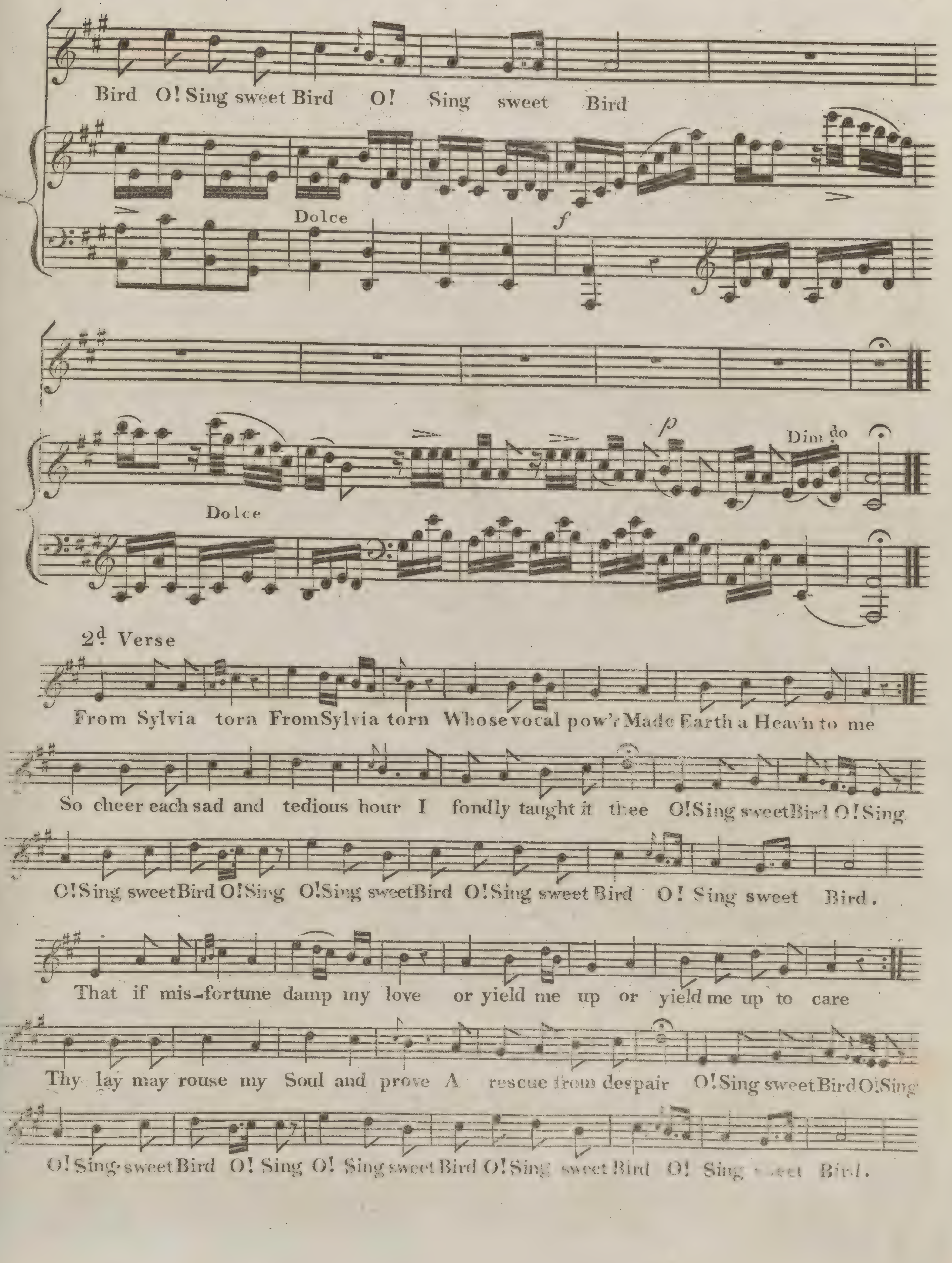
Muſic Sellers to their Royal Highneſses the Prince & Princeſs of Wales & Manufacturers of Milt. Muſical Inſtrumt.



Volti


O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing sweet Bird from that lov'd
p
strain A transient bliss I feel
1st
2d
feel To lull that
sorrow which in vain I labor to con - ceal.
Dolce
O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing O! Sing swee


Bird O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing sweet Bird
Dolce
f
Dolce
p
Dim: do
2d Verse
From Sylvia torn From Sylvia torn Whose vocal pow'r Made Earth a Heav'n to me
So cheer each sad and tedious hour I fondly taught it thee O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing
O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing sweet Bird.
That if mis-fortune damp my love or yield me up or yield me up to care
Thy lay may rouse my Soul and prove A rescue from despair O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing
O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing sweet Bird O! Sing sweet Bird.

MA CHÈRE AMIE

A favorite Song

Sung by Mrs. Freeden at Vauxhall

Written by a Lady, and Set to Music by

Mr. HOOK

Price 1s.

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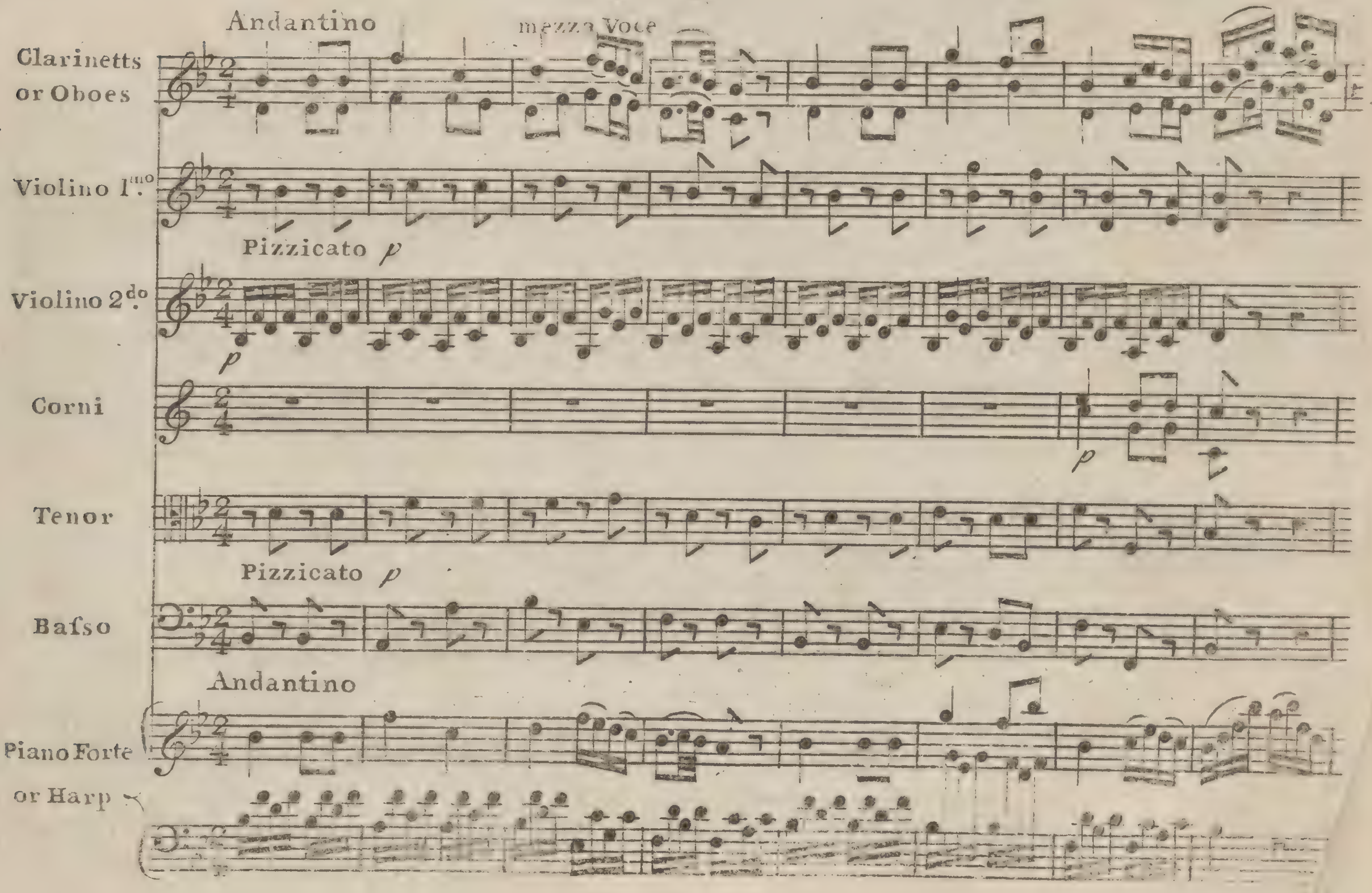
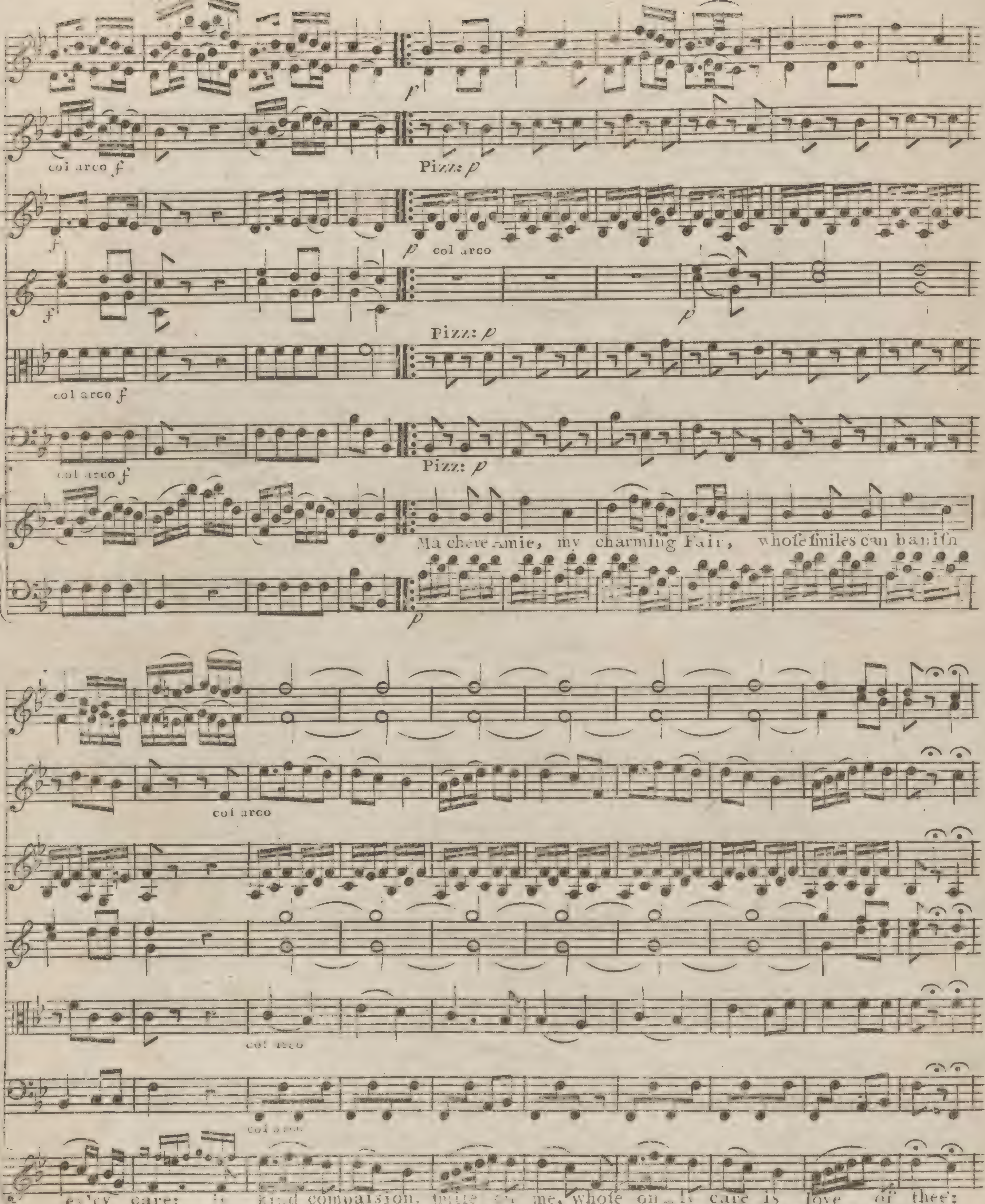
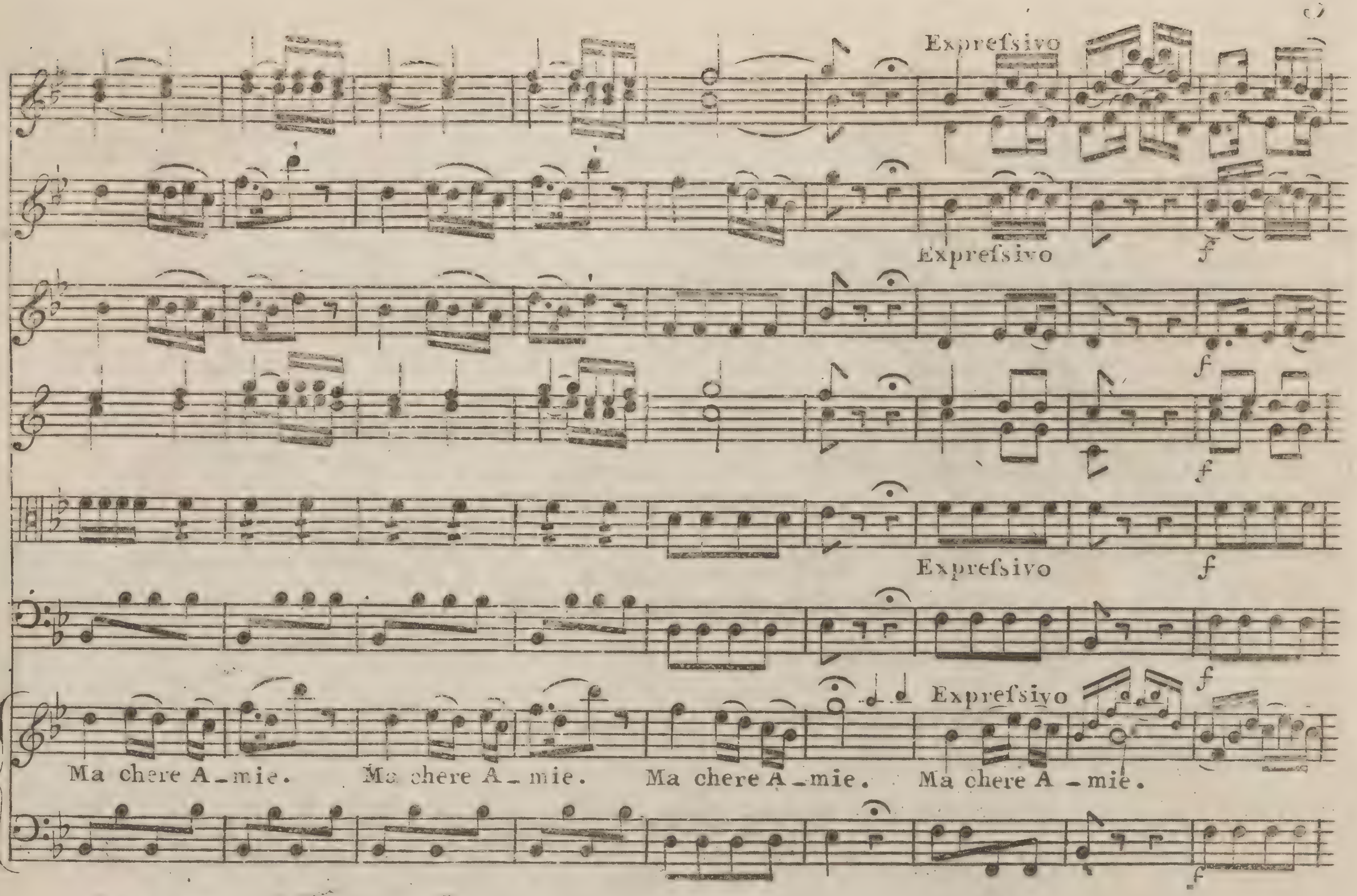
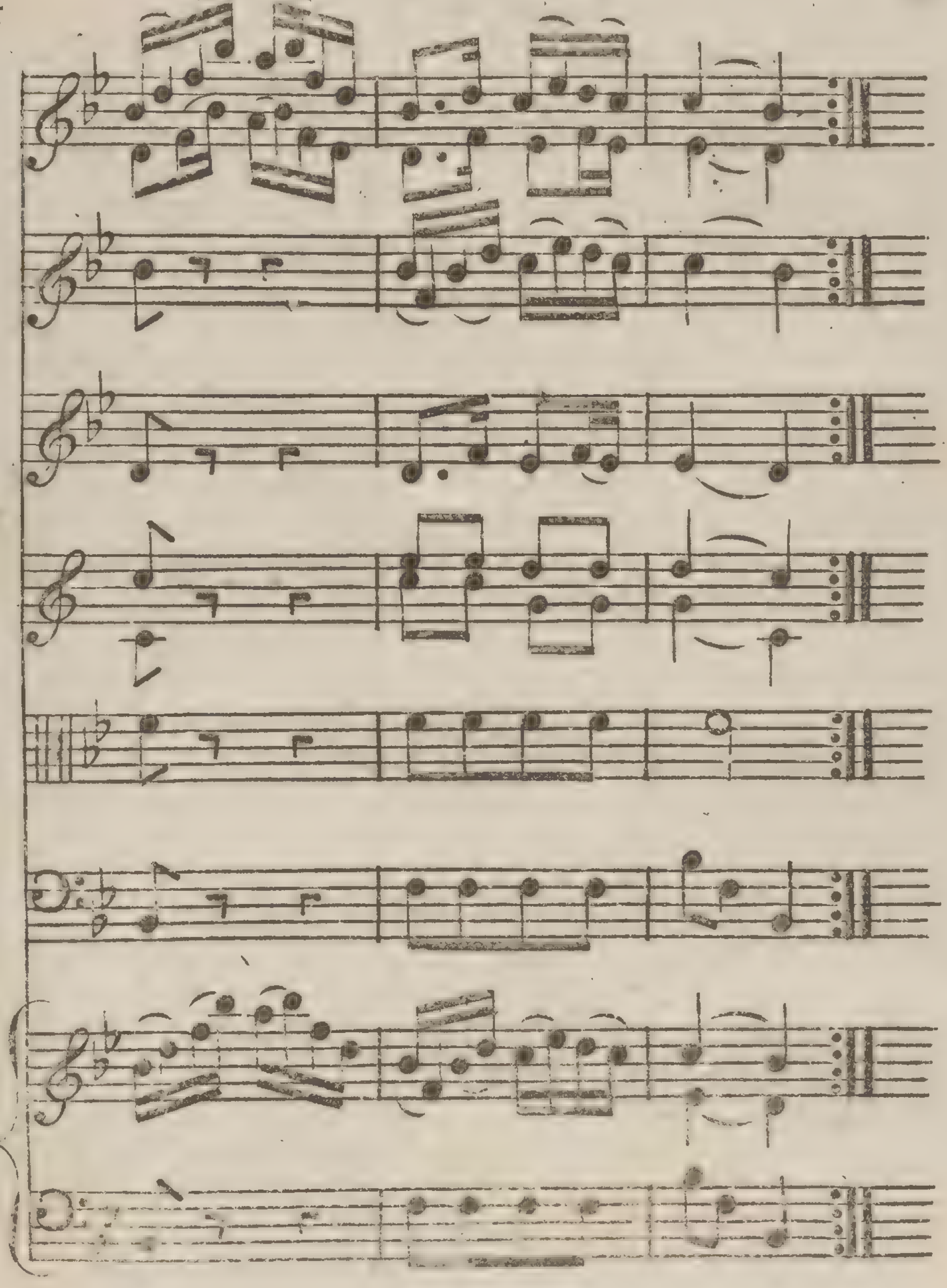



col arco f
Pizz: p
f
p col arco
f
Pizz: p
p
col arco f
Pizz: p
col arco f
Pizz: p
Ma chere Amie, my charming Fair, whoſe ſmiles can baniſh
p
col arco
col arco
col arco
ev'ry care; in kind compaſsion, ſmile on me, whoſe only care is love of thee:

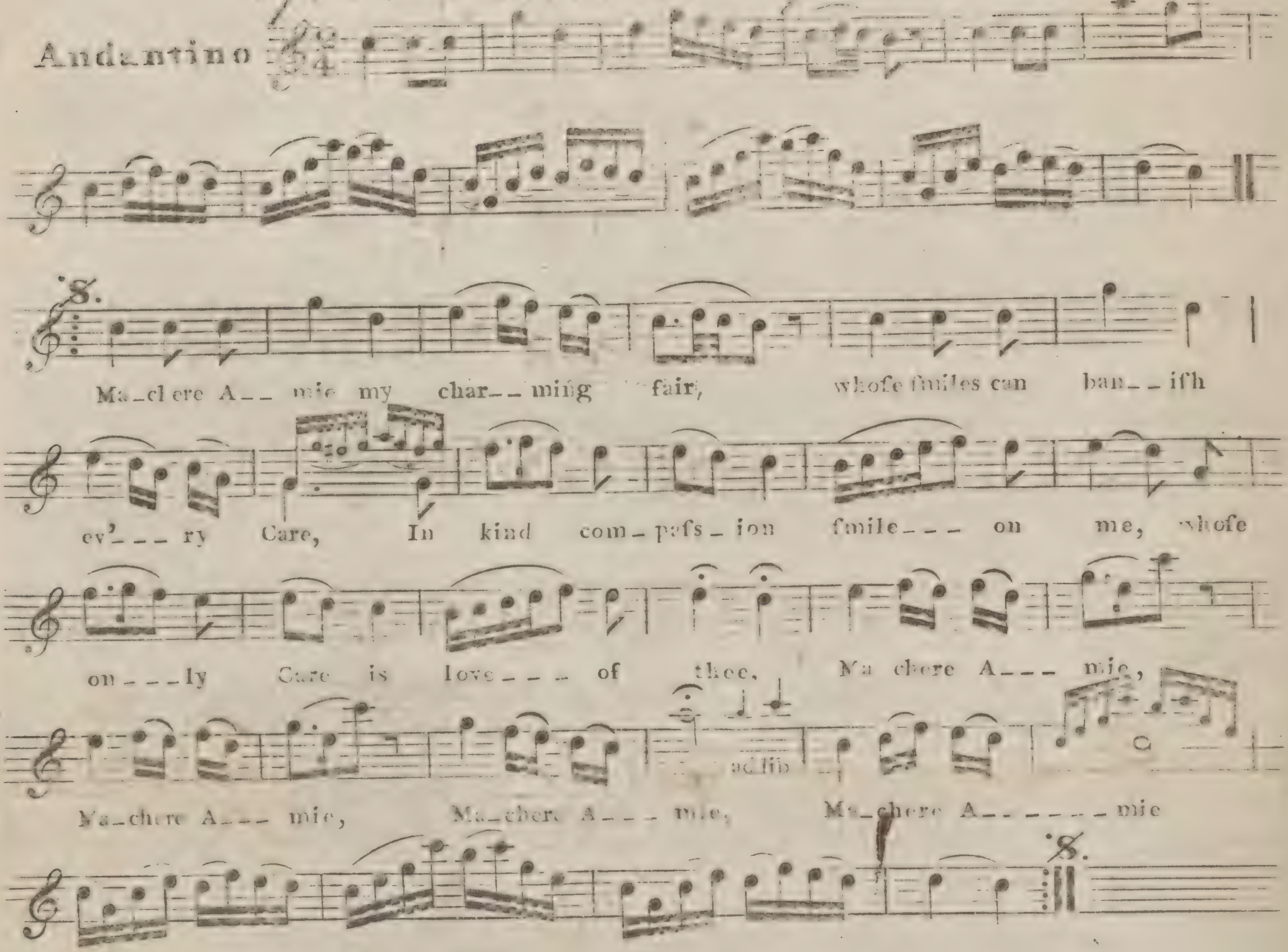




2
Under ſweet Friendſhip's ſacred Name,
My boſom caught the tender flame;
May friendſhip in thy boſom be
Converted into love for me.
Ma chere Amie.

3
Together rear'd, together grown,
O let us now unite in one;
Let pity ſoften thy decree,
I droop, dear Maid, I die for thee.
Ma chere Amie.

For Flute or Guitar


Andantino
Ma_chere A__mie my char__ming fair, whoſe ſmiles can ban__iſh
ev'___ry Care, In kind com_paſs_ion ſmile___ on me, whoſe
on___ly Care is love___ of thee, Ma chere A___mie,
Ma_chere A___mie, Ma_chere A___mie, Ma_chere A______mie
ad lib

2

Under ſweet Friendſhip Sacred Name,
My boſom caught the tender flame,
May friendſhip in thy boſom be,
Converted into love for me.
Ma_chere Amie. & c.

3

Together rear'd together grown,
O let us now unite in one,
Let pity ſoften thy decree,
I droop dear Maid I die for thee.
Ma_chere Amie &c.

On the Lake of Killarney,

a Favorite Song

SUNG by Mrs WRIGHTEN

– in the Double Disguise. –

Composed by Mr Hook. Price 6d

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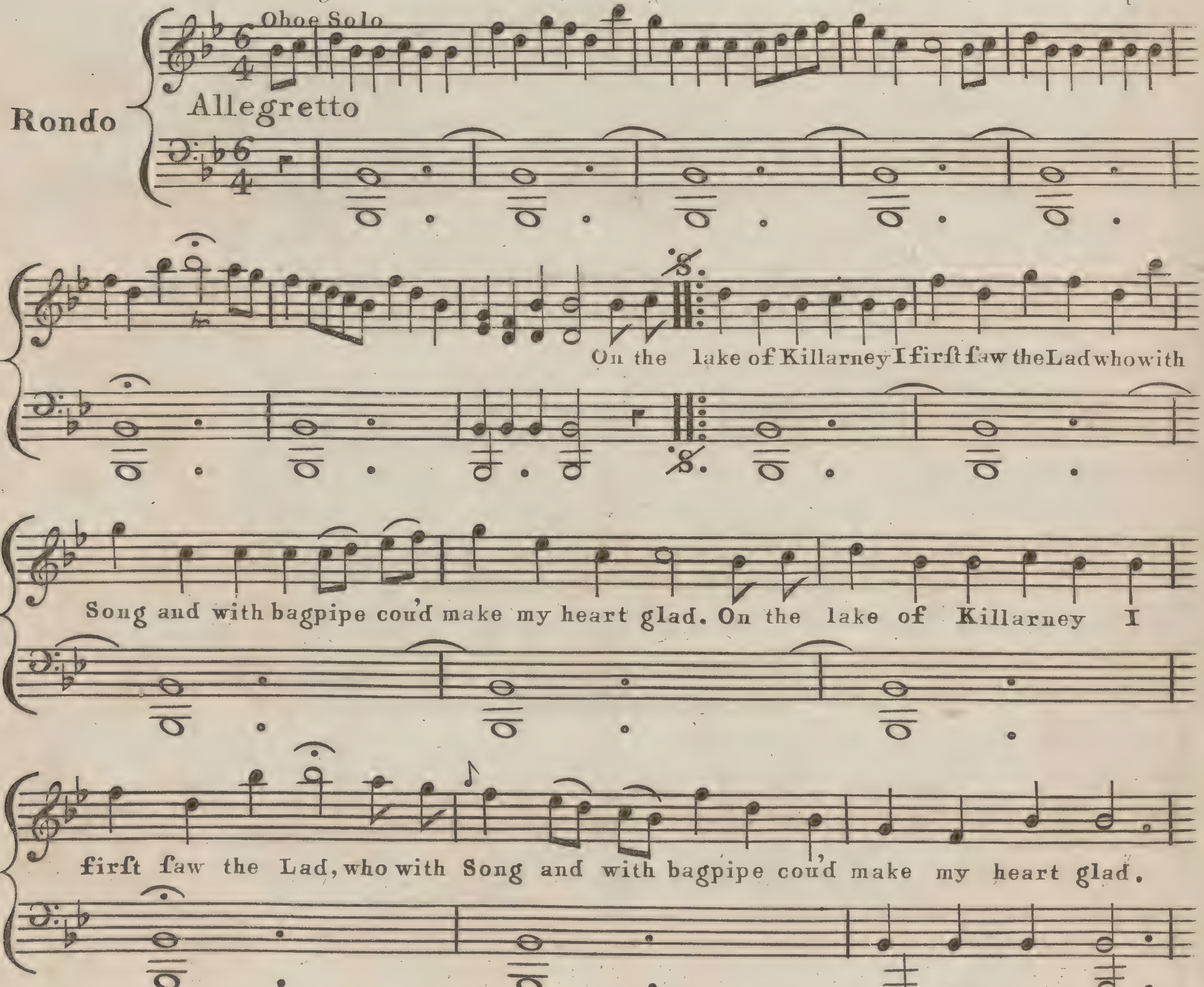
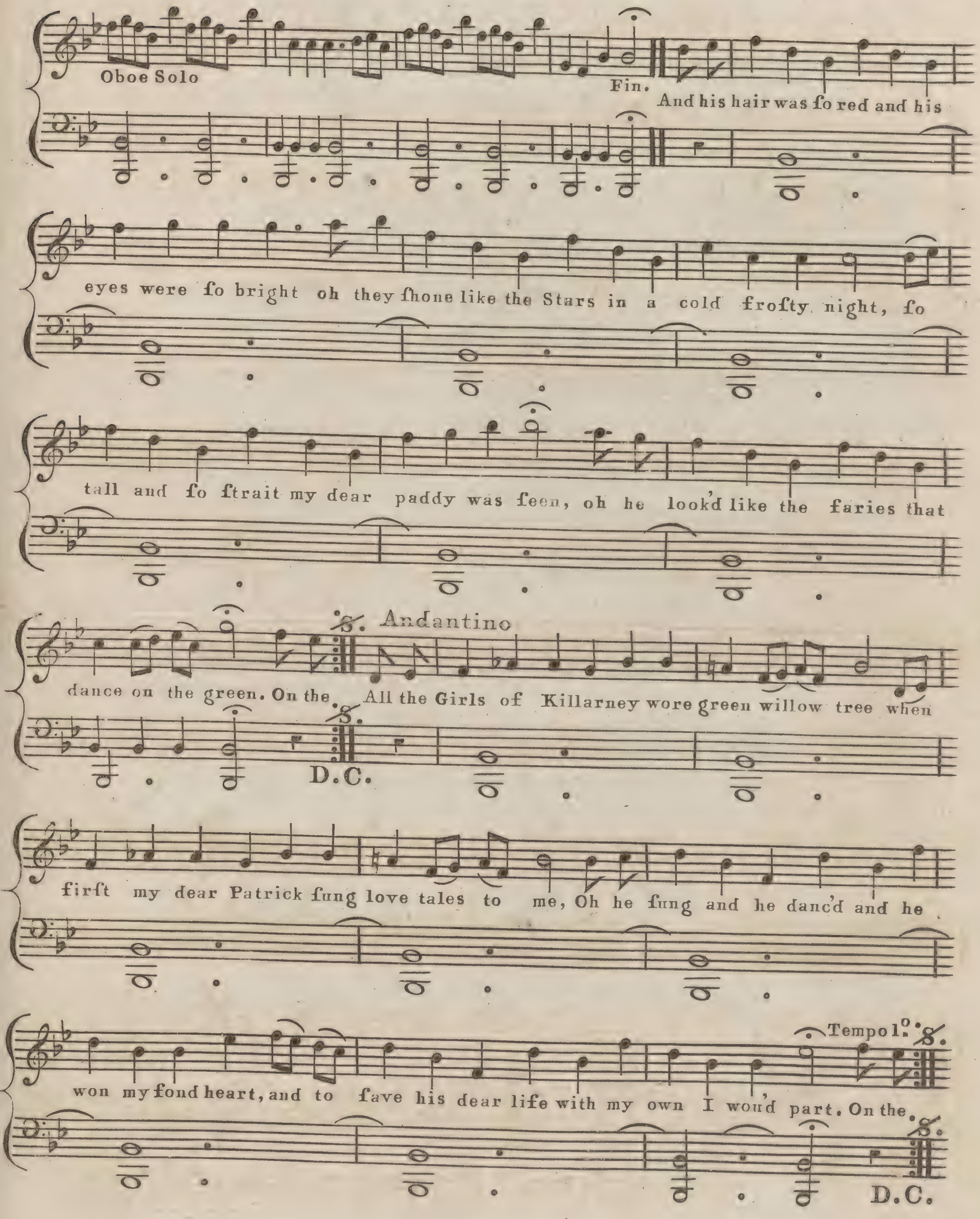
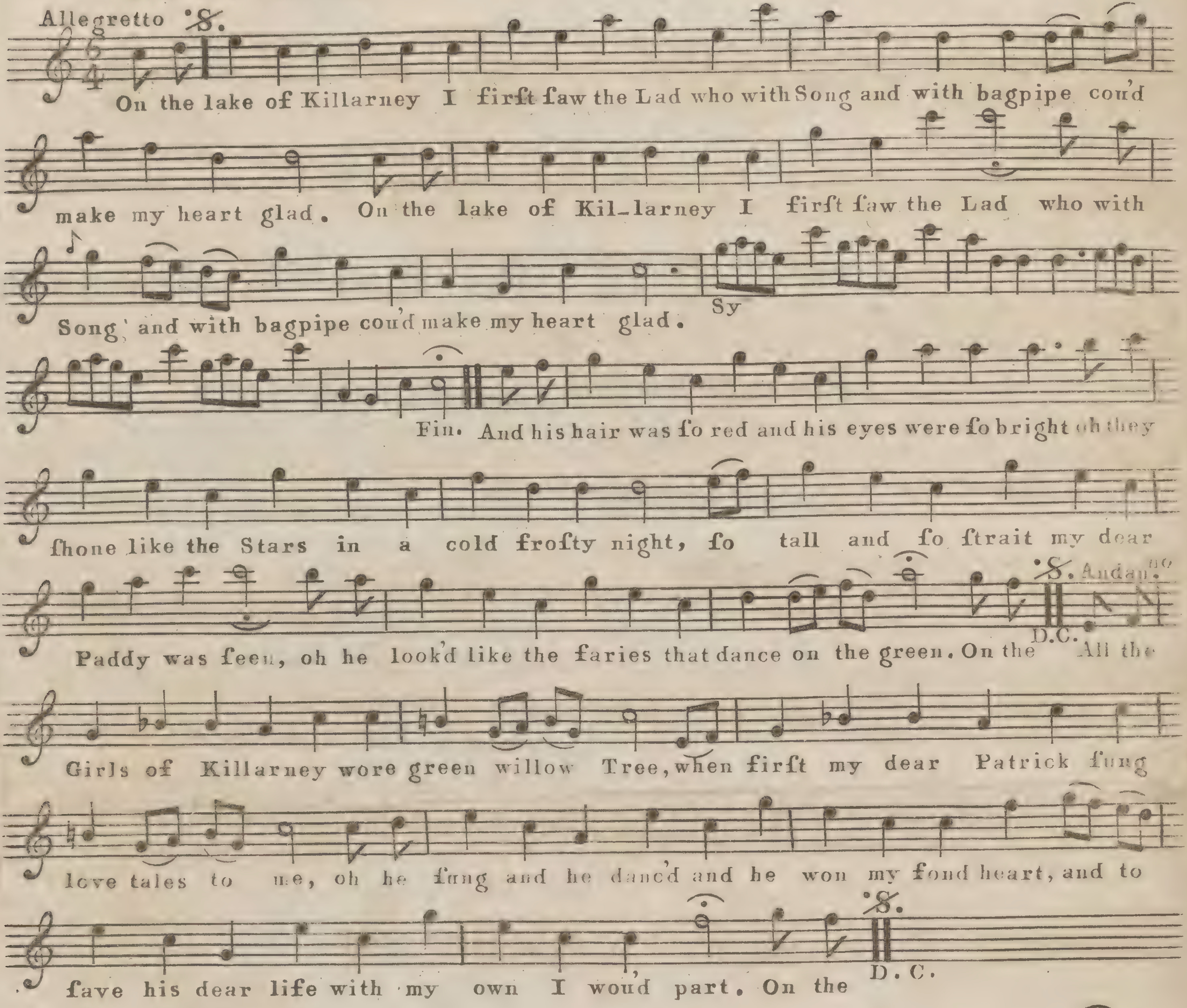
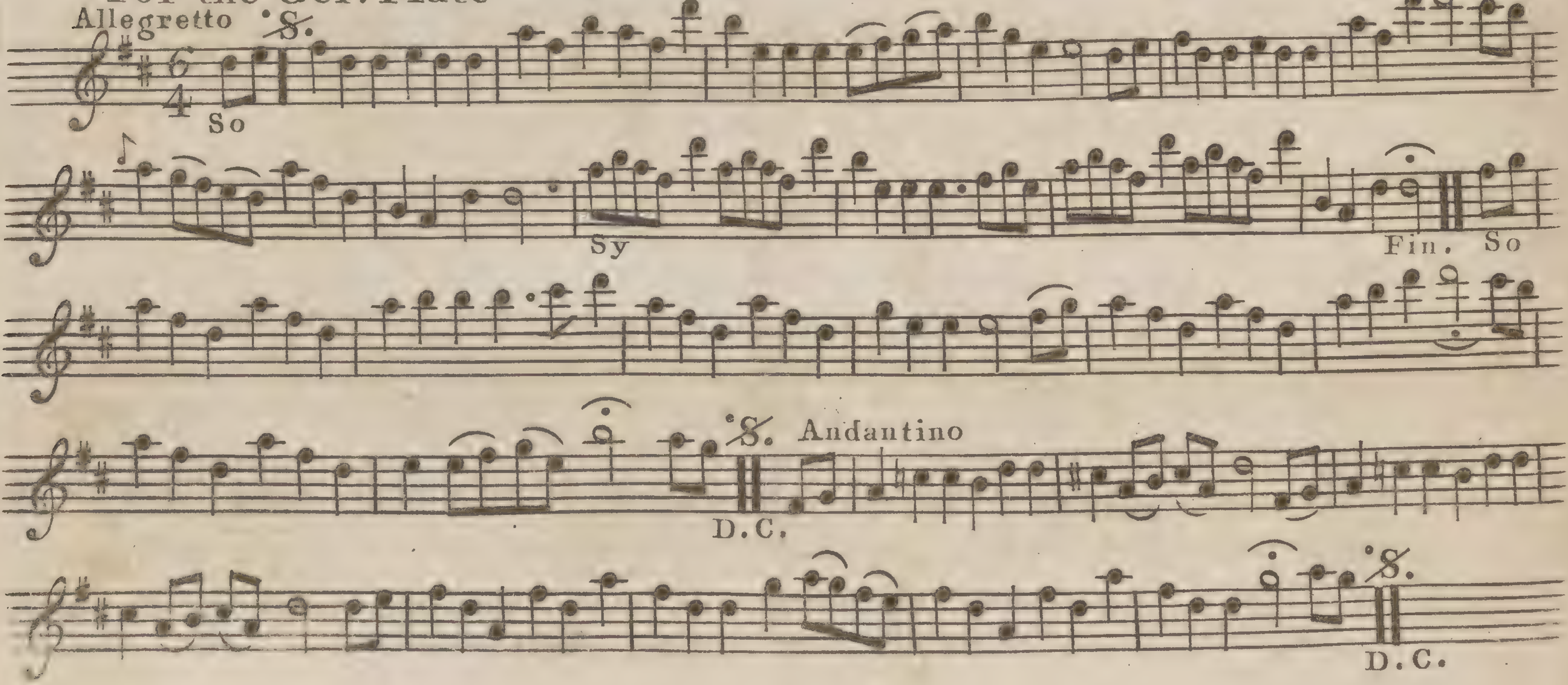

Oboe Solo
Rondo
Allegretto
On the lake of Killarney I firſt ſaw the Lad who with
Song and with bagpipe coud make my heart glad. On the lake of Killarney I
firſt ſaw the Lad, who with Song and with bagpipe cou'd make my heart glad.


Oboe Solo
Fin.
And his hair was ſo red and his
eyes were ſo bright oh they ſhone like the Stars in a cold froſty night, ſo
tall and ſo ſtrait my dear paddy was ſeen, oh he look'd like the faries that
dance on the green. On the
S. Andantino
S.
D.C.
All the Girls of Killarney wore green willow tree when
firſt my dear Patrick ſung love tales to me, Oh he ſung and he danc'd and he
won my fond heart, and to ſave his dear life with my own I wou'd part. On the
Tempo 1°. S.
S.
D.C.

For the Guittar

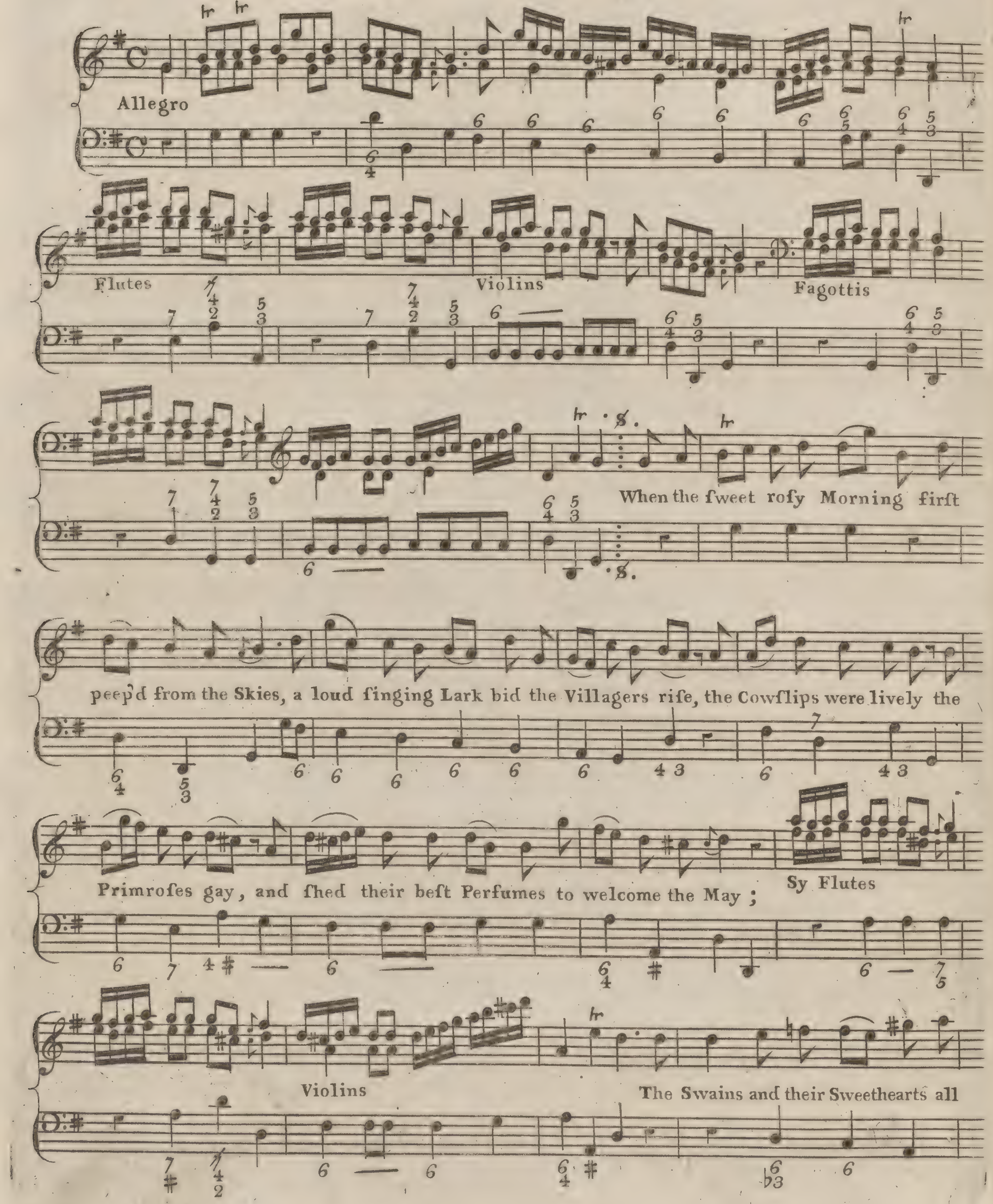

Allegretto
On the lake of Killarney I firſt ſaw the Lad who with Song and with bagpipe cou'd
make my heart glad. On the lake of Kil-larney I firſt ſaw the Lad who with
Song and with bagpipe cou'd make my heart glad.
Sy
Fin. And his hair was ſo red and his eyes were ſo bright oh they
ſhone like the Stars in a cold froſty night, ſo tall and ſo ſtrait my dear
Paddy was ſeen, oh he look'd like the faries that dance on the green. On the
D.C.
Andan.no
All the
Girls of Killarney wore green willow Tree, when firſt my dear Patrick ſung
love tales to me, oh he ſung and he danc'd and he won my fond heart, and to
ſave his dear life with my own I woud part. On the
D.C.

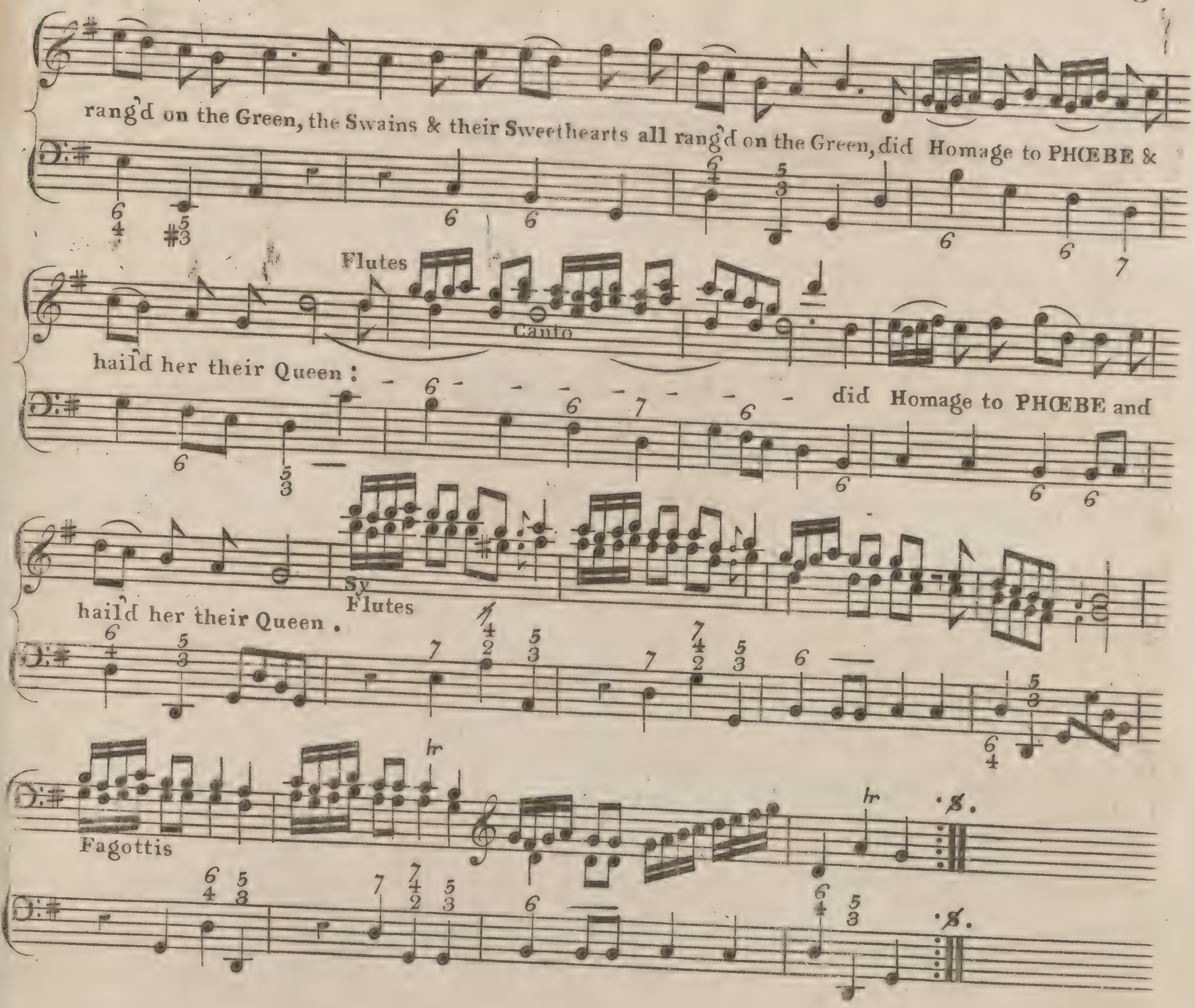
For the Ger: Flute



DAMON and PHŒBE

Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall


Allegro
Flutes
Violins
Fagottis
When the ſweet roſy Morning firſt
peep'd from the Skies, a loud ſinging Lark bid the Villagers riſe, the Cowſlips were lively the
Primroſes gay, and ſhed their beſt Perfumes to welcome the May;
Sy Flutes
Violins
The Swains and their Sweethearts all


rang'd on the Green, the Swains & their Sweethearts all rang'd on the Green, did Homage to PHŒBE &
Flutes
Canto
hail'd her their Queen:
did Homage to PHŒBE and
hail'd her their Queen.
Sy
Flutes
Fagottis

(2)

Young **DAMON** ſtep'd forward, and Sung in her Praiſe,
And **PHŒBE** beſtow'd him a Garland of Bays;
May this wreath ſaid the Fair one, dear Lord of my vows
A Crown for true Merit, bloom long on thy Brows;
The Swains and their Sweethearts all rang'd on the Green,
Approv'd the fond preſent of **PHŒBE** their Queen.

(3)

'Mong'ſt Lords and fine Ladies we Shepherds are told,
The deareſt Affections are barter'd for Gold;
That Diſcord in Wedlock is often their Lot,
While Cupid and Hymen ſhake Hands in a Cot;
At the Church with fair **PHŒBE** ſince **DAMON** has been,
He's Rich as a Monarch — She's bleſt as a Queen.

ELOISA TO ABELARD

By the Author of "A Tale of real Woe."

Price 6d

The loves and miſfortunes of **ABELARD** and **ELOISA** are well known. After they had been ſeveral years ſeparated without any intercourſe, a Letter from **ABELARD** to a friend of his, in which the whole ſtory was recited, fell accidentally into the hands of **ELOISA**, and gave riſe to the Epiſtle from which the following Song is taken.

Heav'n firſt taught Letters for ſome Wretches aid;
Some baniſh'd Lover, or ſome captive Maid:
They live — they ſpeak — they breathe — what Love inſpires,
Warm from the heart, and ſacred to its fires:
The Virgin's wiſh, without her fears, impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart.
POPE.

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Where may be had the following new and favorite Songs — Price 6d ea.
A Tale of hapleſs Love, written by Miſs Harriot S — to Mr. S. A. her unfaithful Lover. By Mr. Jacob
A Tale of real Woe, written on the loſs of the Haleſwell, by the author of the death of Robin Gray.
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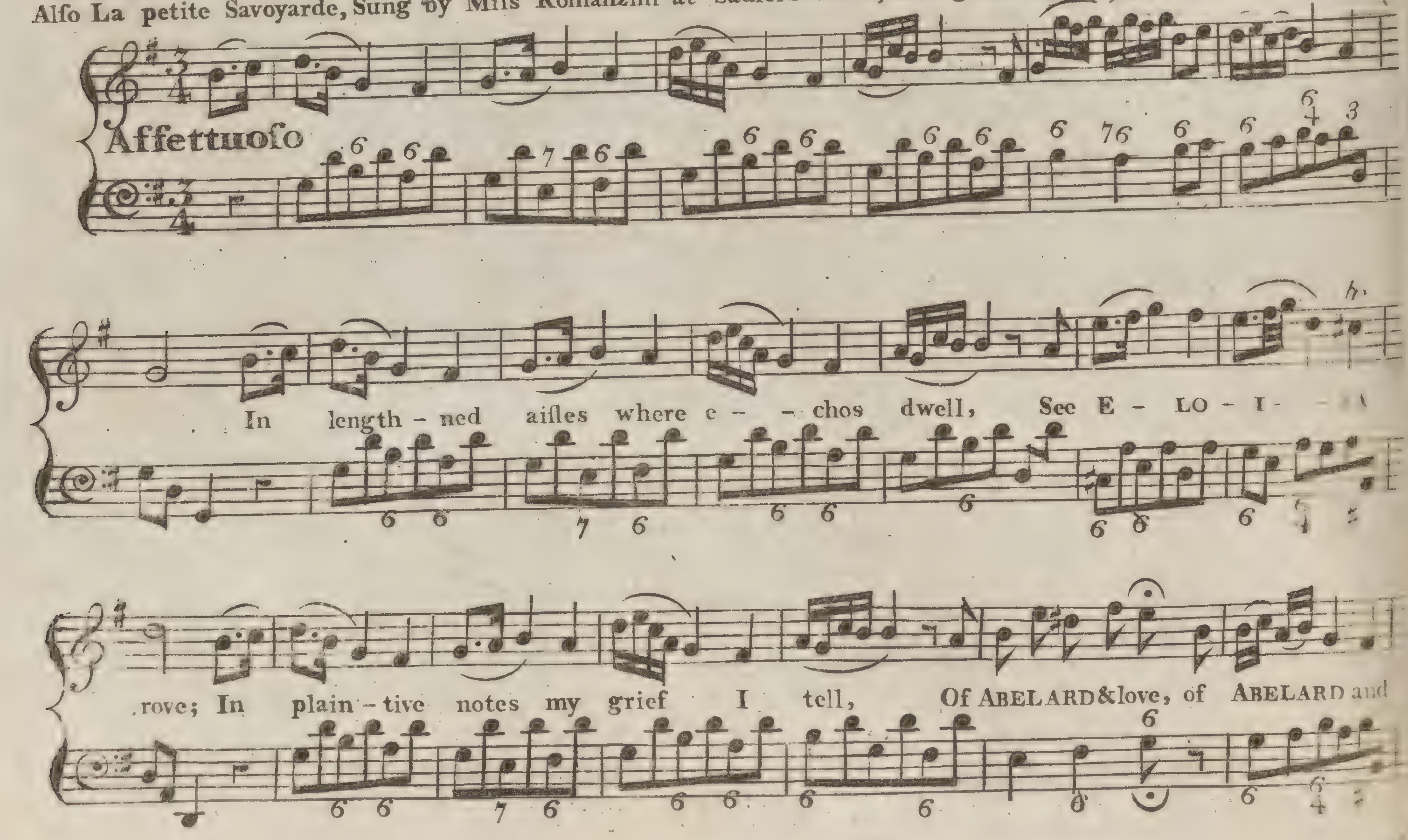
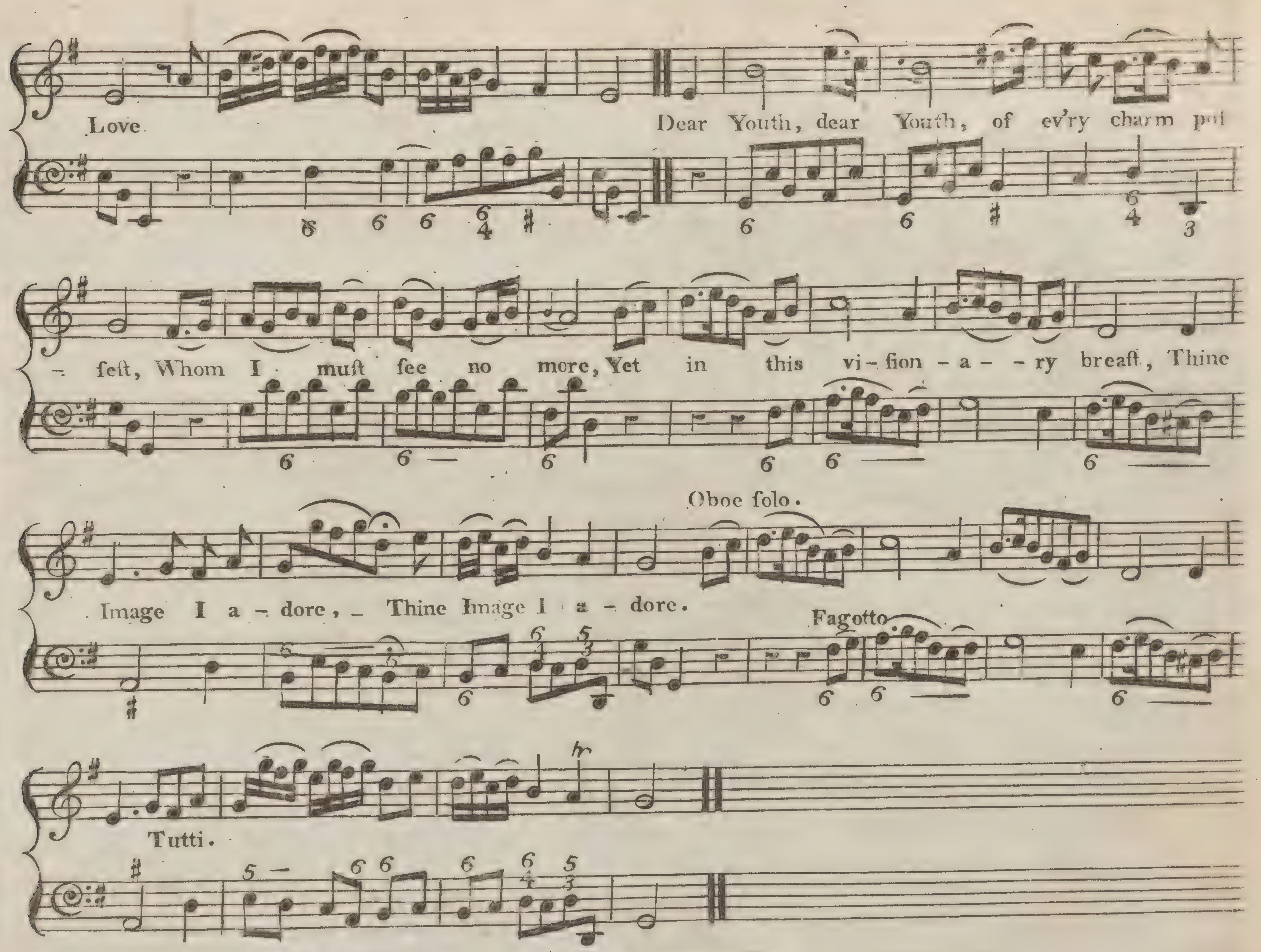
Alſo La petite Savoyarde, Sung by Miſs Romanzini at Sadlers Wells, with great Applauſe. Compos'd by Mr. Taylor, 1s


Affettuoſo
In length - ned aiſles where e - - chos dwell, See E - LO - I -
rove; In plain - tive notes my grief I tell, Of ABELARD & love, of ABELARD and

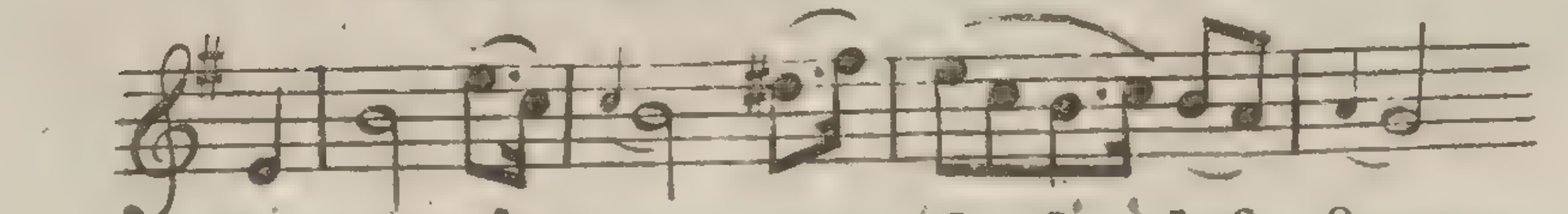

Love
Dear Youth, dear Youth, of ev'ry charm poſ
- feſt, Whom I muſt ſee no more, Yet in this vi - ſion - a - - ry breaſt, Thine
Oboe ſolo.
Image I a - dore, - Thine Image I a - dore.
Fagotto
Tutti.
8 6 6 6 4 ♯ 6 6 ♯ 6 4 3
6 6 6 6 6 6
♯ 6 5 6 6 5 3 6 6 6
♯ 5 6 6 6 6 4 5 3

2

When loud Hoſanas wake the mind
To pureſt bliſs above;
My frail ſenſations ſtill I find
Are all to you and love:
In vain the tapers blaze around,
And heav'nly joy's in view;
In vain the Organ's ſolemn ſound,
My Heav'ns alone with you.

3

Yes, each fond ſcene of rapture paſt,
Still riſes in my breaſt;
Ah joys too exquiſite to laſt,
Careſsing and careſs'd.



To Ivy'd walls and ſenſe-leſs ſtones,
For ever I complain;
But ELOISA'S fruitleſs moans,
Encreaſe, alas, her pain.

STILL THE LARK FINDS REPOSE.

The favourite Rondo

Sung by MISS PHILLIPS in the SPANISH RIVALS,

Composed by

THOMAS LINLEY.

Price 1s

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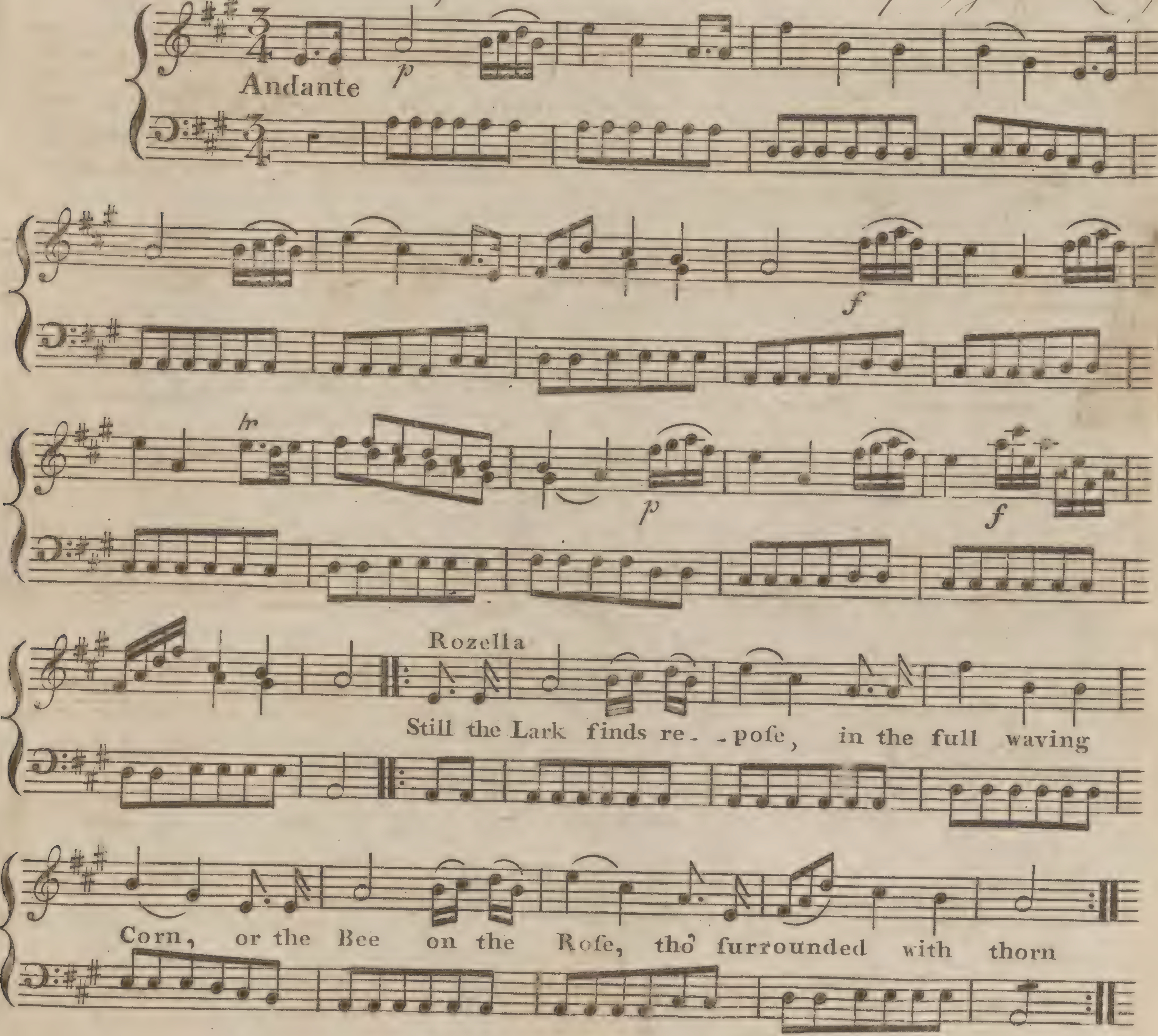
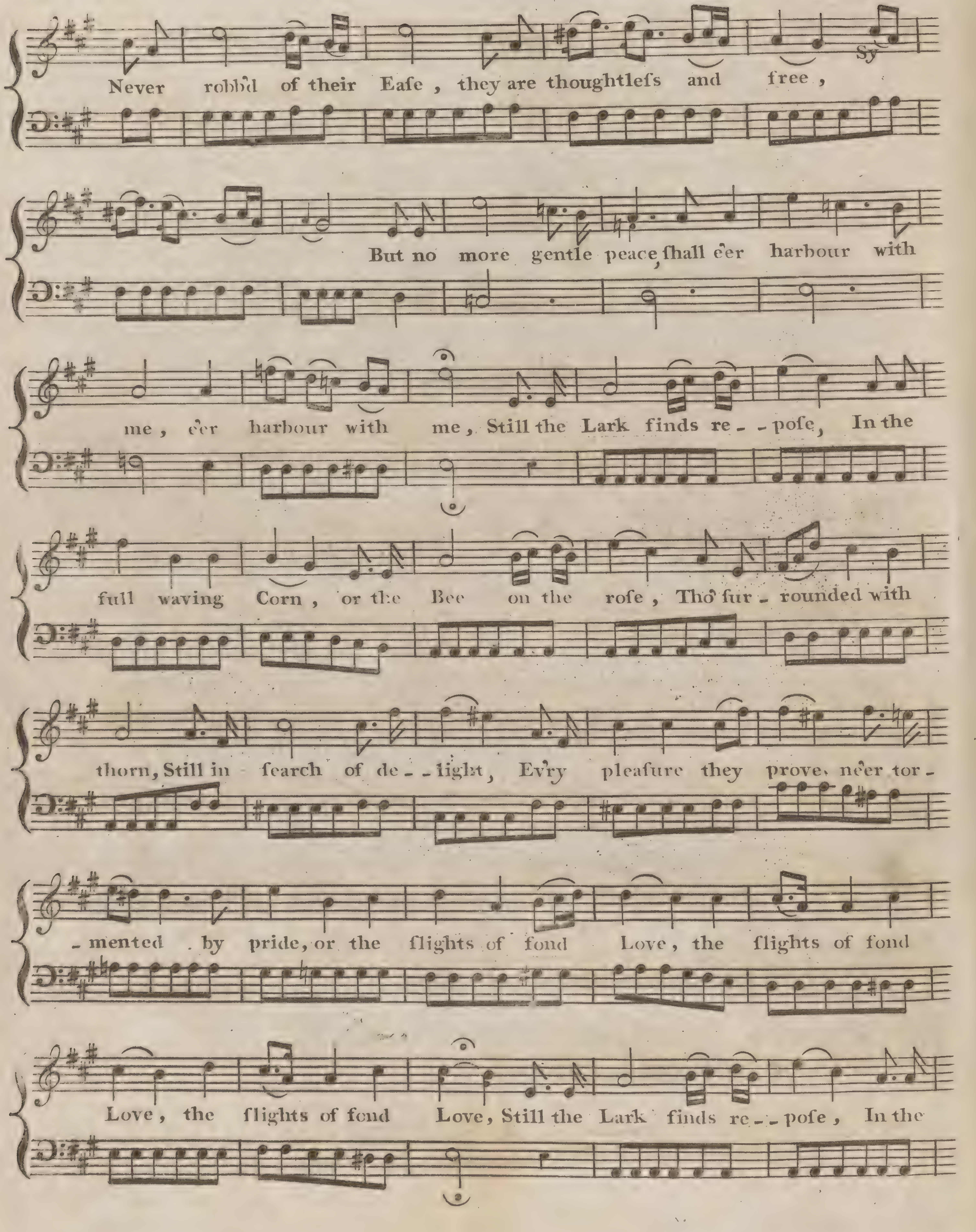
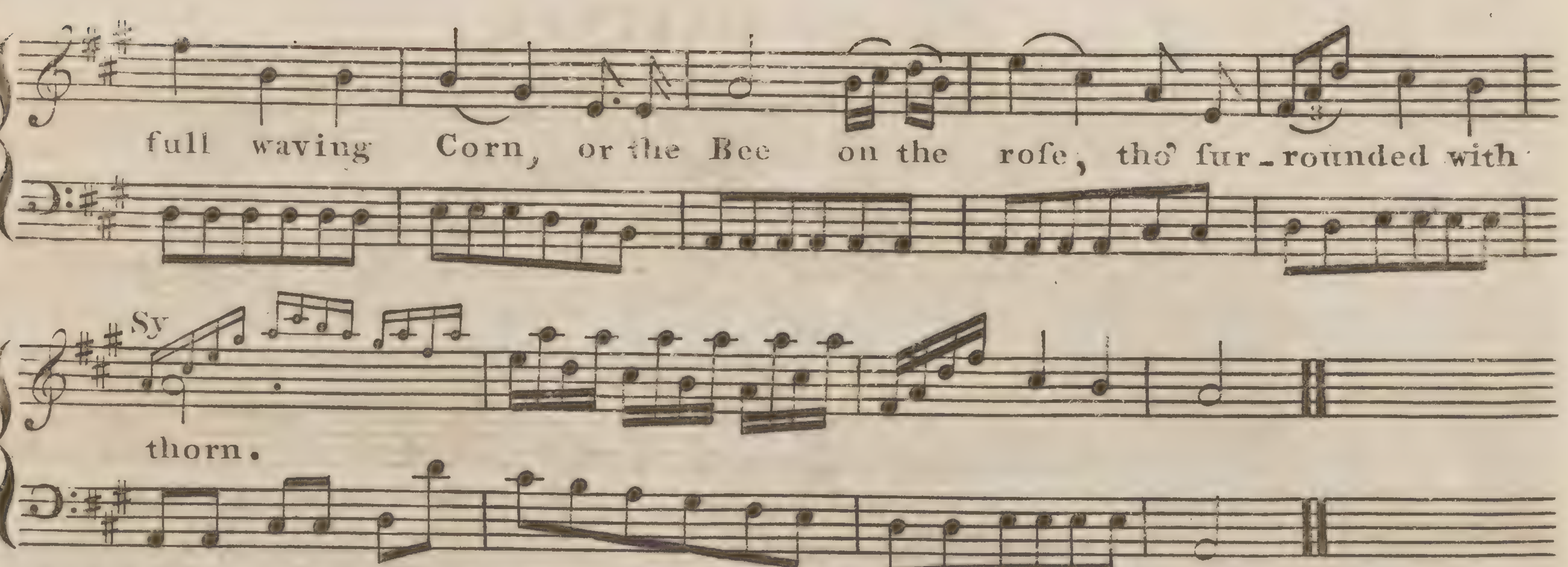
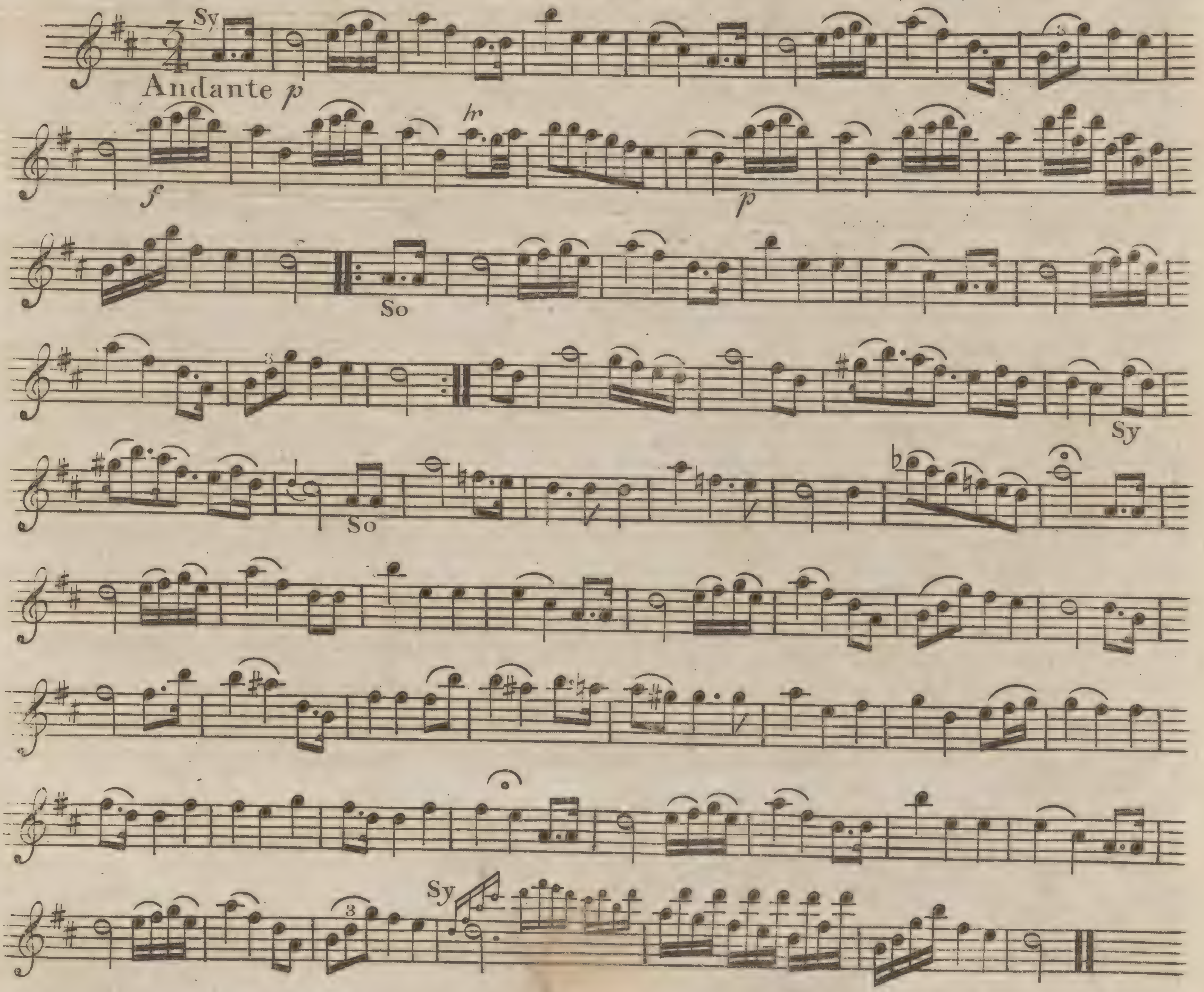

Andante
p
f
tr
p
f
Rozella
Still the Lark finds re- -pose, in the full waving
Corn, or the Bee on the Rose, tho' surrounded with thorn

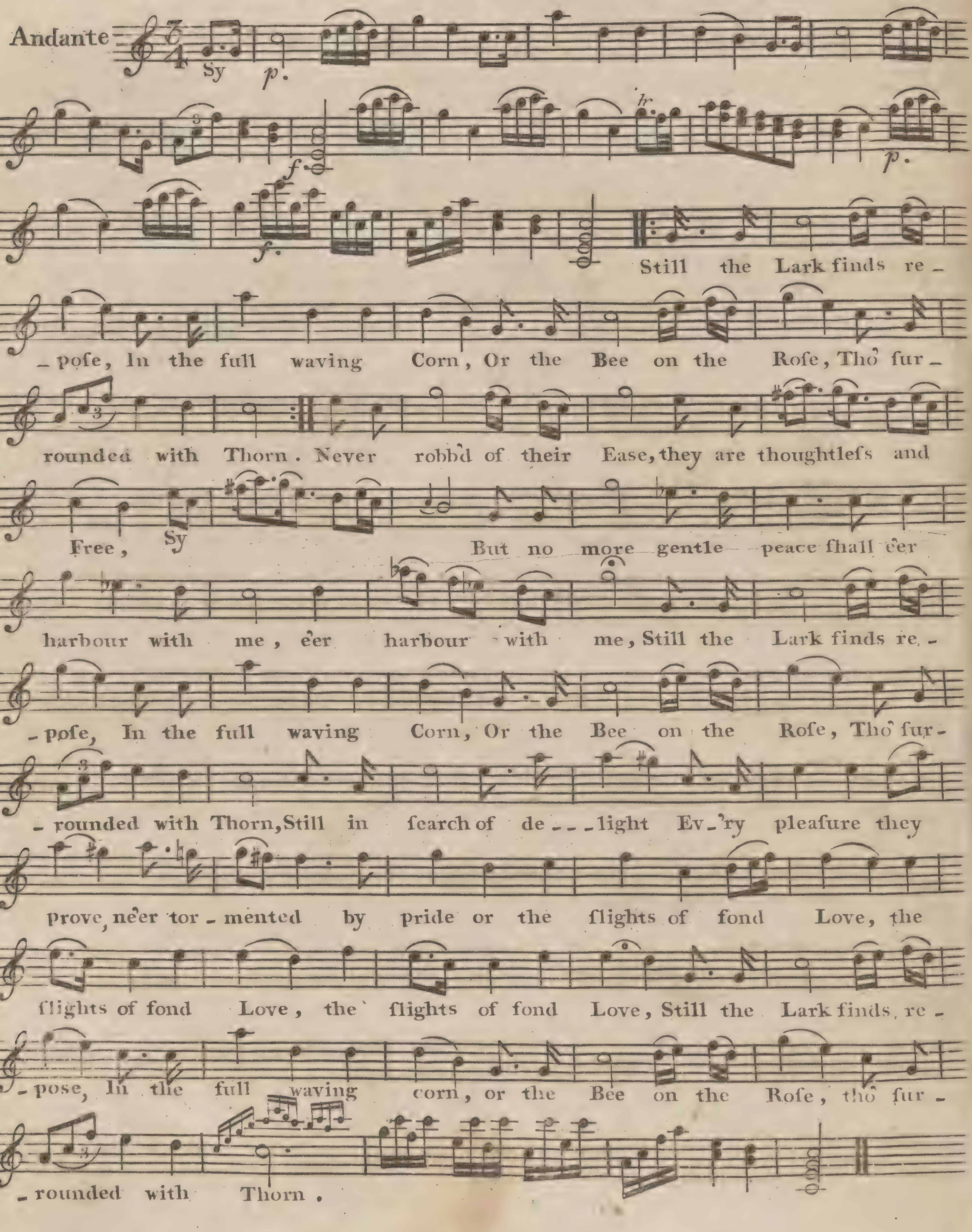

Never robb'd of their Eaſe, they are thoughtleſs and free, Sy
But no more gentle peace ſhall e'er harbour with
me, e'er harbour with me, Still the Lark finds re--poſe, In the
full waving Corn, or the Bee on the roſe, Tho' ſur-rounded with
thorn, Still in ſearch of de--light, Ev'ry pleaſure they prove, ne'er tor-
-mented by pride, or the flights of fond Love, the flights of fond
Love, the flights of fond Love, Still the Lark finds re--poſe, In the


full waving Corn, or the Bee on the rose, tho' fur-rounded with
thorn.
Sy

For the German Flute



For the GUITTAR


Andante
Sy p.
f. p.
f.
tr.
Still the Lark finds re-
-poſe, In the full waving Corn, Or the Bee on the Roſe, Tho' fur-
rounded with Thorn. Never robb'd of their Ease, they are thoughtleſs and
Free, Sy But no more gentle peace ſhall e'er
harbour with me, e'er harbour with me, Still the Lark finds re-
-poſe, In the full waving Corn, Or the Bee on the Roſe, Tho' fur-
-rounded with Thorn, Still in ſearch of de---light Ev-'ry pleaſure they
prove, ne'er tor-mented by pride or the flights of fond Love, the
flights of fond Love, the flights of fond Love, Still the Lark finds re-
-pose, In the full waving corn, or the Bee on the Rose, tho' fur-
-rounded with Thorn.

THE BRUNETTE

A favorite Song

Sung by Mr. Incledon at Vauxhall
Set to Music by Mr. J. Davy
(late Pupil of Mr. Jackson of Exeter)

Price 1s.

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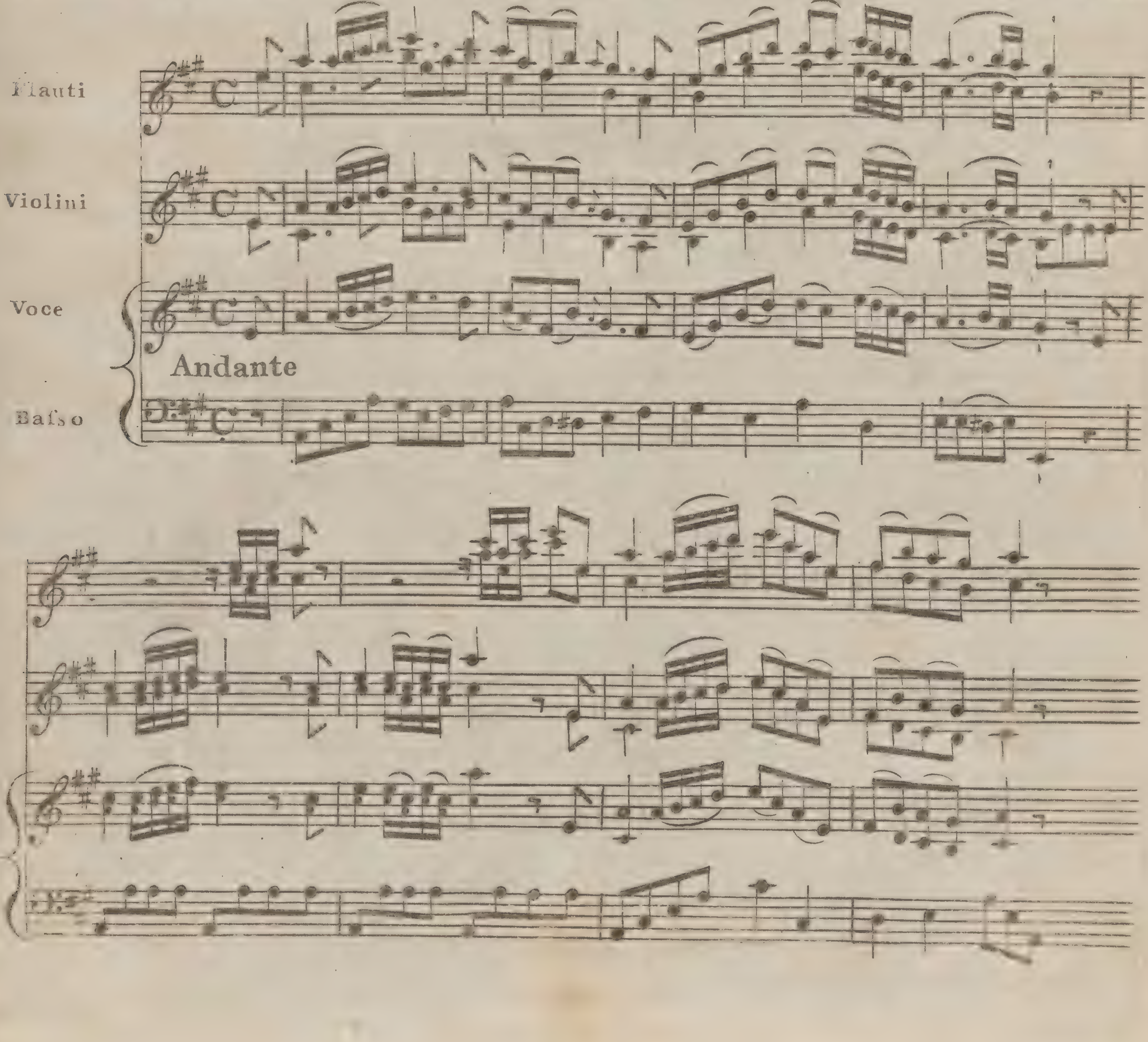
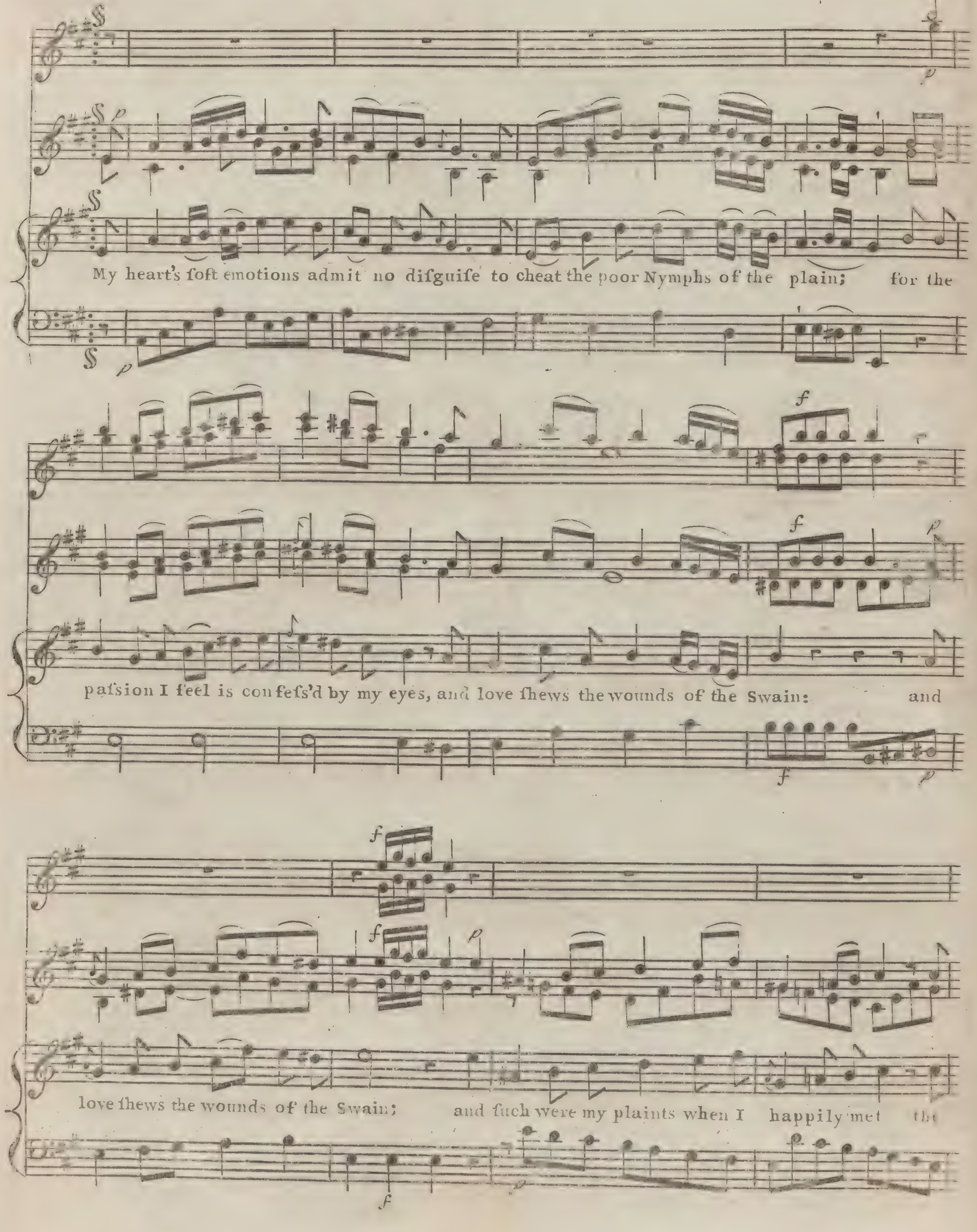
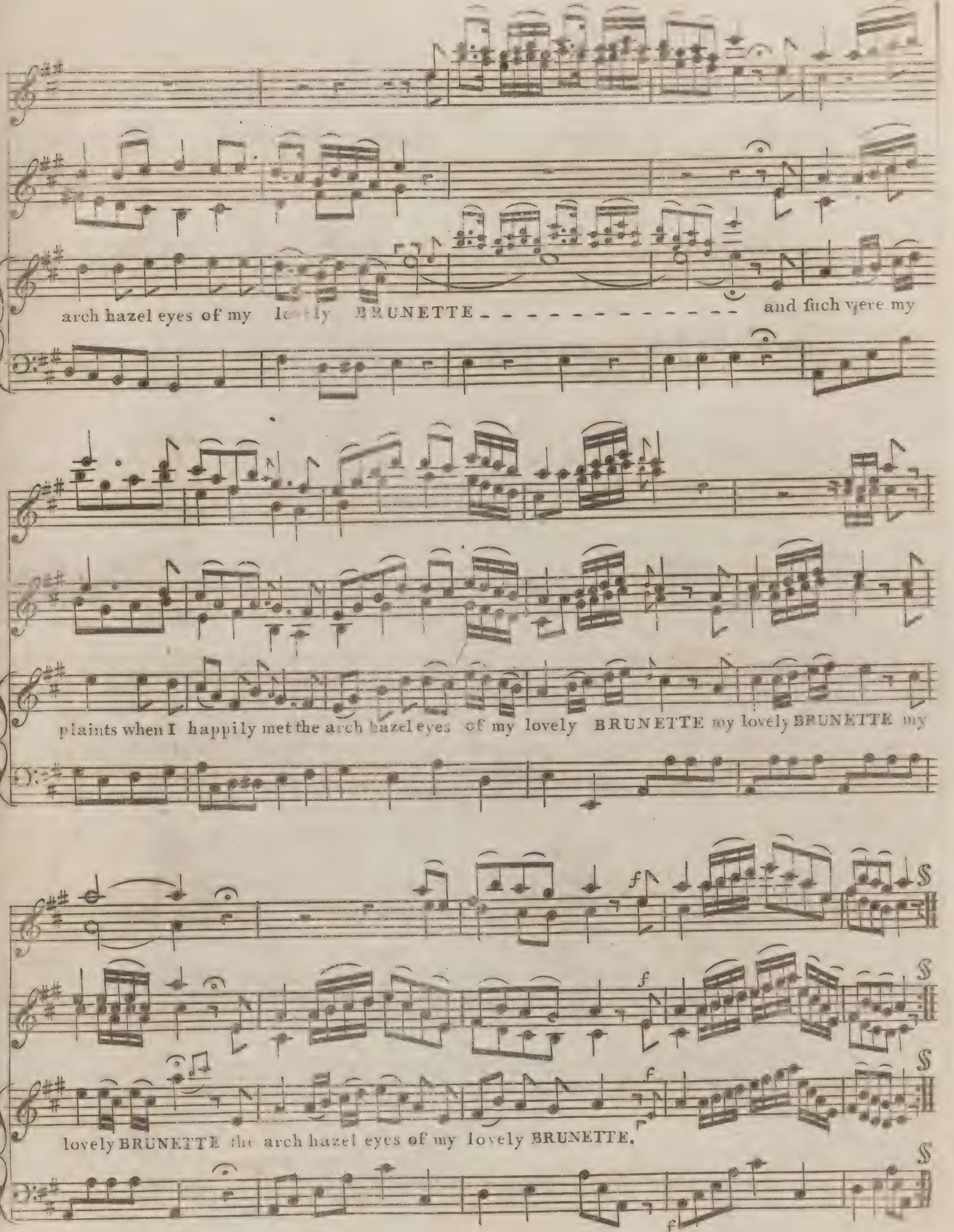



My heart's ſoft emotions admit no diſguiſe to cheat the poor Nymphs of the plain; for the
paſsion I feel is confeſs'd by my eyes, and love ſhews the wounds of the Swain: and
love ſhews the wounds of the Swain; and ſuch were my plaints when I happily met the

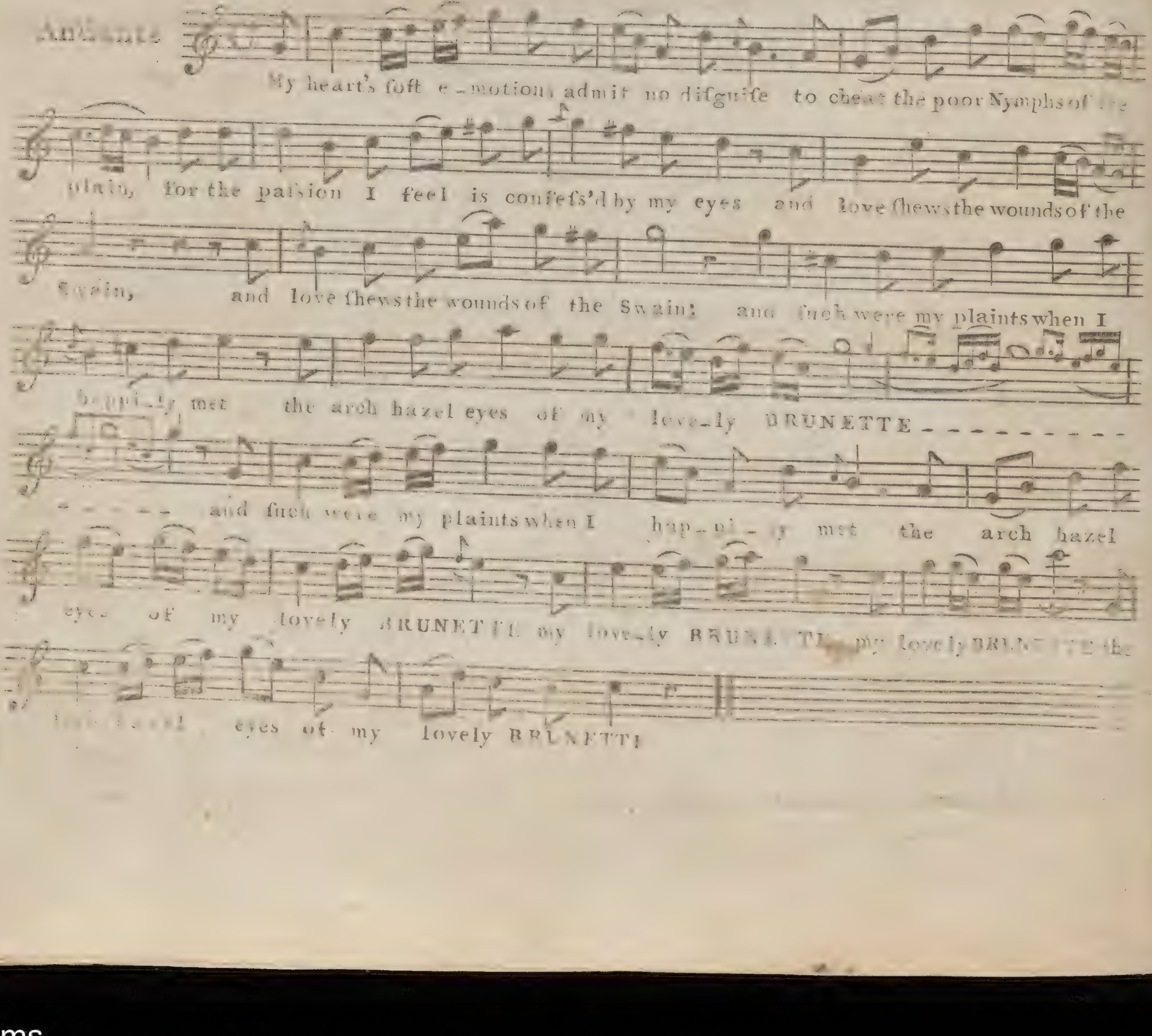

arch hazel eyes of my lovely BRUNETTE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - and ſuch were my
plaints when I happily met the arch hazel eyes of my lovely BRUNETTE my lovely BRUNETTE my
lovely BRUNETTE the arch hazel eyes of my lovely BRUNETTE.
f
f
f

2
Would you know all the magic that lives in her eyes,
  By which my fond heart ſhe has won;
Go take (like the Grecian) each beauty that's ſeen,
  And comprize all their graces in one;
Then wonder, like me, at the pleaſure fraught BET,
And wear the ſoft chains of the lovely BRUNETTE.

3
The wandering kidlings that ſport on the hills;
  Leave their browſing to liſt to her lay;
She charms the ſwift courſe of the murmuring rills;
  And arreſts the bright chariot of Day;
The winds ſtop, enraptur'd, to liſt to my BET
And gratefully fan the accompliſh'd BRUNETTE.

4
Had I all the wealth that ſtern avarice ſought,
  When he ravag'd the glittering Mine,
Had I all the treaſures that Cræſus had bought,
  The gems, my ſweet Girl, ſhould be thine;
But trifles, like theſe, are deſpis'd by my BET
For Merit alone wins the lovely BRUNETTE.

Guitar


Andante
My heart's ſoft e-motions admit no diſguiſe to cheat the poor Nymphs of the
plain, for the paſsion I feel is confeſs'd by my eyes and love ſhews the wounds of the
Swain, and love ſhews the wounds of the Swain; and ſuch were my plaints when I
happi-ly met the arch hazel eyes of my love-ly BRUNETTE
and ſuch were my plaints when I hap-pi-ly met the arch hazel
eyes of my lovely BRUNETTE my love-ly BRUNETTE my lovely BRUNETTE the
arch hazel eyes of my lovely BRUNETTE

When pensive I thought of my Love

SUNG BY Mrs. CROUCH

In the Opera of

BLUE BEARD

Composed by Michael Kelly

Entered at Stat: Hall

Price 1

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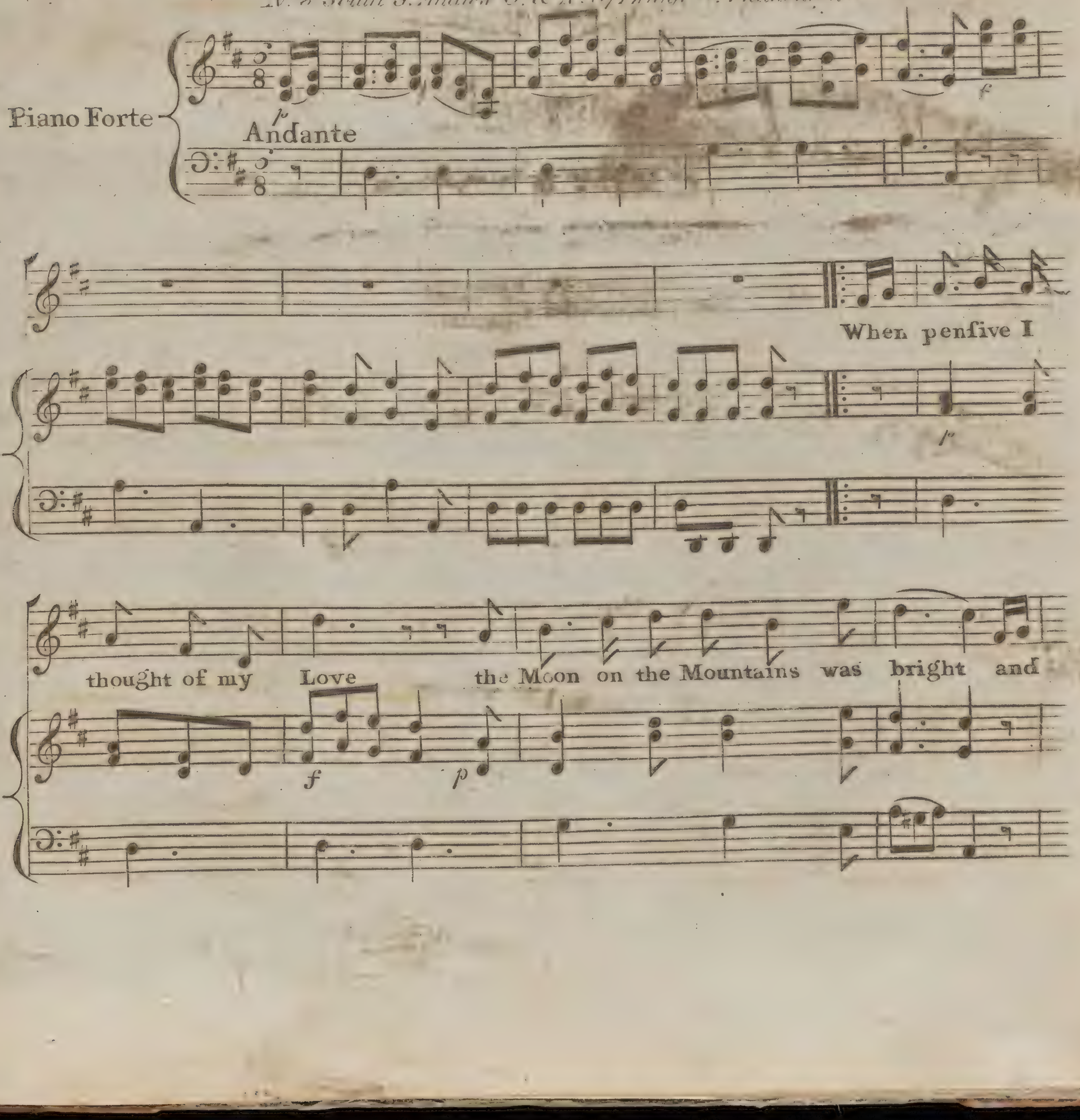
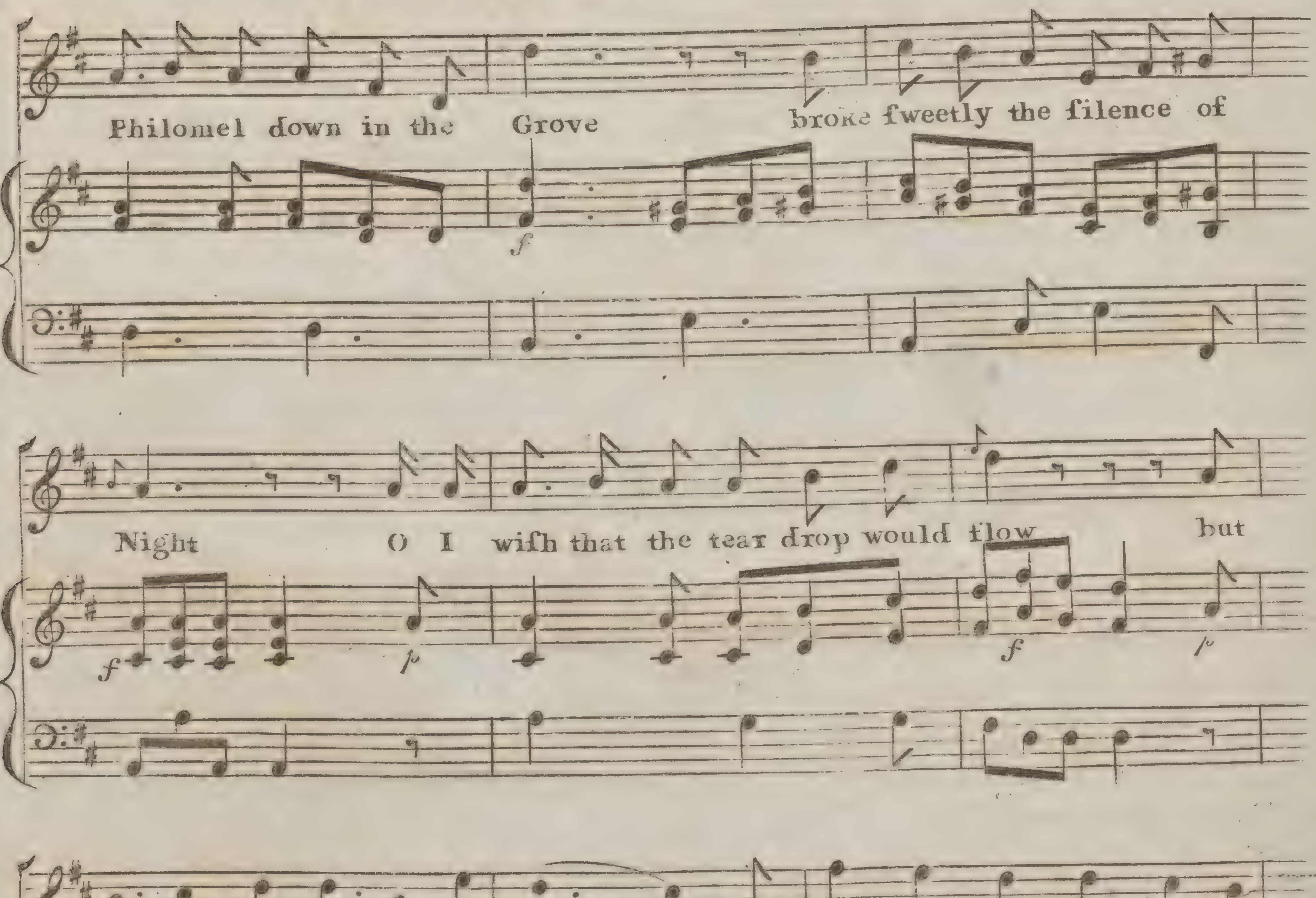
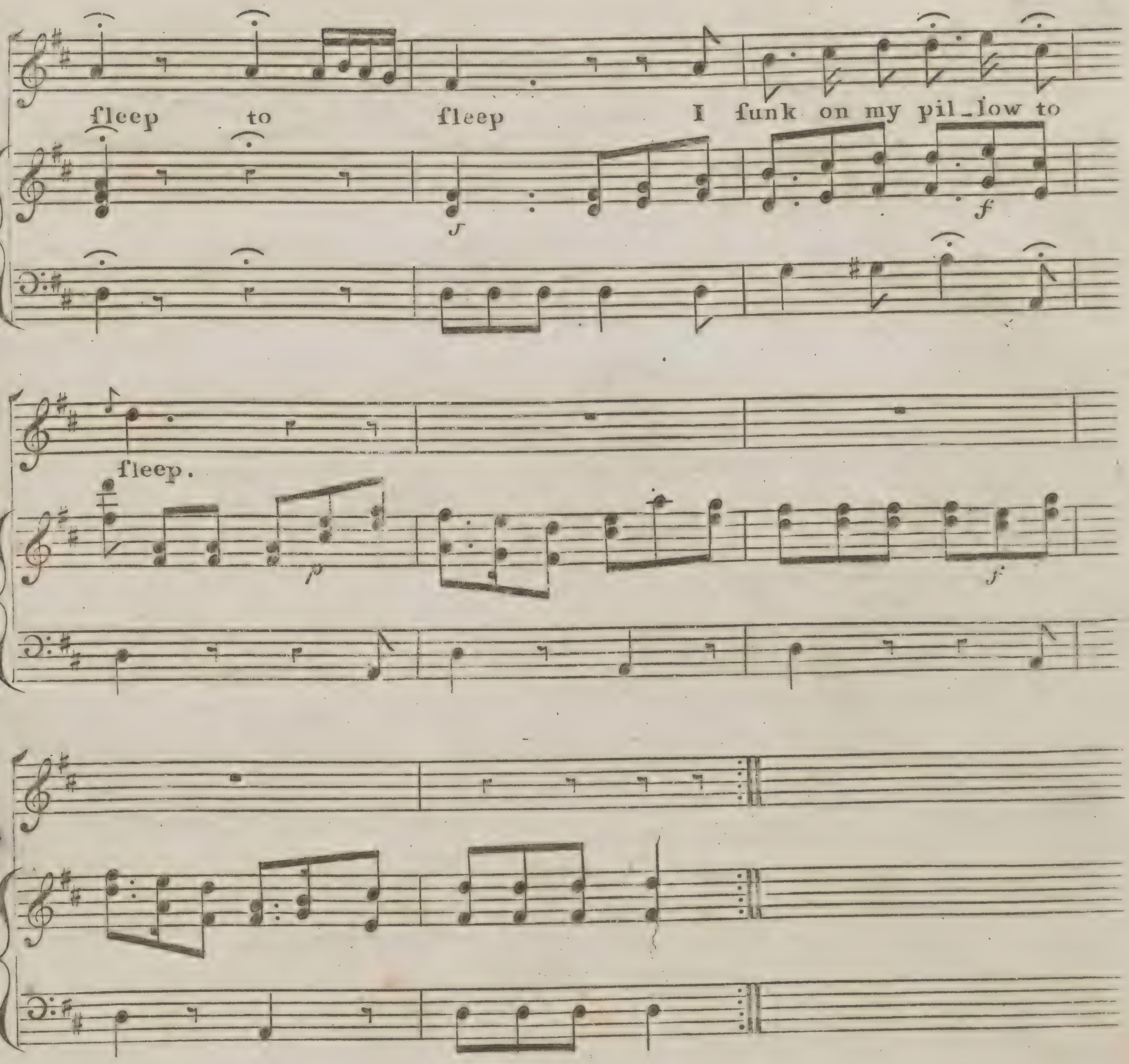



Philomel down in the Grove broke ſweetly the ſilence of
Night O I wiſh that the tear drop would flow but
felt too much anguiſh to weep till warm with the weight of my
woe I ſunk on my pillow to ſleep to
Poco f



2
Me_thoughts that my Love, as I lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore,
In the paleneſs of Death, ſeem'd to ſay,
Alas! we muſt never meet more!
Yes, yes, my belov'd we muſt part,
The ſteel of my Rival was true;
The Aſsaſin has ſtruck on that heart,
Which beat with ſuch fervour for you.

ANTONIO'S

favorite Song

Sung by Miſs Romanzini, in

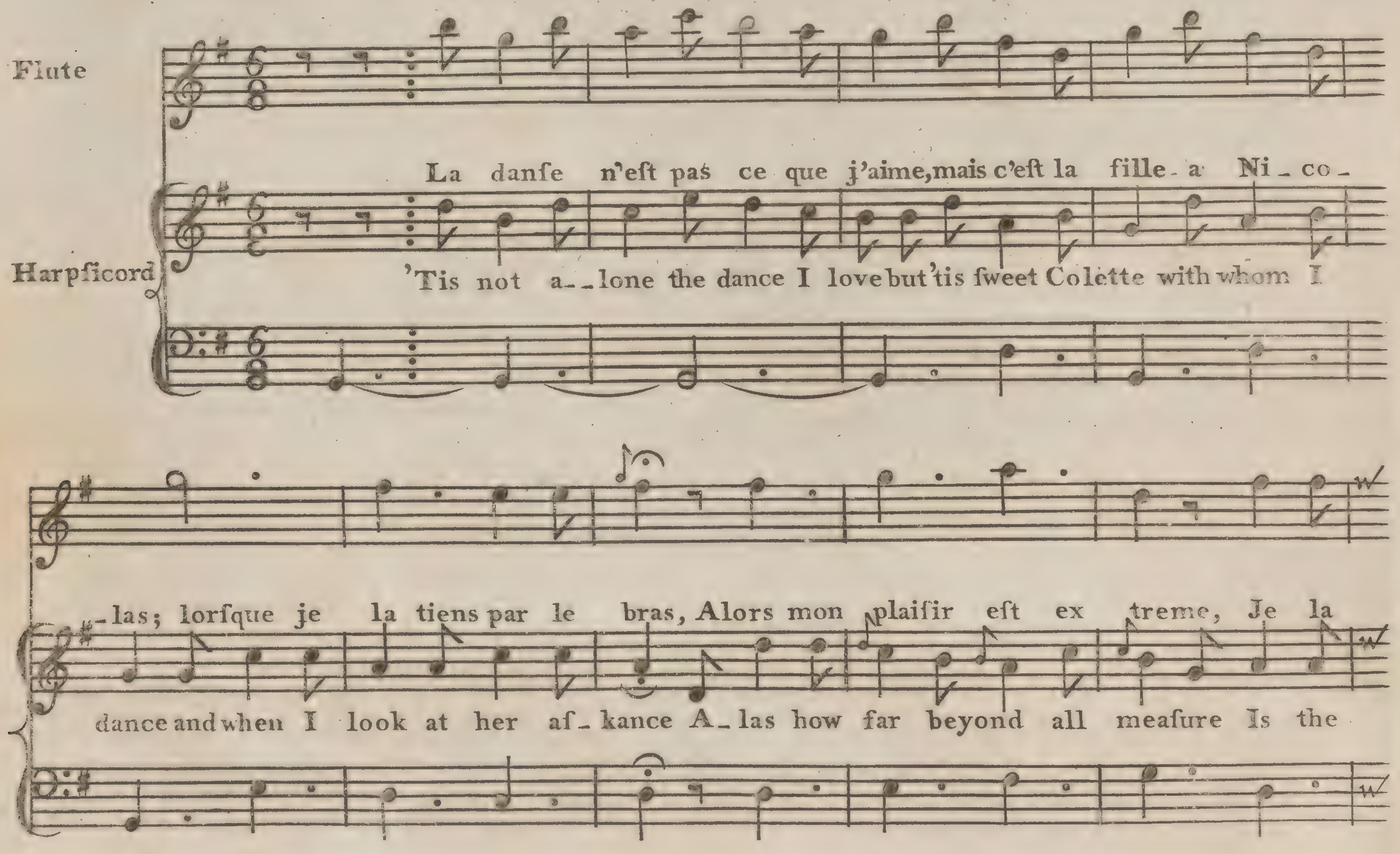
RICHARD
CŒUR de LION.

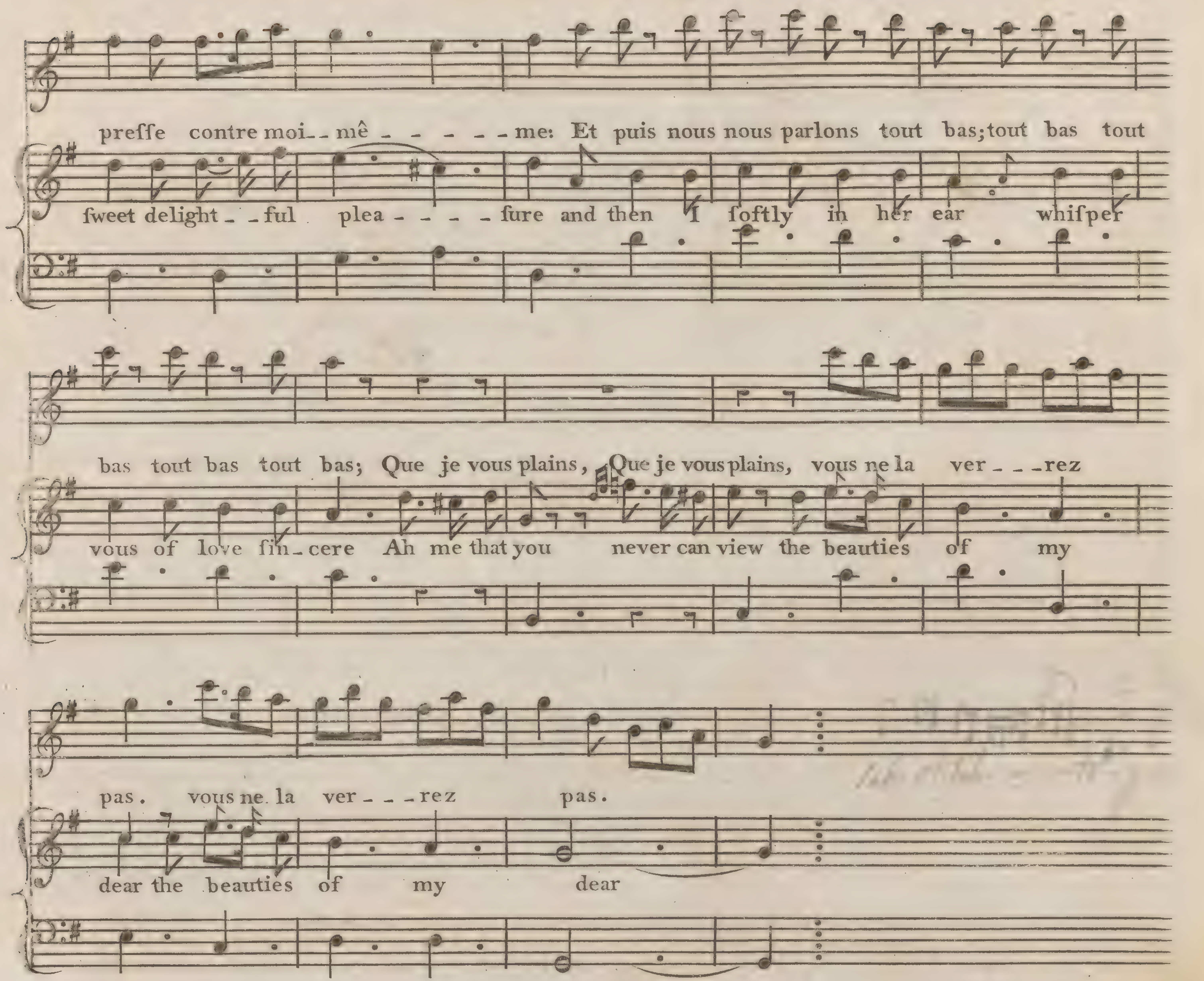
Composed by Monsieur Gretry.

Price 6^{d}

London Printed & Sold by Preston, at his Warehouses, Exeter Change, & 97 Strand.

Where may be had all the Songs in the above Opera detatch'd. Pr. each 6^{d}


Flute
Harpſicord
La danſe n'eſt pas ce que j'aime, mais c'eſt la fille_a Ni_co_las; lorſque je la tiens par le bras, Alors mon plaiſir eſt ex treme, Je la
'Tis not a_lone the dance I love but 'tis ſweet Colette with whom I dance and when I look at her aſ_kance A_las how far beyond all meaſure Is the


preſſe contre moi-- mê------me: Et puis nous nous parlons tout bas; tout bas tout
ſweet delight--ful plea----ſure and then I ſoftly in her ear whiſper
bas tout bas tout bas; Que je vous plains, Que je vous plains, vous ne la ver---rez
vous of love ſin-cere Ah me that you never can view the beauties of my
pas. vous ne la ver---rez pas.
dear the beauties of my dear

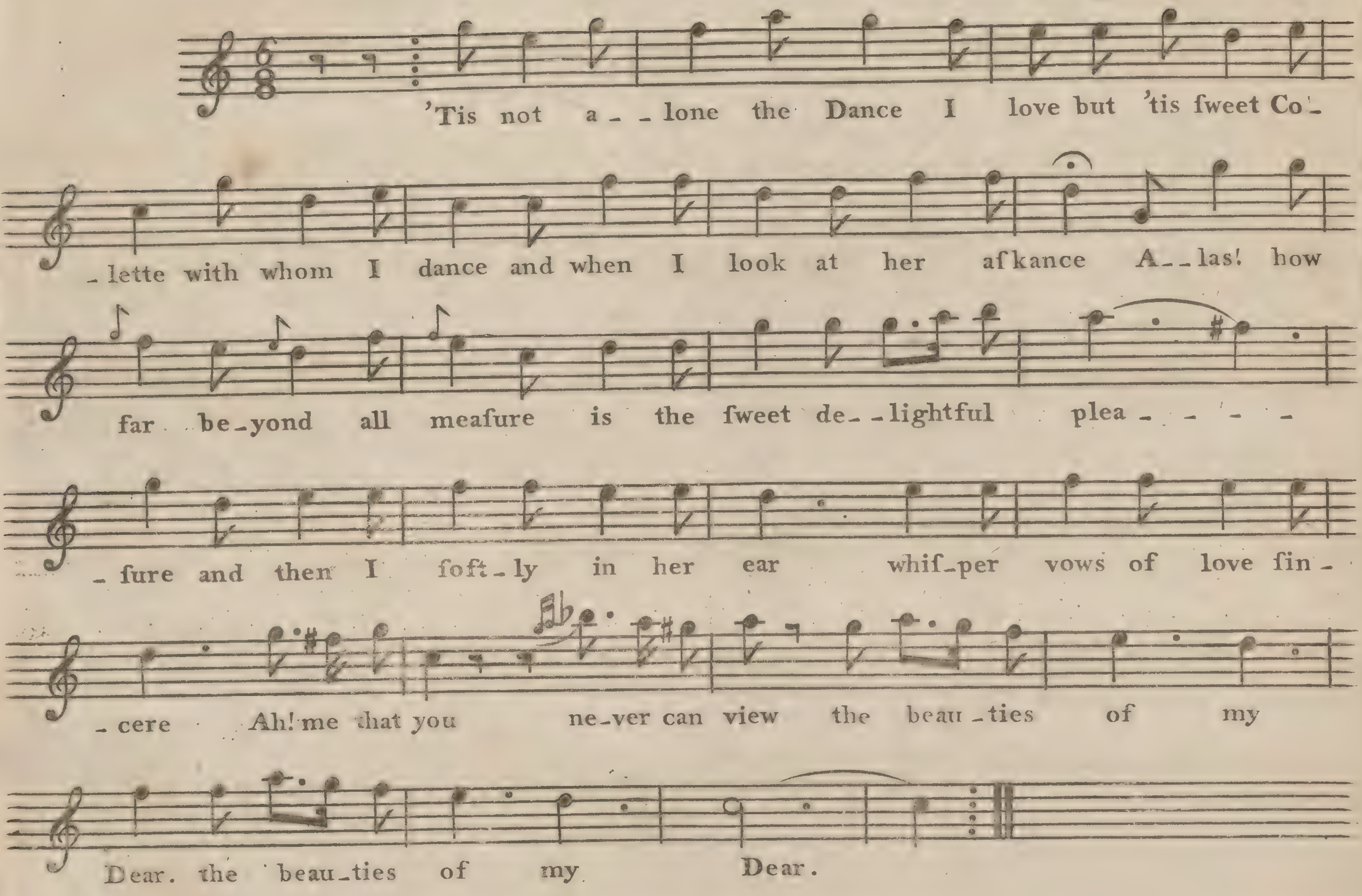
She's twelve years old and I'm ſixteen
And yet her mother cries out fie!
And watches every where ſo nigh
Well let it be ſpight of her teazing
Still I'm bleſt when her I'm pleaſing
And whiſpring ſoftly in her ear
Tender vows of love ſincere
Ah me that you Never can view
The beauties of my dear.

How ſweet and charming is my love
When e'er ſhe trips the daiſied mead
As light as Air ſhe ſeems to tread
Tho' bounding Hind was never fleeter
Love and I know where to meet her
To whiſper ſoftly in her ear
Tender vows of love ſincere
Ah me that you Never can view
The beauties of my dear.

Elle douze ans, moi j'en ai ſeize,
Ah! ſe la mere Nicolas
N'étoit pas toujours ſur nos pas:
Eh bien, quoique cela déplaiſe,
Auprés d'elle je ſuis bien aiſe;
Et puis nous nous parlons tout bas
Que je vous plains, vous ne la verrez pas.

Qu'elle eſt gentille ma bergere
Quand elle court dans le Vallon
Oh, c'eſt exactment un papillon
Ces pieds ne touchent pas a terre
Jes l'attrape quoique legere
Et puis nous nous parlons tout bas
Que je vous plains, vous ne la verrez pas.

For the Guittar


'Tis not a_ _lone the Dance I love but 'tis ſweet Co_
lette with whom I dance and when I look at her aſkance A _las! how
far be_yond all meaſure is the ſweet de_ _lightful plea_ _ _ _ _
_ſure and then I ſoft_ly in her ear whiſ_per vows of love ſin_
_cere Ah! me that you ne_ver can view the beau_ties of my
Dear. the beau_ties of my Dear.

2

She's twelve years old and I'm ſixteen
And yet her mother cries out fie!
And watches every where ſo nigh
Well let it be ſpight of her teazing
Still I'm bleſt when her I'm pleaſing
And whiſp'ring ſoftly in her ear
Tender vows of love ſincere
Ah me that you never can view
The beauties of my dear.

3

How ſweet and charming is my love
When e'er ſhe trips the daiſied mead
As light as Air ſhe ſeems to tread
Tho' bounding Hind was never fleeter
Love and I know where to meet her
To whiſper ſoftly in her ear
Tender vows of love ſincere
Ah me that you never can view
The beauties of my dear.

THE REQUEST

A much admired NEW SONG Compoſed by G: VOGLER

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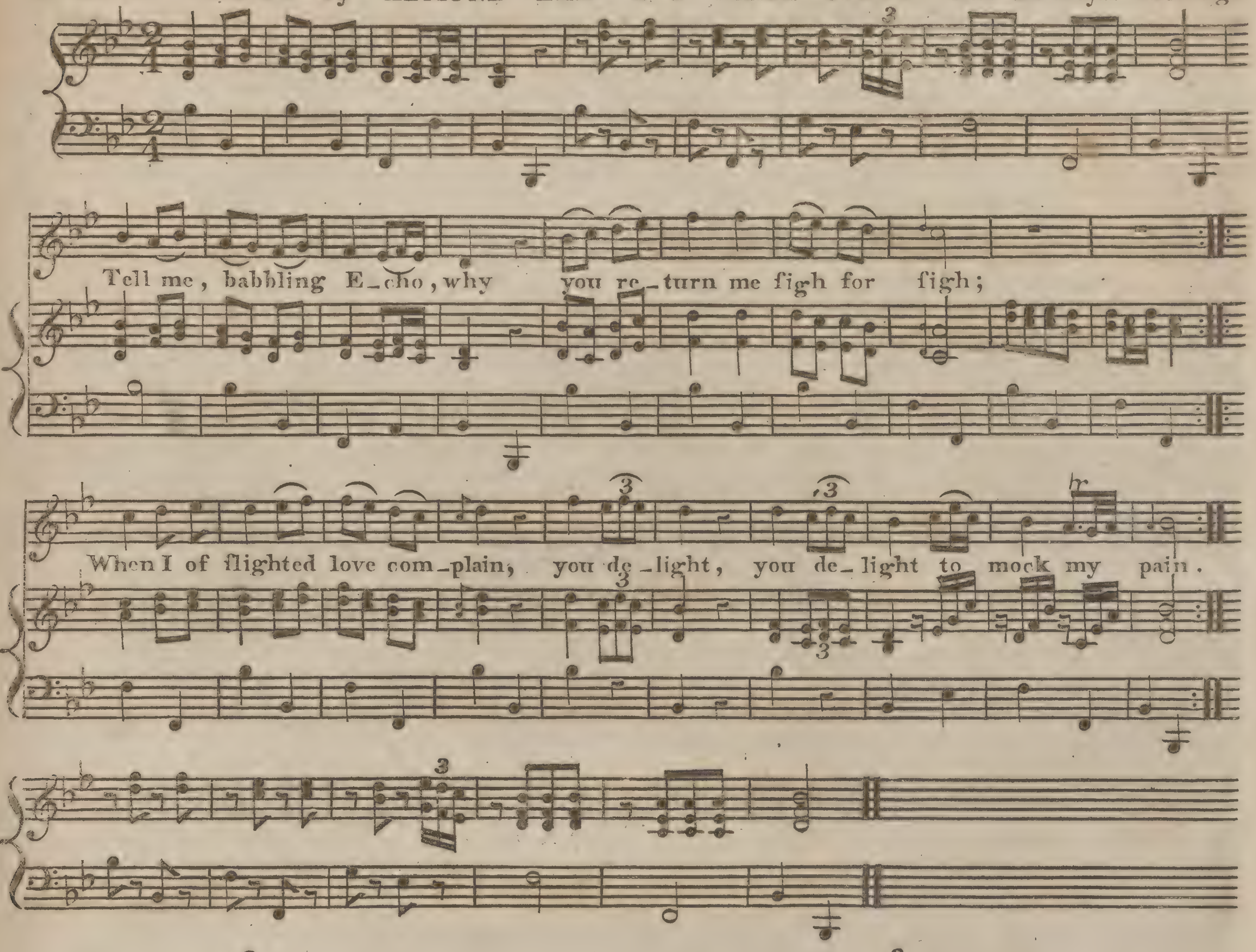

Tell me, babbling E_cho, why you re_turn me ſigh for ſigh;
When I of ſlighted love com_plain, you de_light, you de_light to mock my pain.
3
tr

2

Bold Intruder night and day,
Buſy tell tale. hence away;
Me and my [illegible]res in ſilence leave,
Come not near, come not near me whilſt I grieve.

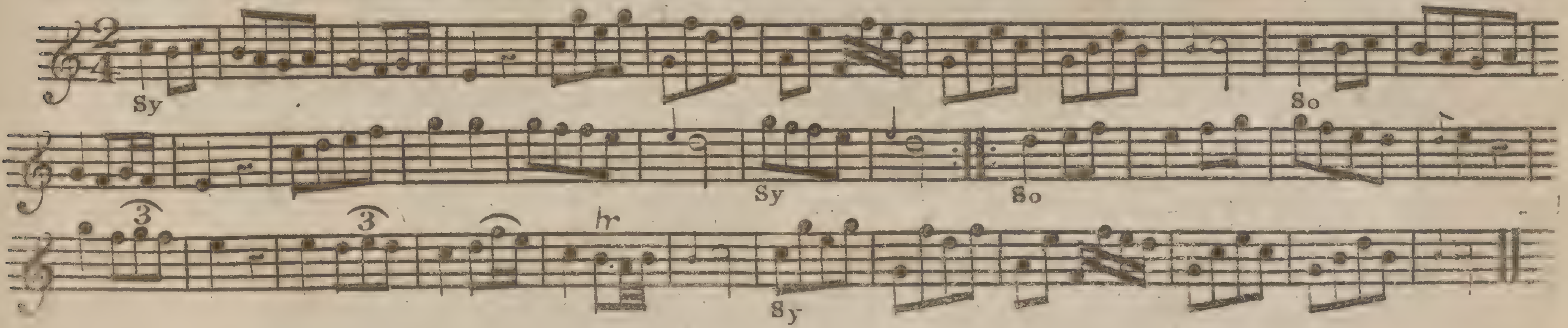
3

But if my Swain in all his charms
Returns to bleſs my longing arms;
I'll call thee from thy dark retreat
The joyful, the joyful tidings to repeat.

4

Repeat, repeat, repeat-thy ſtrain,
Tell it o'er and o'er again;
From morn to night prolong the tale,
Let it ring, let it ring from vale to vale.

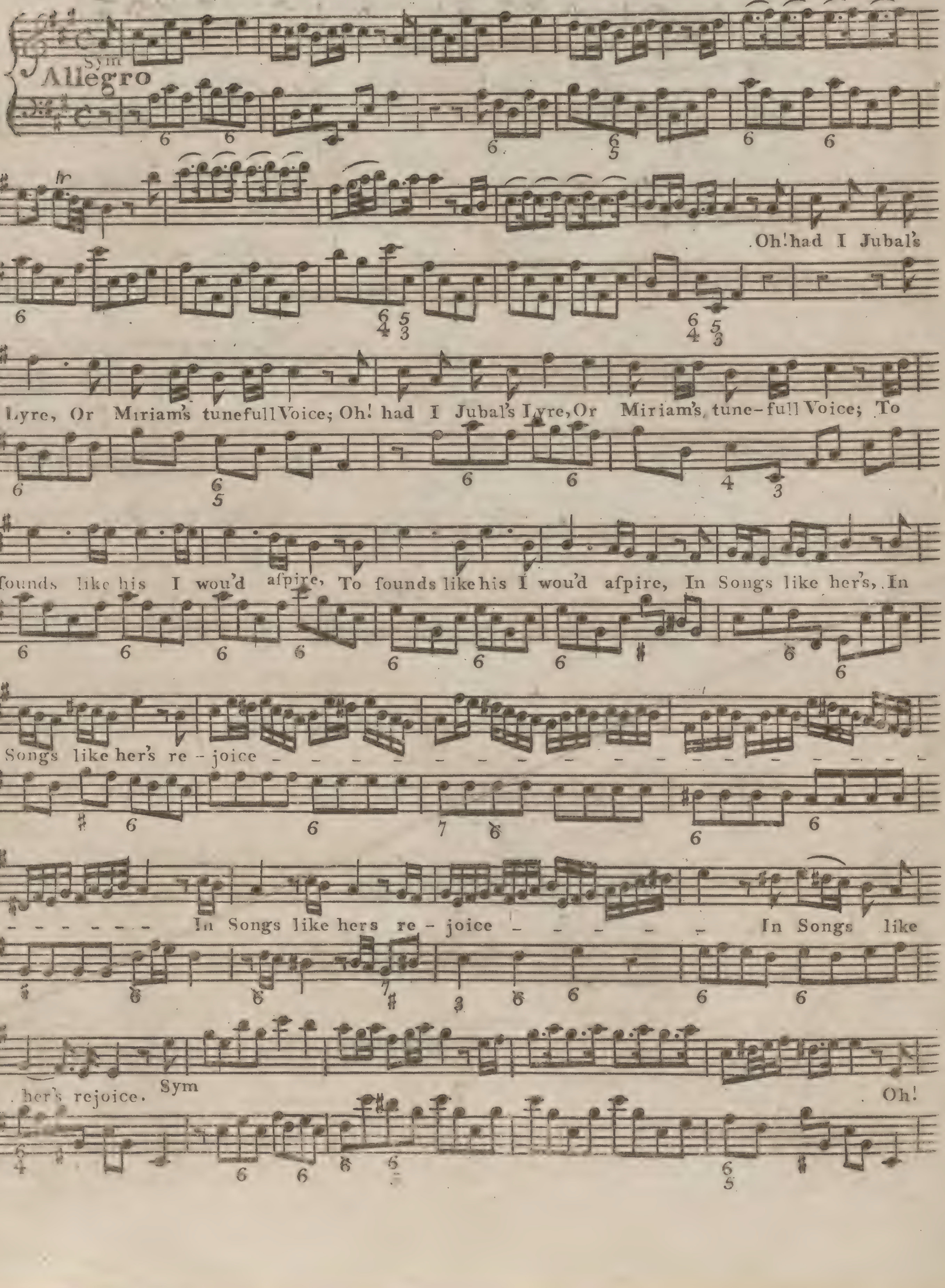
For the GER: FLUTE or GUITAR.

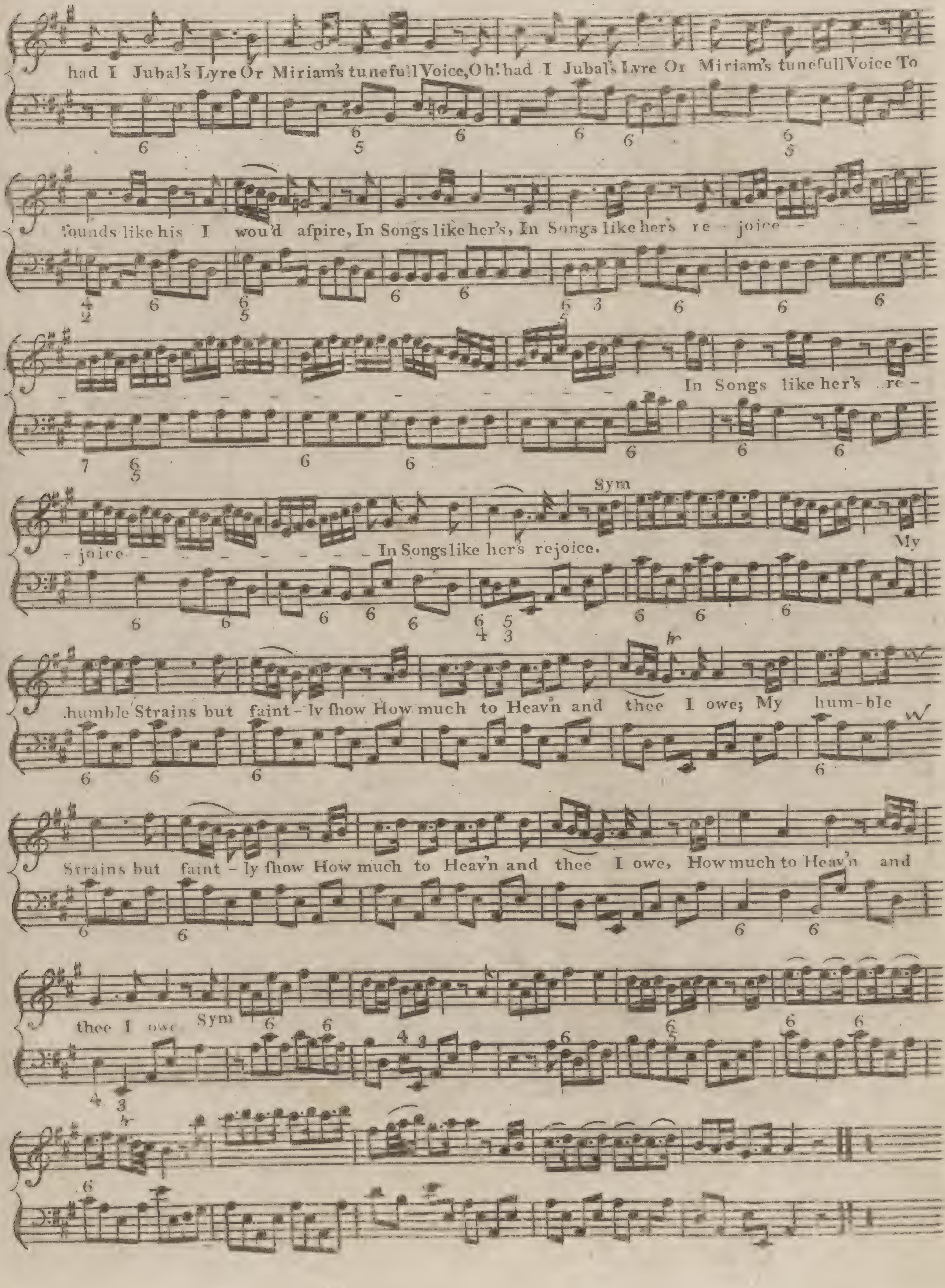


Oh! had I Jubal's Lyre.

Compoſed by Mr. Handel.

Price 6d


Sym
Allegro
Oh! had I Jubal's
Lyre, Or Miriam's tunefull Voice; Oh! had I Jubal's Lyre, Or Miriam's tune-full Voice; To
ſounds like his I wou'd aſpire, To ſounds like his I wou'd aſpire, In Songs like her's, In
Songs like her's re-joice
In Songs like hers re-joice
In Songs like
her's rejoice.
Sym
Oh!


had I Jubal's Lyre Or Miriam's tunefull Voice, Oh! had I Jubal's Lyre Or Miriam's tunefull Voice To
ſounds like his I wou'd aſpire, In Songs like her's, In Songs like her's re - joice - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - In Songs like her's re -
Sym
- joice - - - - - - - In Songs like her's rejoice. My
humble Strains but faint - ly ſhow How much to Heav'n and thee I owe; My hum-ble
Strains but faint - ly ſhow How much to Heav'n and thee I owe, How much to Heav'n and
thee I owe Sym
tr

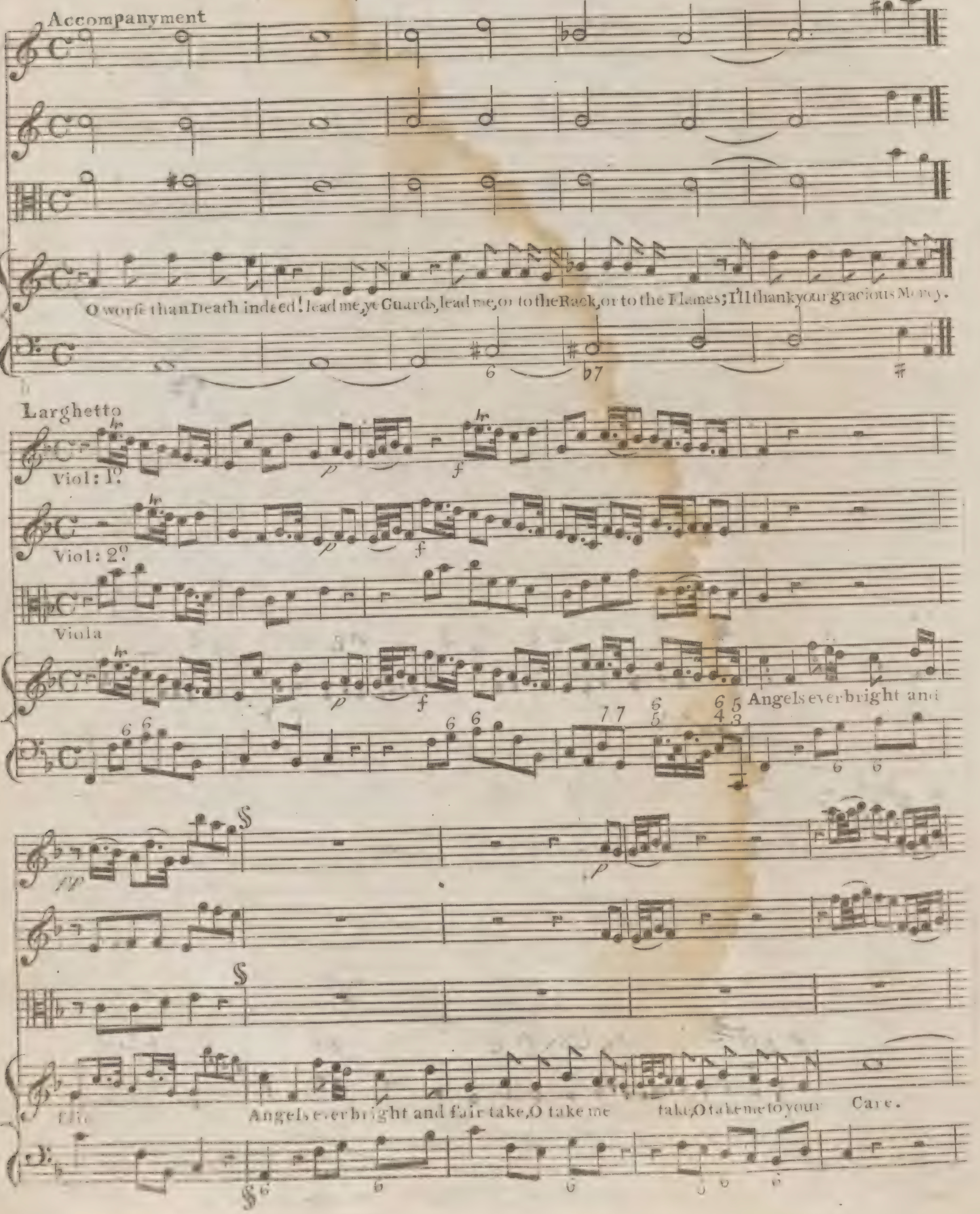
B133

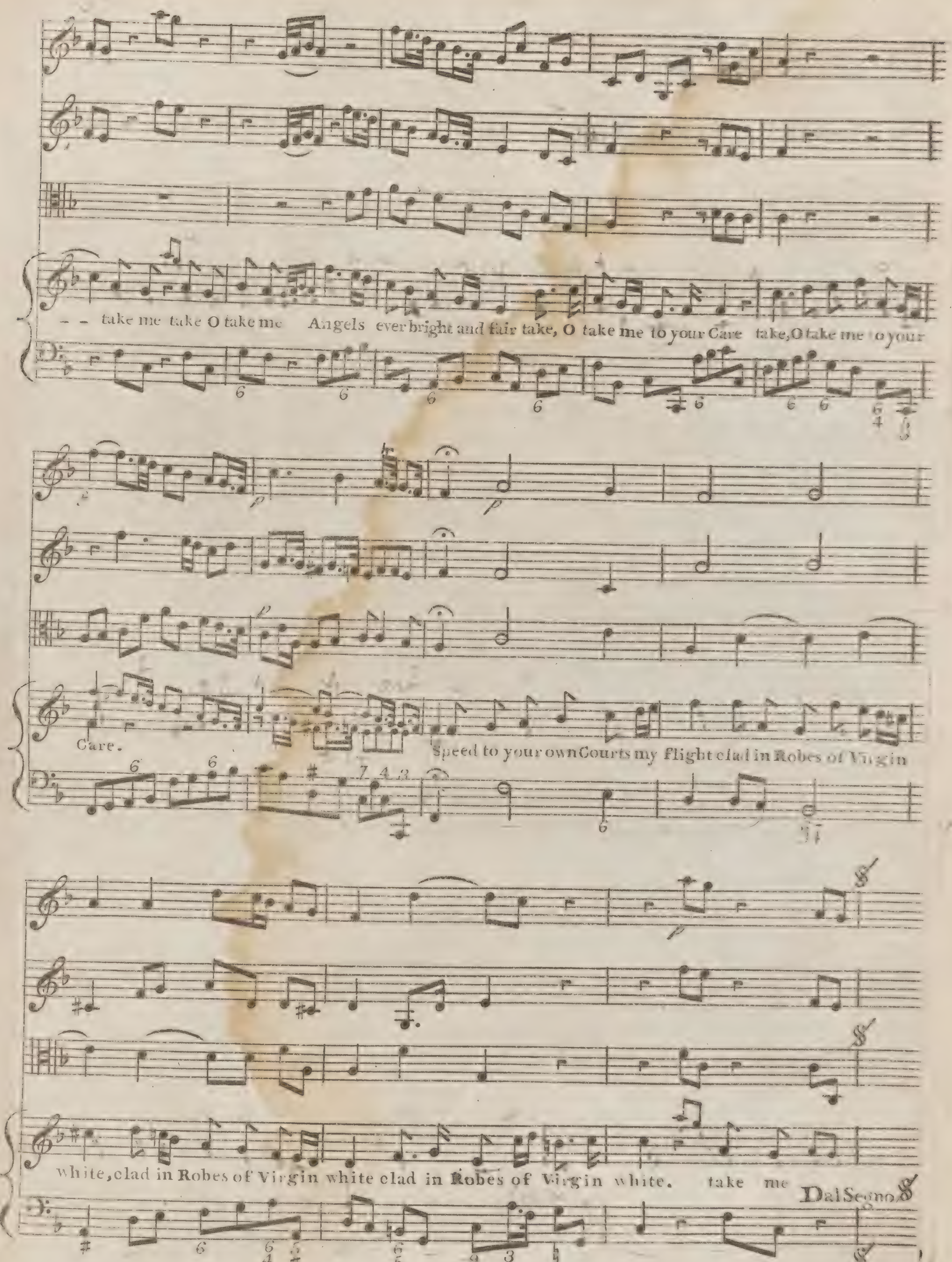
Angels ever bright and fair

A favorite Song, by Mr. Handel, in Theodora

Sung by Miſs Harrop

Price---6d.


Accompanyment
O worſe than Death indeed! lead me, ye Guards, lead me, or to the Rack, or to the Flames; I'll thank your gracious Mercy.
Larghetto
Viol: 1º.
Viol: 2º.
Viola
Angels ever bright and
fair
Angels ever bright and fair take, O take me take, O take me to your Care.


- - take me take O take me Angels ever bright and fair take, O take me to your Care take, O take me to your
Care.
Speed to your own Courts my flight clad in Robes of Virgin
white, clad in Robes of Virgin white clad in Robes of Virgin white. take me
Dal Segno

ADESTE FIDELES,

THE FAVORITE
Portugueze Hymn, on the
Nativity.

with an Accompaniment for the
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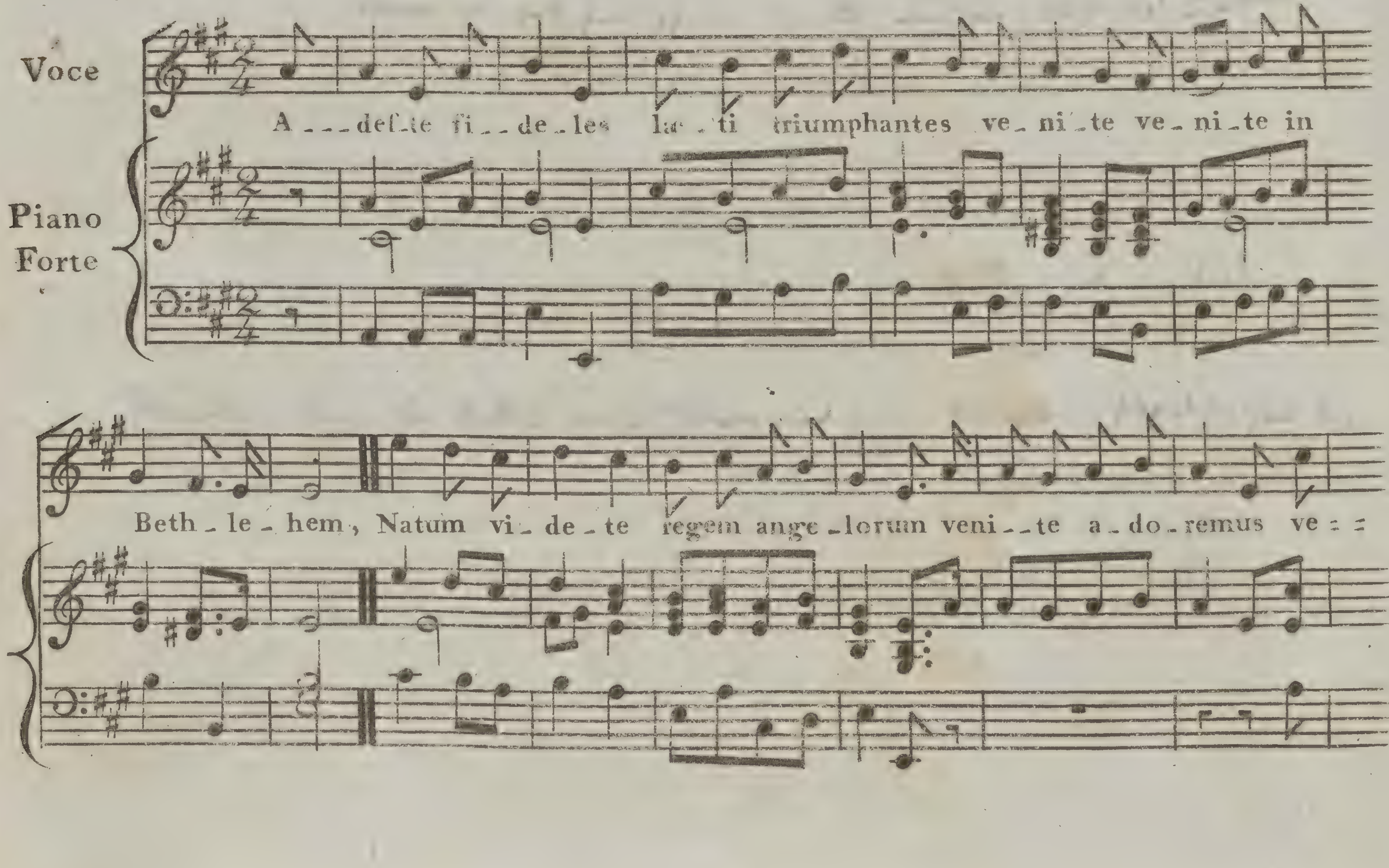
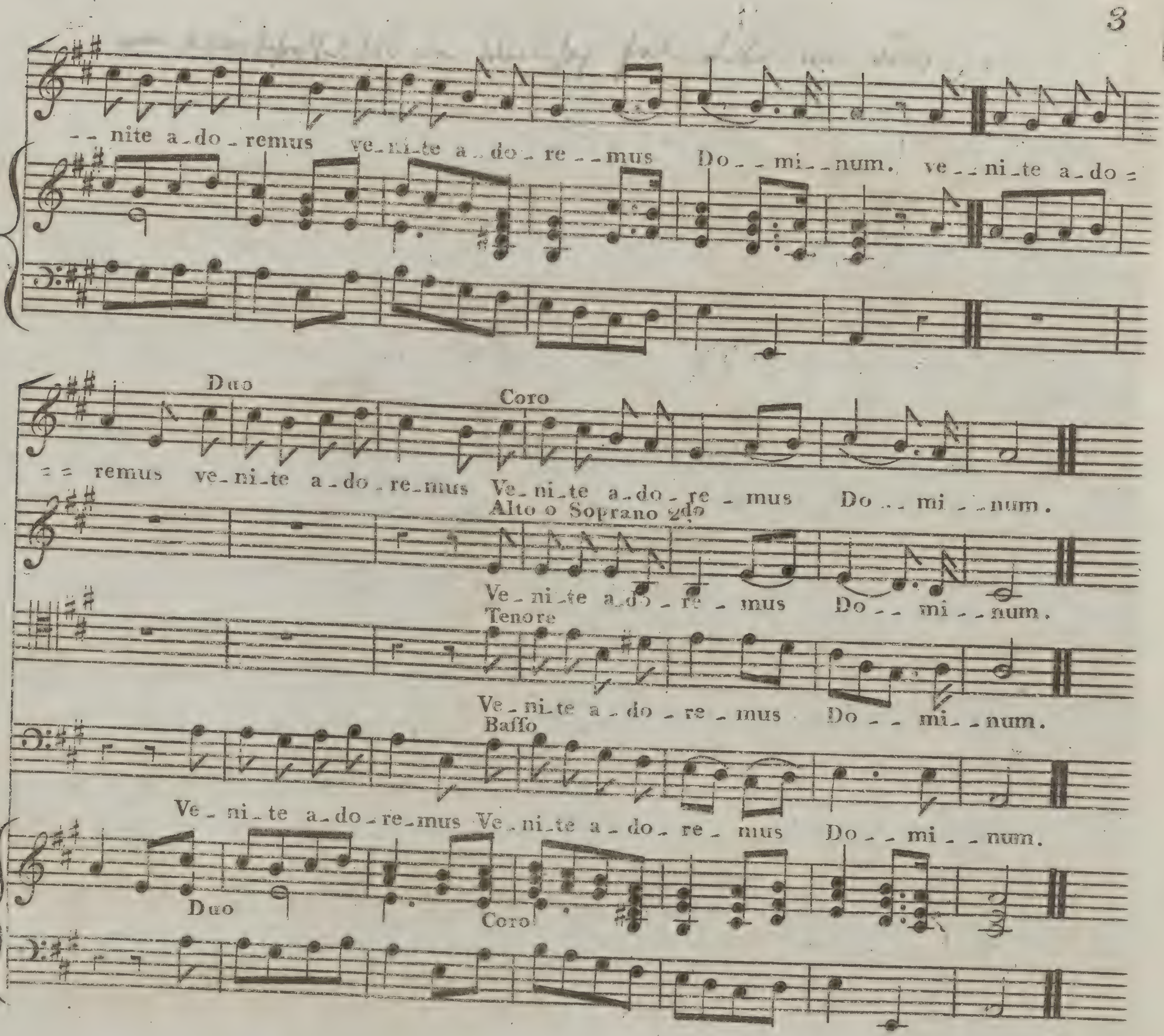

Voce
Piano Forte
A - - - deſte fi - - de - les læ - ti triumphantes ve - ni - te ve - ni - te in
Beth - le - hem, Natum vi - de - te regem ange - lorum veni - - te a - do - remus ve - -

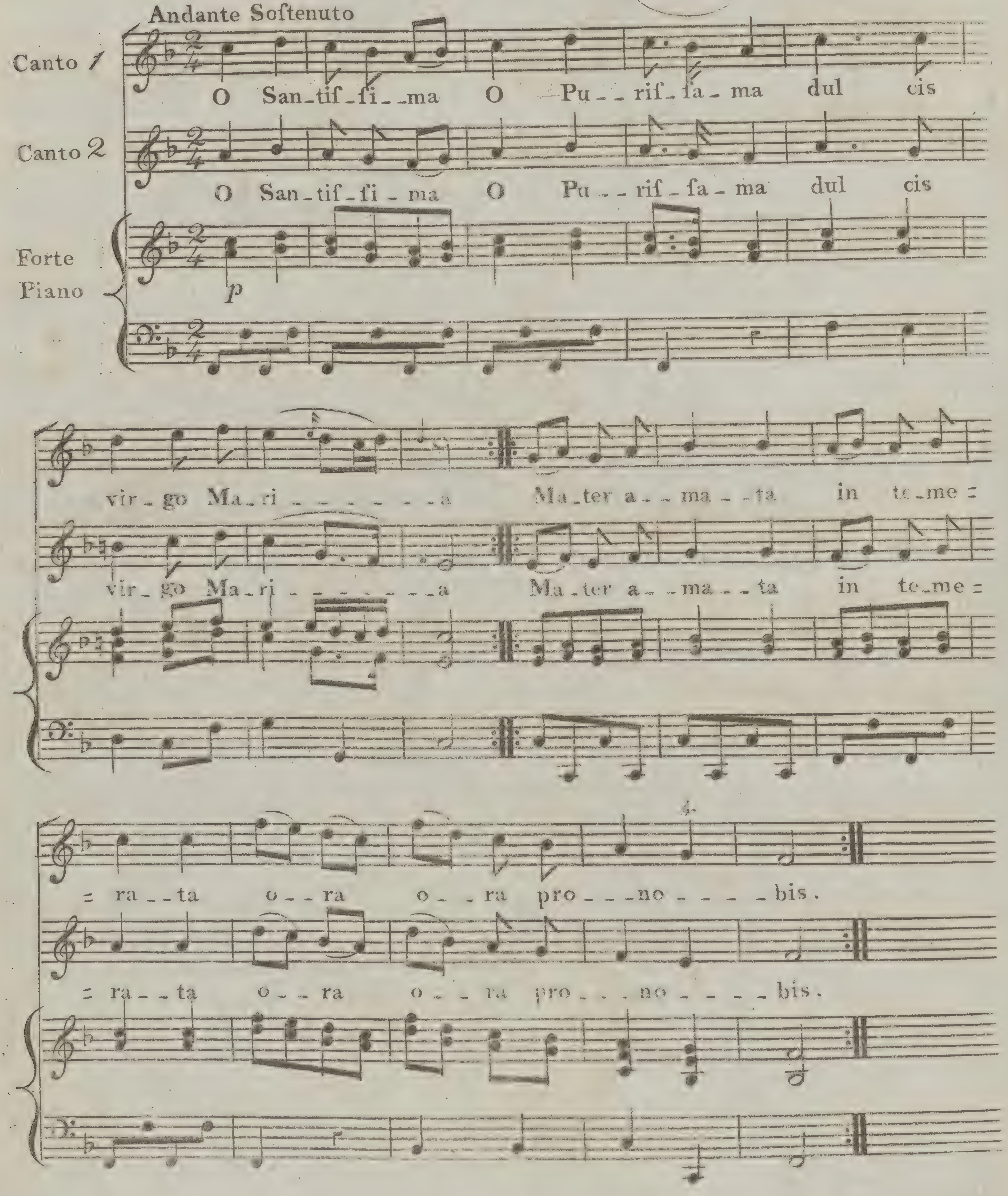

-- nite a-do-remus ve-ni-te a-do-re--mus Do--mi--num. ve--ni-te a-do-
Duo
Coro
-- remus ve-ni-te a-do-re-mus Ve-ni-te a-do-re - mus Do -- mi --num.
Alto o Soprano 2do
Ve-ni-te a-do-re - mus Do-- mi--num.
Tenore
Ve-ni-te a-do-re-mus Do-- mi--num.
Basso
Ve-ni-te a-do-re-mus Ve-ni-te a-do-re - mus Do-- mi--num.
Duo
Coro

2
Deum de Deo lumen de lumine
Geſtant puella viſcera
Deum verum genitum non factum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

3
Ergo, qui natus die hodierna,
JESU tibi ſit gloria,
Patris æterni verbum caro factum;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

4
Cantet nunc Io! chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cœleſtium;
Gloria in excelſis Deo,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

THE SICILIAN MARINER'S
HYMN


Andante Soſtenuto
Canto 1
Canto 2
Forte Piano
p
O San_tiſ_ſi_ma O Pu_riſ_ſa_ma dul cis
virgo Ma_ri_a Ma_ter a_ma_ta in te_me_
_ra_ta o_ra o_ra pro_no_bis.
4

Before Jehovah's awful Throne

An Hymn

Composed by

REV.D DR. MADEN

for the

Voice & Piano Forte.

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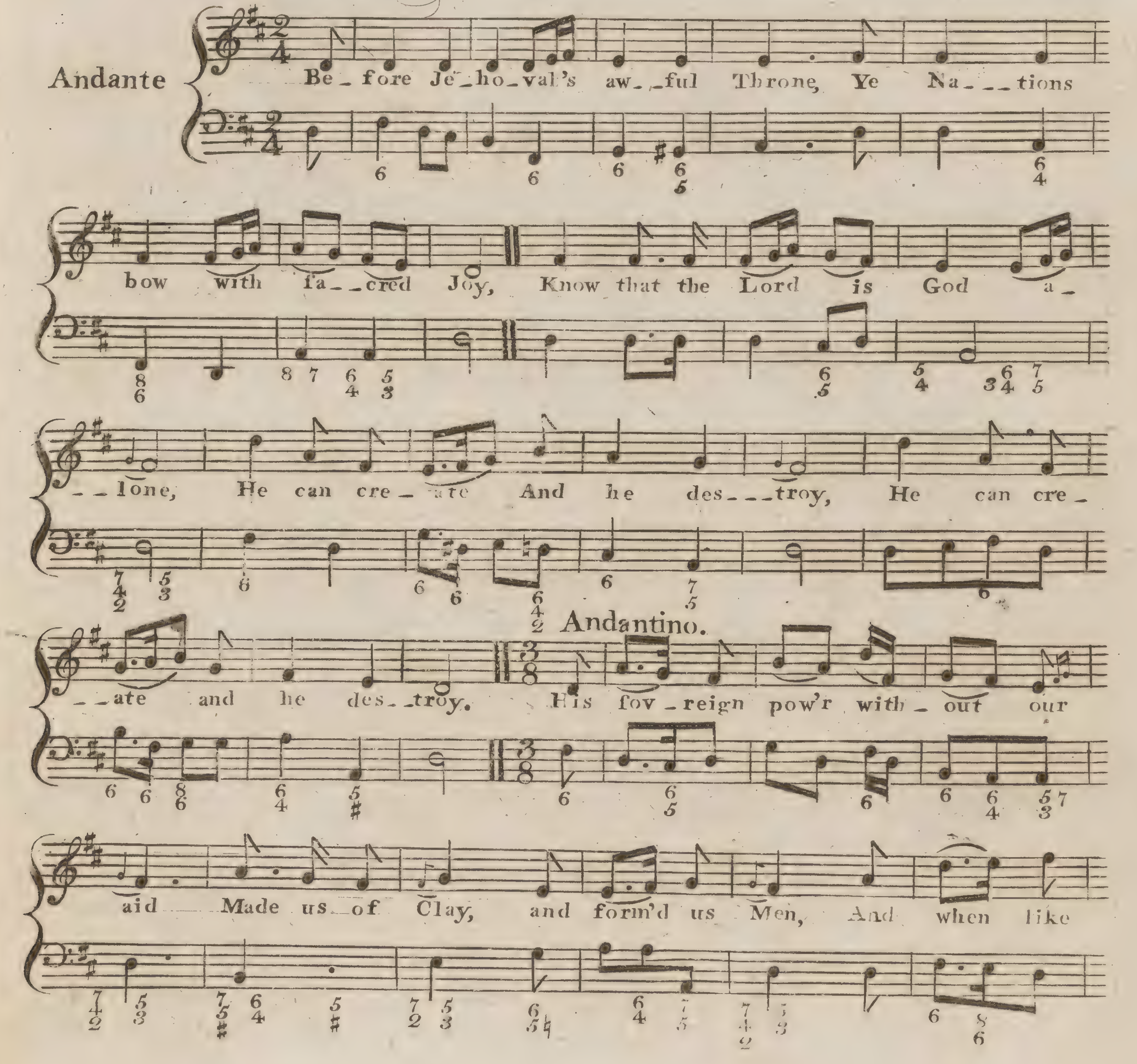
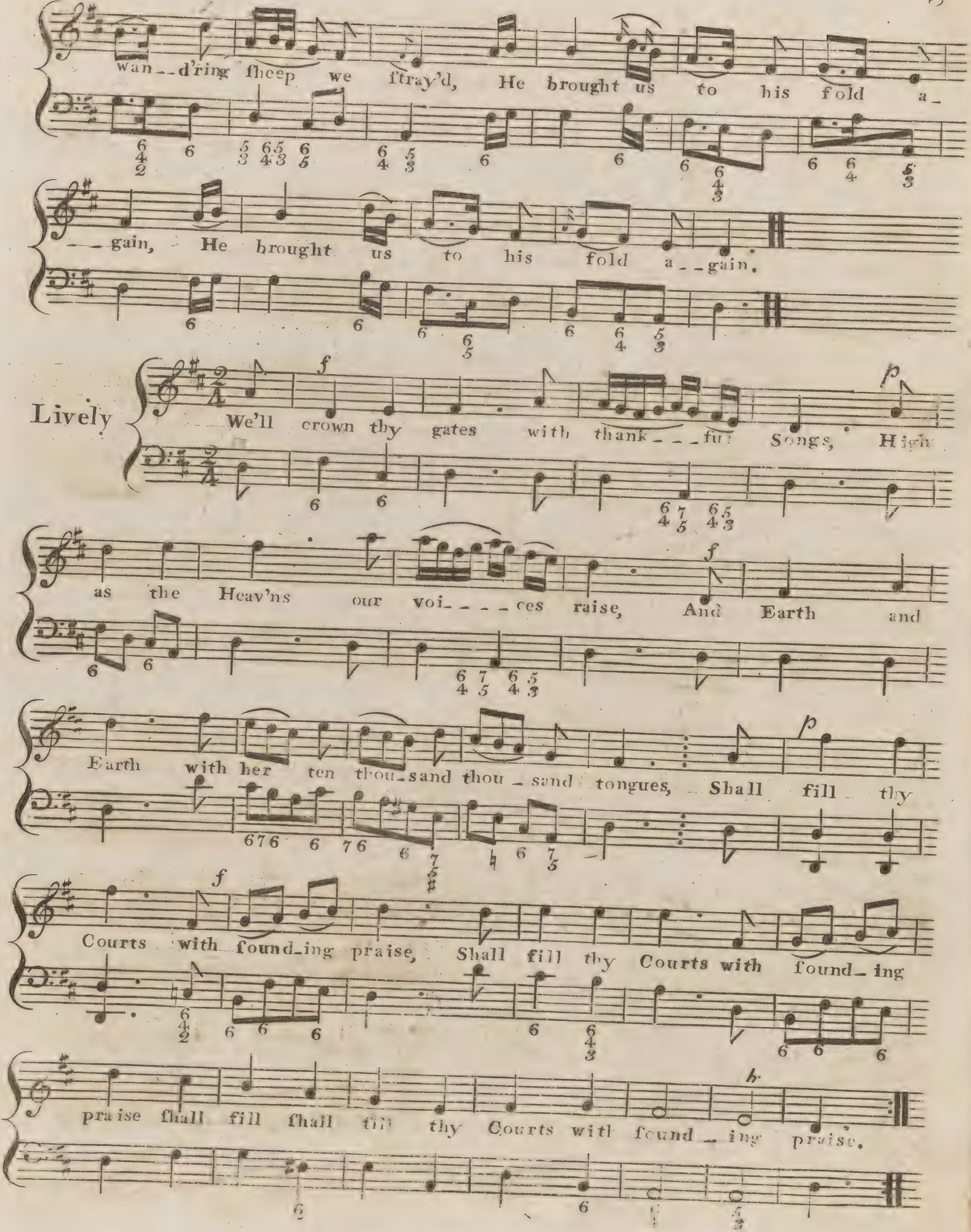
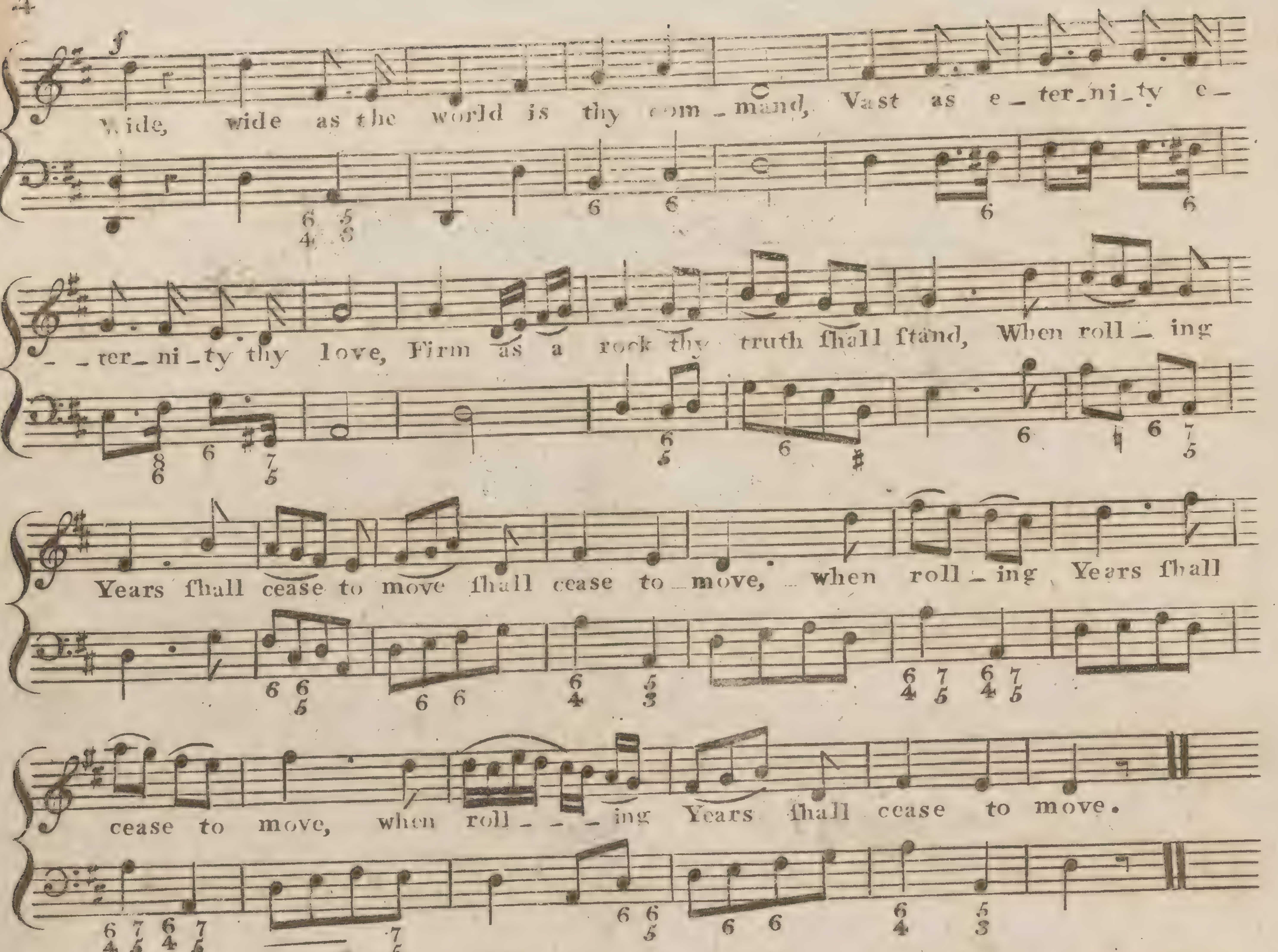

Andante
Be_fore Je_ho_vah's aw_ful Throne, Ye Na_tions
bow with ſa_cred Joy, Know that the Lord is God a_
_lone, He can cre_ate And he des_troy, He can cre_
_ate and he des_troy.
Andantino.
His ſov_reign pow'r with_out our
aid Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men, And when like


wan_d'ring ſheep we ſtray'd, He brought us to his fold a_
_gain, He brought us to his fold a_gain.
Lively
We'll crown thy gates with thank_ful Songs, High
as the Heav'ns our voi_ces raise, And Earth and
Earth with her ten thou_sand thou_sand tongues, Shall fill thy
Courts with ſound_ing praise, Shall fill thy Courts with ſound_ing
praise ſhall fill ſhall fill thy Courts with ſound_ing praise.


Wide, wide as the world is thy com_mand, Vast as e_ter_ni_ty e_
_ter_ni_ty thy love, Firm as a rock thy truth ſhall ſtand, When roll_ing
Years ſhall cease to move ſhall cease to_move, when roll_ing Years ſhall
cease to move, when roll_ _ _ing Years ſhall cease to move.

For the German Flute.